BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER
1939

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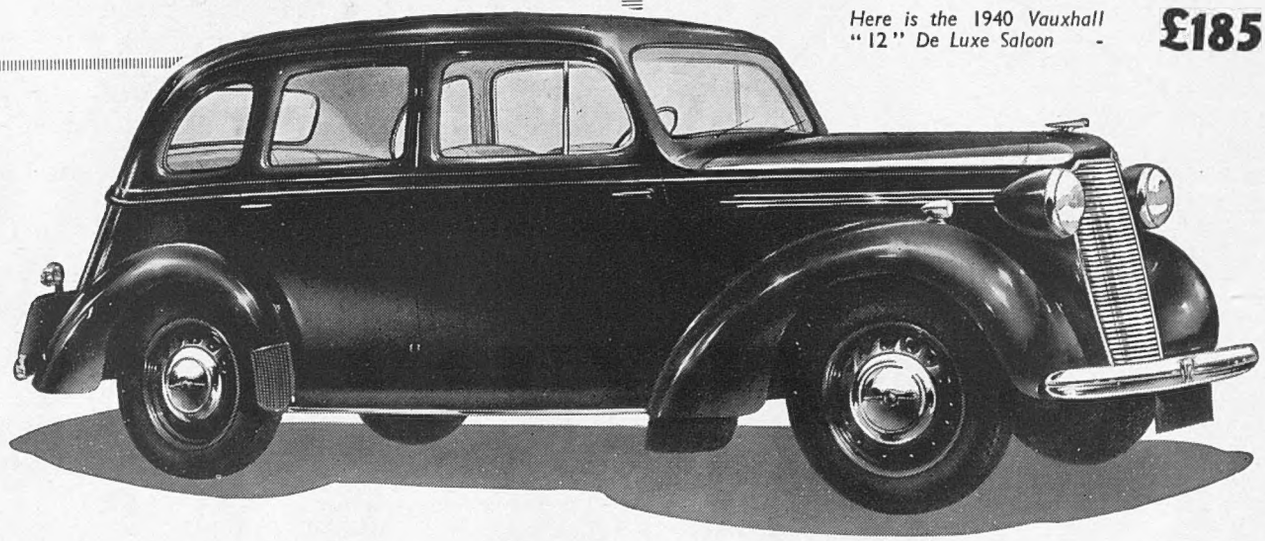

Only VAUXHALL can give you such VALUE

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 19, No. 4. OCTOBER, 1939

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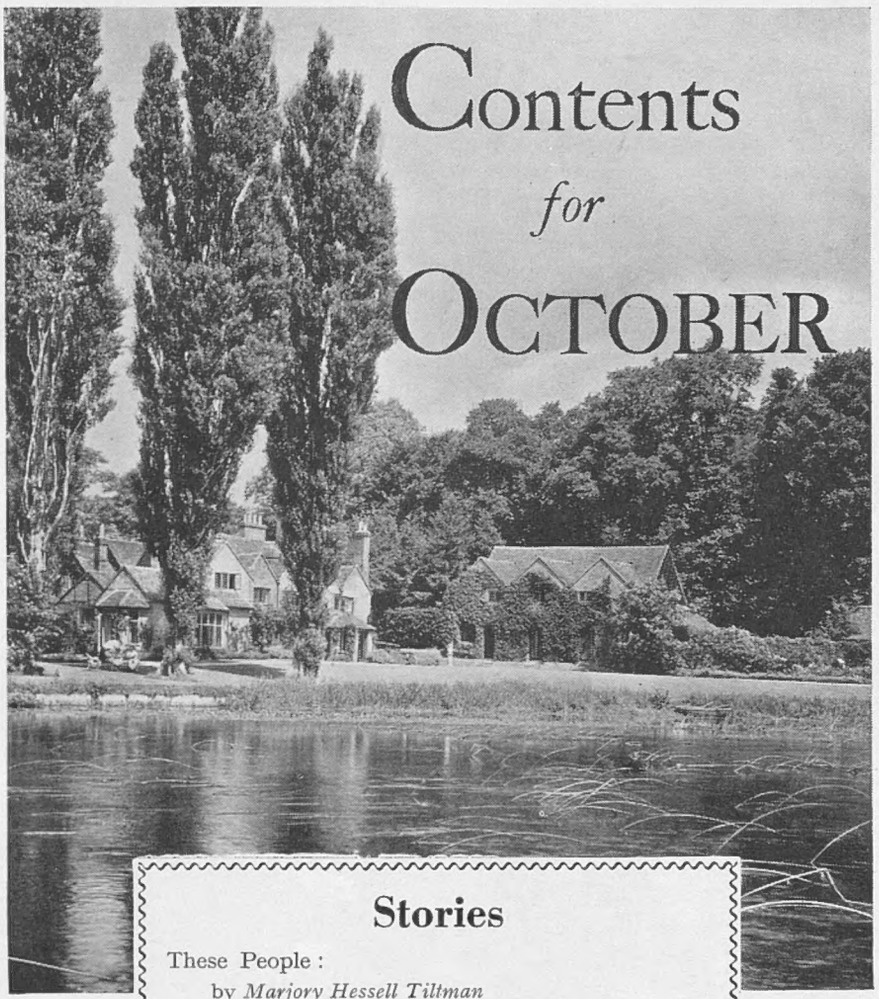

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts. and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 100. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

"Casino" Models from the new collection of

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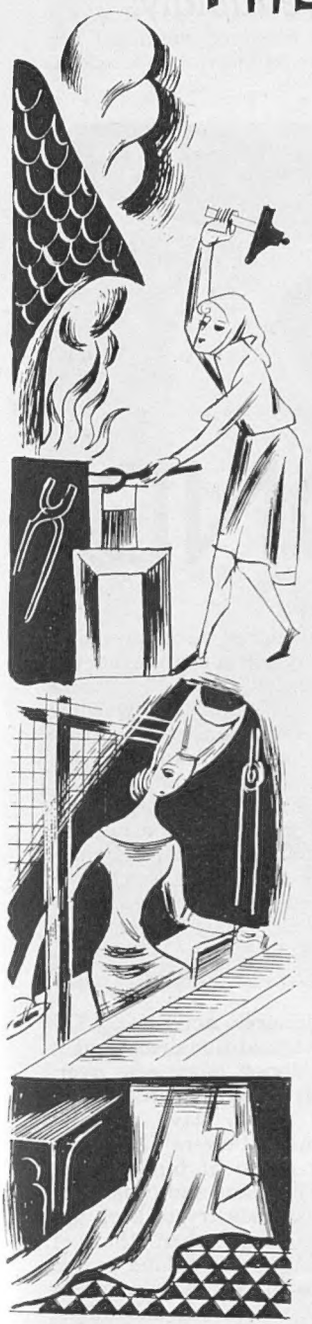
THEY MADE OUR WORLD



The comfort and convenience of our life to-day, and its promise for to-morrow, depend on a few basic inventions. Here are their "nutshell" stories

STRAIGHT roads replaced the winding old cow paths. The picturesque wood cutter had given way to the worker in the gas plant. Water was coming to us through pipes instead of from the back-yard well. Light was run in on wires instead of being brought round in a paraffin oil can. Men had made a whole family of metal slave-robots to toil for them.

But something was missing. People wanted so many of the new things that added comfort and convenience to life, but could not afford them—the manufacturing costs put innumerable articles beyond their reach.

Then there came a method, utilitarian as a concrete block, cursed by romanticists, but with a certain functional beauty of its own—the beauty of an organised set of motions which grows ever smoother, closer textured, streamlined.

Mass production!

The invention consists essentially of a system of interchangeable manufacture, based on the use of jigs and other tool-making machines. A lean, hatchet-faced Detroit mechanic-engineer, who had been working for Edison, decided to harness it to the simplified motor car he had blue-printed. He raised £25,000 among local business men, and started in a small brick building.

The first of the road machines to be produced by his mass-production method slid off the assembly belt on October 1, 1908. The plant grew, until today it employs 200,000 men operating some 80,000 machines; and its owner has become internationally famous and the world's richest man.

It was not a motor car that made Ford : it was a manufacturing method.

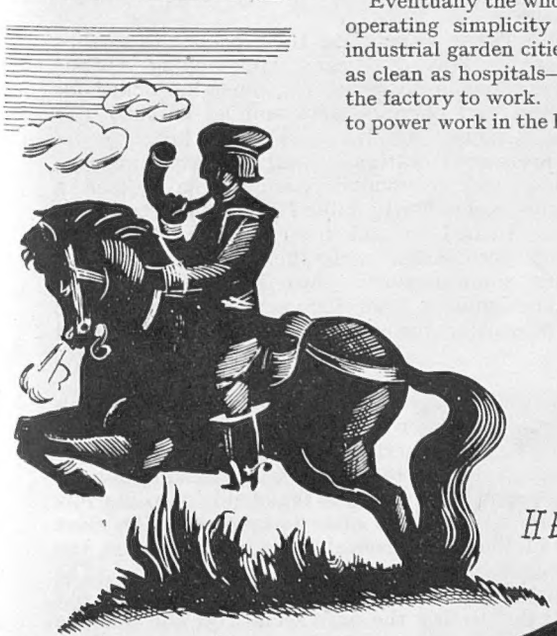
Actually, Ford's mass production stems from Eli Whitney, who, after years of experiment, managed to make a gun with interchangeable parts. Jerome applied the Whitney system to clock making, and produced a brass clock which sold at two shillings and gave him a good profit at the price.

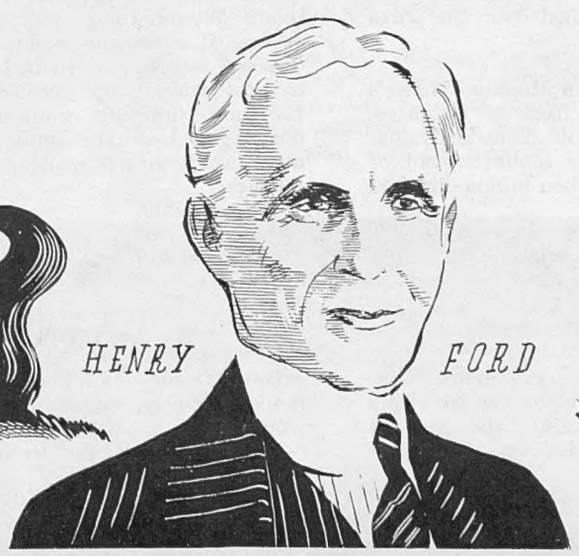
He shipped some to England, but the British customs asserted that it was impossible to manufacture clocks at the price declared for duty. They believed they were punishing Jerome by inflicting a loss on him. But when the manufacturer went on shipping clocks to England as fast as his plant would turn them out, the customs men realised that they must be providing him with a manufacturer's El Dorado, a sure, profitable market without selling expense : and they let them in.

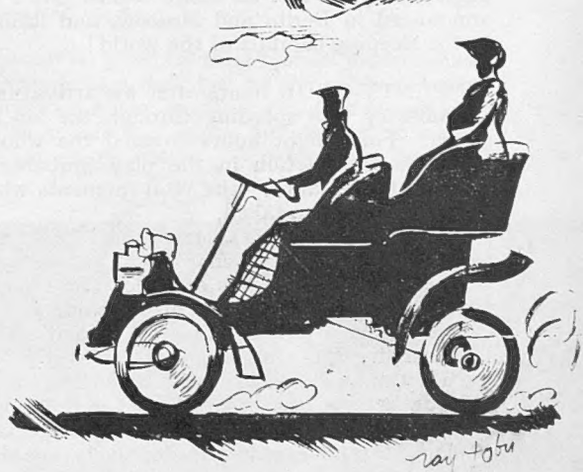
Simplicity through standardisation is the main secret of mass production; but achieving simplicity on a giant scale is a task of vast complexity in itself. The feats of organisation that are required are staggering.

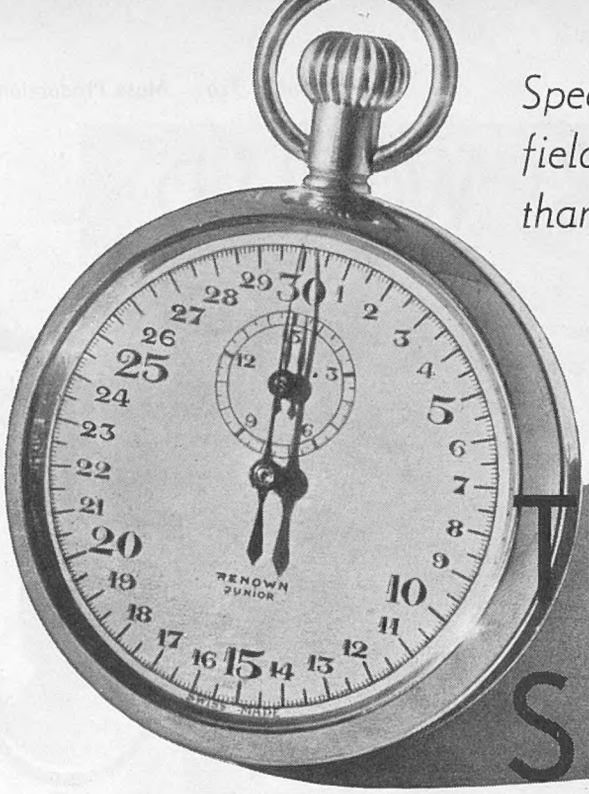
IT is thanks to mass production that 60 men now produce the same average output as 100 men did in 1914; that real wages have risen three-fold in the last thirty years; that machines increasingly liberate man from brute burdens and killing toil; that hours have been progressively lessened although output has increased mightily; and that production has been so enlarged and cheapened that the good things of the world are much more widely spread than at any other time in human history.

Eventually the whole method, and its cohort of mechanisms, may attain a pitch of operating simplicity and cheapness where many workers—in the decentralised industrial garden cities of the future, where smoke is washed white and factories are as clean as hospitals—will be able to output their quota at home instead of going to the factory to work. So we shall come round full circle from hand work in the home to power work in the home.









Speed-up has edged imperceptibly into all fields of human life. Everything moves faster than it did and all changes occur more rapidly

By
C. Patrick Thompson

THE SPLIT SECOND

UNDER the African sun the armies of the two rival world powers, Rome and Carthage, faced one another, waiting.

Scipio and Hannibal were talking.

Of what? History does not record the subject of their brief discussion. The enemies of Scipio in Rome subsequently said that he tried to make a deal with Hannibal to use their armies to divide the world between themselves, instead of crashing the war machines against one another to determine which of two national governments should triumph over the other.

But that is by the way. The fact remains that the brief talk failed, the armies fought, democratic Rome won over authoritarian Carthage; and the former, not the latter, survived as the dominant force determining the future course of human development.

In the long unrolling of historical time that crucial talk, the agreement not to deal but to fight it out, contracts to the dimensions of a split second. Not very long for decisions to be taken affecting the whole destiny of *homo sapiens*.

As I write this, the split seconds are ticking off again. It may be that in perspective men will see that it was a Russo-Germanic pact which decided the future of contemporary mankind in the phase of the protracted struggle between the totalitarian powers and the democracies. Speed was again the high light of an epochral event.

On the morning of Tuesday, August 22, von Ribbentrop had a talk with Hitler in the latter's Bavarian mountain chalet. He went on to Salzburg airport and talked for fifteen minutes with von Papen, who also was taking a plane for Budapest and Angora. Two planes carried Ribbentrop and a staff of thirty-two thence to Moscow by way of Königsberg. They landed at the civil aerodrome at the Red capital on Wednesday afternoon. Two hours later, Ribbentrop was talking business with Molotov in the Premier's office in the Kremlin. At midnight, they went to Stalin's room, signed the famous seven-paragraph non-aggression pact, and all shook hands. At 2 a.m. the news was announced in Berlin and Moscow, and flashed over the wires to the sleeping capitals of the world!

TWENTY-FOUR hours after his arrival in Moscow, Hitler's emissary was speeding through the air back to Berchtesgaden. Forty-eight hours covered the whole historic drama, with the vital action in the play probably a matter not of hours but of minutes—the vital moments when minds clinched and decisions were taken.

In that brief time the traditional policies of great powers were reversed or destroyed. World history was made. Probably the fate of mankind was settled. The issues and struggles of twenty years, maybe of a century, came to a head.

The whole world sustained a violent shock. People were bewildered. "It happened so suddenly," said everybody. "A very unpleasant surprise," remarked Premier Chamberlain.

But whatever sort of world we are living in by the time this article appears in print, one thing is certain: the pace of human life and events has decisively speeded up. We shall have to adapt ourselves to this much higher pace, or crash.

It is always possible, of course, that science and the unleashed energies of man have combined to build a world machine which moves too fast for its makers. We may be whirling round a concrete saucer in a too-powerful monster, like that unfortunate racing driver who went over the Brooklands rim in a giant racing Bentley which he could not control. One moment he was solidly on the track, high up, passing everything, confident, powerful, roaring at over two miles a minute. Suddenly, a flicker, a spurt of brown smoke, and he was gone. The skid over the rim, through the pine tree fringe, and out of sight down the other side, all occurred too quickly for the casually watching eye to focus and follow. Machine and man were moving at around fifty-nine yards a second. The whole thing was over in half a second.

POLITICS and diplomacy used to be leisurely activities. The men who have grown up in them, the traditionalists, find it increasingly difficult to realise that those days are over. Aeroplanes, radio, telephones, and dynamic oligarchs who realise the strategical advantages of speed, have changed everything. The oligarchs of the "dynamic Powers" have not only adapted themselves to the higher *tempo* of human life: they have even forced the pace. The politicians and diplomats of the slower democracies seem to pant as they try to keep up.

What picture could be more incongruous than that of Mr. Chamberlain, umbrella-armed, taking an aeroplane to see Hitler last autumn? It was like grandmamma taking a sports car to keep a social engagement when she feared she might otherwise arrive late.

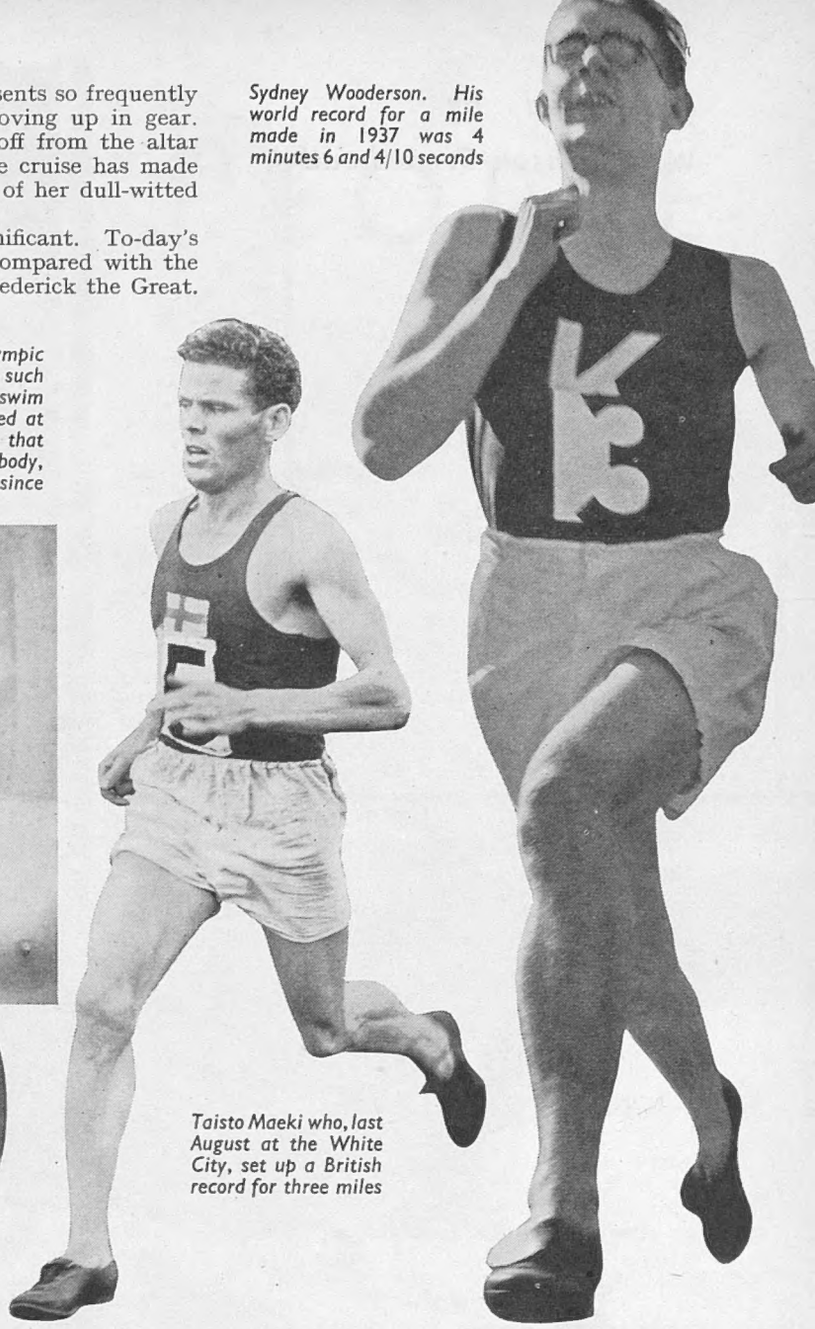
When Stalin and Hitler announced their pact, the world's diplomats shuddered. Was diplomacy approaching a time when ambassadors, those lordly creatures, must be picked for qualities of alertness and energy, come and go actually like magnates bent on business? Are the days of the long, solemn conference, with protracted orations by all delegates, for ever over? Would the world economic conference have been a success if emissaries had secretly talked business over trans-oceanic telephones, rushed to and from private sessions in express trains and aeroplanes, with the foreign secretaries suddenly jumping simultaneously into high-speed planes, dashing to London, signing a brief document, returning home after lunch, and presenting the world with a piece of finished business?

It is possible.

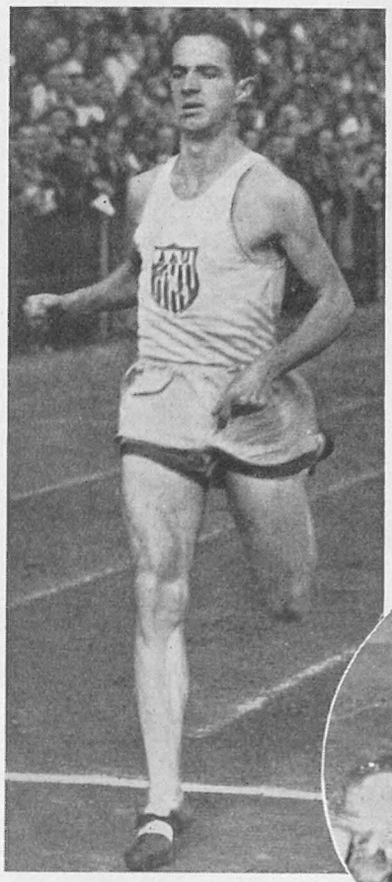
The speed-up has edged imperceptibly into all fields of human life. Everything moves faster than it did, and all changes occur more rapidly. The Americans change their motor car models twice a year now instead of once. Fashions change thrice a year. The red-head of to-day is the blonde of to-morrow and the dark brunette of the day after to-morrow. The most popular trains—and the most profitable load-carriers—are the non-stop flyers, streamlined to cut down air resistance. The woman who changed her husband too frequently in the old days was *declassé*; but to-day the only social risk she takes is

that of losing friends who object to having to provide wedding presents so frequently for the same person. Even jokes on the divorce subject are moving up in gear. "S'long, Reverend, see you next year," cries one bride, running off from the altar on the arm of her husband. "Don't keep on telling her that the cruise has made a new man of her husband," whispers a wife urgently in the ear of her dull-witted husband. "He *is* a new man!"

War is the current activity in which the faster pace is most significant. To-day's war machines compare to those of the Great War as the latter compared with the cumbersome armies of the days of the armies of Napoleon and Frederick the Great.

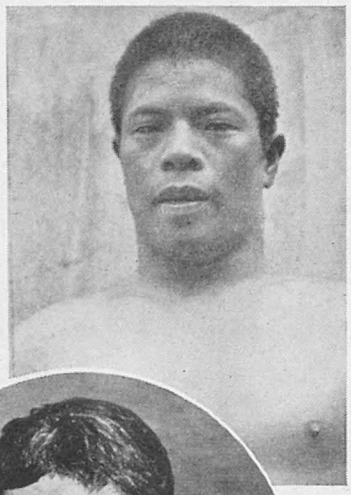


Sydney Wooderson. His world record for a mile made in 1937 was 4 minutes 6 and 4/10 seconds



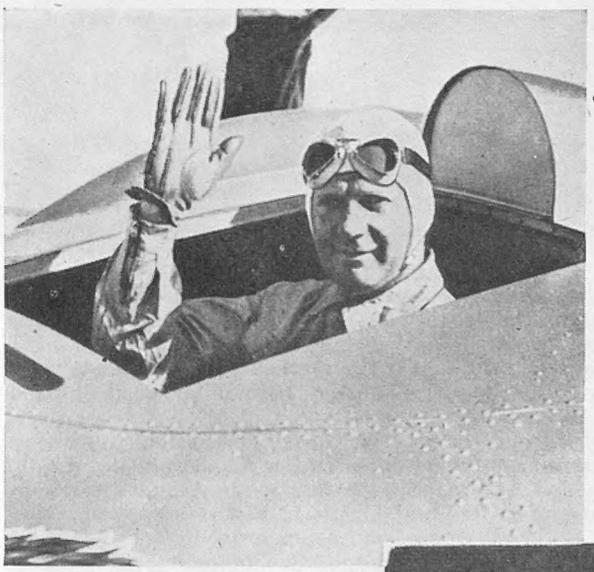
Beetham, the American middle-distance runner, who made a new British record for the thousand yards of 2 minutes and 11 seconds

(Below) Shunpei Uto, the Japanese Olympic swimmer. He was trained to such a fine pitch that in a practice swim over 400 metres he was clocked at 4.41. No one had ever swum that distance so fast before, and nobody, including Uto, has done it since



Ralph Flanagan lowered the world record for a mile by fifteen seconds

Taisto Maeki who, last August at the White City, set up a British record for three miles



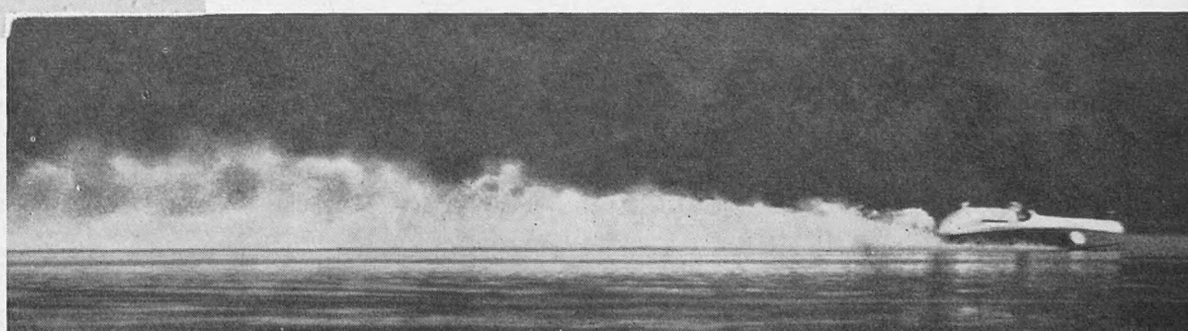
Fastest on land. John Cobb acknowledges congratulations from the cockpit of his "Railton Red Lion" after setting up a land speed record of 368.85 miles per hour

Not that the latter were slow, as military machines go. Both those generals relied for their success over the enemy largely on pruning hours and minutes off the time which the traditionalists of the day had always considered necessary for marches and manœuvres, lateral movements especially.

But they were still tied to the limits of human feet, and horses' legs. Attila's armies were probably faster-moving than Napoleon's. The Hun *führer* had no artillery to slow him down; and no commissariat to encumber him. He lived on the country.

He owed his success to his invention of the *blitz krieg*, the lightning war. He used masses of light cavalry, and rushed his slower opponent, catching him in a pincer grip, and destroying him. The Roman legions he defeated were not used to such high-speed tactics. The Prussian war technique is still that of the *blitz krieg* devised by their illustrious forbear, with tanks substituted for the Hun light cavalry.

WE are liable to forget the emphasis on speed by the Prussian professionals right from the days when Frederick set their feet on the road to empire in Europe. Eighty years ago they built a war machine designed to win by superior velocity. They used it to invade and knock out Austria in a war which lasted only **six** weeks. Four years later, *(Continued on page 99)*



(Right) Sir Malcolm Campbell's "Bluebird" breaking the world's speed record on water by doing an average of 141.74 miles per hour

Illustrated by
W. Smithson-Broadhead

SILENCE fell between them. Miranda waited for the one thing she had come for —news of Helen

IT seems best to confess at the beginning that this is a true story. In any case, it is far too fantastic to be accepted as fiction. Fiction is, literally, "make-believe," and you could never make people believe such absurdities, exaggerations, coincidences, in print as you frequently encounter in real life. So I will not attempt to present this astonishing picture of the Far East as a neatly trimmed experience suitable for half an hour's vicarious sentimental diversion. But there should be a certain interest in it for those who find comparisons in Occidental and Oriental psychology worth while.

That was the aspect of the whole affair which struck me most forcibly. It is possible that during my five or six years out in Tokyo I had encountered situations equally bizarre, but they had never struck me so keenly, since they had always been considered impersonally. This time, however, I knew well the chief people concerned; I met the others; I heard much of the story first hand, and what was concealed from me, I made it my business (being a ruthless as well as a curious sort of person) to find out.

Harrison's part in the story—which is all his, in point of fact—began with an accident which befell him just before Christmas. It had been a bad accident, and Harrison found the tearing and twisting back to consciousness, the reluctant reunion of the physical elements of his body, an agonising experience.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself staring at the shiny white ceiling that is only found in hospitals. His blurred gaze travelled slowly right, to the figure of a little Japanese nurse in a white starched uniform, and then, painfully, to a Japanese doctor, with gold spectacles and severely brushed hair, on the left.

"Where am I?" he managed to say at last, and frowned at the extraordinary feebleness and queer sound of his voice.

As was his habit, he spoke in Japanese, and the doctor answered him in the same language, in a slow, precise voice.

"This is *Siroka Byoin*, and I am Dr. Nitobe. You were involved in a taxi accident and were brought here suffering from concussion and head wounds. If you keep quiet, you will do well. Your office has been informed."

"That damn bicycle," murmured Harrison, remembering a final flashback of an errand boy with an eight-story box of lunches balanced precariously on his left palm. "Ought to be jailed for it. To think of getting here in that damn silly fashion."

For *Siroka Byoin* is, in the English tongue, St. Luke's Hospital. High above the weather-beaten wooden houses

THESE PEOPLE

A comparison in Occidental and Oriental psychology

By

Marjory Hessell Tiltman

that cluster on the unfashionable side of Sumida River, the gigantic gilt figure of the beloved physician is poised high against the frozen blue of Tokyo's cloudless skies, dominating the sombre little world that clatters and shuffles and shifts beneath it. Approaching it, you leave, with a startling suddenness, the East for the West—the crowded alleys of grey wooden dwellings for enormous square buildings of glass and stone and brick; tiny gardens behind high bamboo fences for plain stretches of grass, insanitary stone ditches for wide gravel paths round which cars, bicycles and an occasional ambulance pass and repass.

Most white residents of Tokyo knew it well, both outside and inside; there were very few who had not spent one or two sessions behind its austere walls, being doctored for influenza, malaria, nerves, fevers, or any of the frequent ills and mischances which befall the European out East. Many of them found another healing in the atmosphere—in the dedicated air of the sisters in charge; in the calm zeal and unselfishness with which the staff pursued their profession.

But, as far as Harrison was concerned, no time could have been more unfortunate than the present for an enforced rest.

What with the approach of Christmas (which the Buddhist and Shintoist celebrate with as much gusto as the Christian Japanese, probably in the sacred cause of trade), diplomatic "incidents," winter colds and more than the usual pig-headedness on the part of the Foreign Office at home, he and the rest of his colleagues at the British Embassy were all violently overworked. His chief, unreasonable as usual, would be furious with him. That Harrison had been engaged on a delicate official errand would by no means serve as an excuse for his stupidity in getting himself knocked out in the course of it. As a final aggravation, the accident had taken place in a notorious quarter. Even if the reputable newspapers suppressed this tit-bit, the address would be — most unjustly !—giggled round all his acquaintances.

He found it almost a relief to swim back into a semi-conscious doze, from which he did not awake for several hours.

IN a few days he was well enough to sit up and be supremely bored.

His room was full of flowers, fruit, expensive foreign imported literature; but he was tired of looking at the flowers, of nibbling at the fruit, of reading the magazines.

His office colleagues rushed in, talked to him with one eye on the clock, and rushed out again.

Their wives came in and babbled to him of their social doings—never more unutterably senseless.

His Japanese friends bowed their way in, went through a sort of guide-book manual of questions in sickness, and bowed themselves out.

Now and again a white sister drifted in, with cold solicitations.

There was not even any amusement to be found among the hospital staff.

Dr. Nitobe he already knew well by reputation. Those former white patients with whom Harrison had talked had only one word for him—he was a "terror." That, as Harrison soon discovered, meant that he was a strict disciplinarian. From the hours which he spent on duty, it was plain that he could have no life whatsoever outside the walls of the hospital. Although punctiliously polite, he seemed disinclined to respond to the efforts which Harrison made towards some slight exchange of social intimacies.

The ward physician seemed to be a heavy boorish fellow; the white sisters confined themselves to professional solicitations as to his progress.

"There was an exceedingly white sister
Who didn't approve of a mister
Who fell on his head,
And was taken to bed,
But confessed that he never had missed her."

These lines Harrison delivered with solemn spontaneity to the squat little Japanese nurse whom Sister Macfarlane had left in her wake to do some small job.

Despite the official veneer of decorum, her brown eyes twinkled merrily; she dissolved finally into a giggle which, with a horrified look, she stopped by pressing her hand to her mouth and running out of the room like a startled fawn.

Henceforth, Harrison was labelled as an amusing but dangerous patient. The little nurses gazed at him with a sort of fearful fascination, careful to maintain between them the strict and orthodox mental distance.

Games with such an inevitable finish to them were hardly worth the playing.

"A few *geisha* would make a hell of an improvement here," he muttered viciously, as the departing night nurse, plain, dumb and incredibly alien, washed and bandaged him conscientiously in readiness for the new day nurse before going off duty.

"Excuse, please?" she apologised anxiously.

"My mistake," he fenced politely, feeling a meaner worm than usual.

There was nothing for it but to appeal to Miranda. To send out some message for an answer a little more soothing to a male patient than the latest book by Ogden Nash which had been so far her only (but characteristic) contribution.

It was a call that needed a little more finesse than many, but Miranda had been neatly but effectively pigeon-holed only a bare fortnight previously into the role of *amie amoureuse*, after a discussion on marriage which hardly achieved the bold definition of a proposal, but had been rather in the nature of a delicate suggestion, a preliminary fly thrown a-mid-stream to see if the fish were waiting to bite.

Miranda had not bitten; she had not fled. She had most disconcertingly examined it.

"You want my ideas on marriage?" she had said coolly. "Well, I won't be so coy as to ask why. But I'm afraid they wouldn't fit in with yours."

"Why not?"

"They're rather stringent."

"And out of date?"

"If you associate the one with the other, yes."

"All right. Drop ideas, then. What about people?"

"You?"

"Well—yes. How do I seem to you?"

"An inchoate mass of unco-ordinated talents," she had retorted, with a twinkle in her eye.

He laughed, but she had touched him on the raw, nevertheless, and seeing it, she added quickly: "The subject has good looks, which he uses to his advantage; he is gifted but lazy; quixotic in many directions (chiefly misdirected ones); and his generosity is unintelligent."

He had replied, nettled: "And you're just the opposite, aren't you, Miranda—too damned intelligent. About everything. You'd choose a husband as if it were a problem in the propagation of the species and work out your marriage according to Euclidean principles. Q.E.D. After which Miss Miranda Galloway, marked by the examiners as follows: A plus for good looks, A for general competency, same for academic intelligence and sterling qualities, rounded up with A minus for charm, and no marks deducted for any of the decent human weaknesses or feminine frailties, would sail through the test with flying colours, so far and so fast that she'd find she'd left her unhappy partner behind her, and was travelling in splendid isolation. Hip, hip, hooray! Three cheers for the unexampled exploits of Miss Miranda Galloway. . . ."

Now it was her turn to be hurt.

"We're talking personalities now, not persons," she said quietly. "Let's get back to marriage."

"Well, what's your idea of it—suitability?"

"No."

He was approaching everything from the outside, instead of the inside. Tempted as she was, she shook her head and knew that she was being faithful to herself in her rejection, mortal hurt though it seemed to bring her.

"No," she said again, deliberately. "Inevitability."

He had accepted it with a slightly injured air, but she sensed the faint relief behind it.

"This needn't make any difference to us, Mirrie?"

"Not of itself, no."

"Right! That's a pact. Anyway, it would be ridiculous otherwise. I'm too jolly fond of you. Don't know where I'd be without you, my dear. And you know, if there's anything I can ever do for you. . . ."

Miranda had smiled. It was so typical of Giles to say his alphabet backwards. But she murmured politely: "Thank you, Giles. The same to you, of course." And they had saluted each other and parted, with so matter-of-fact and determinedly sensible an attitude that it was strange that it left them shy and reluctant at the idea of facing each other again.

Now, feverish, ill, lonely, Harrison found himself disposed to pooh-pooh such inhibitions. Sick men, in any case, were exempt from ordinary conventions. And Miranda must get over her injured vanity—for it was to her that, manlike, he ascribed her neglect of him.

And so he wrote to her:

"Miranda, my dear,—If you don't come quick, I shall be thrown upon my language tutor and the Kanji. There are, I believe, several thousand ideographs still left for me to master. That is no way for a sick man to recover. Besides, I've got the *Hiro-Gana* and the *Kata-Kana* to my credit, and even you (if not the chief) should admit that's something. You go to church on Sundays, that I know. Well, there's a delightful small chapel here, I'm told. Can't you kill two birds with one stone next Sunday? It first and then me? Usual visiting hours—I needn't tell you—you've visited half Tokyo here, I'm sure. Yours—G. H."

It was strange how, with that off his mind, he felt easier, and how Miranda's "Yes" the next morning lifted him in spirit. Without parting with his reservations regarding her—for he didn't regard her as either beautiful or especially fascinating—he had to admit that in common with many Englishwomen of the just-lower-than-upper classes abroad, there was a sense of stability about her that was extremely calming and good to be with—as long as it was kept away from a dance floor or a good night out. Englishwomen didn't understand how to enjoy themselves; did any women? There was, he reflected, much to be said for the old Greek idea of the *hetæra*, or of the Chinese sing-song girl, or the Japanese *geisha*. Having perpetrated such a novel and clever philosophy, he felt positively light-hearted, as he lay idly in bed, waiting for his "elevenses"—the tray with his medicine, a cup of soup, and the inevitable thermometer.

On the exact stroke of the hour there was a knock at his door.

"*Ohairi!*" he shouted—and could hardly believe the girl that entered.

Firstly, she was unlike anything or anybody he had ever before seen in his life, either English or Japanese . . . tall, straight and slender, with slight but subtle curves to her. To Harrison, who knew more about oriental art than most occidental dilettantes in the subject (indeed, a great deal too much for the fancy of his chief), she recalled an antique ivory figure, austere yet delicate. The Japanese were always philosophising about the beauty of the willow, writing poems to it or painting pictures, yet, with a few notable exceptions, there was little in the figures of their womenkind to interpret the simile. Here, however, was something that might have inspired the greatest masters.

Almost breathlessly, he waited for her to speak.

"Oh!" she said, putting down her tray and clasping a pair of slender, nervous hands. "Oh, I thought it was an English voice. Please talk in English, will you? Besides, I don't talk very good Japanese. Are you comfortable? Do you need anything?"

Harrison stared at her stupidly.

"Don't talk very good Japanese! Well, then, what——?"

"Oh, of course, I *am* Japanese, but I was born and brought up in Los Angeles. I've only been here three days."

"But you don't *look* . . ."

She smiled at that, obviously flattered

and yet at the same time disclaiming the flattery. "But I am—a hundred per cent. Of course, I'm tall, but that's California. It forces us like young vegetables. I was quite surprised when I came here and saw how tiny the people were."

"But—but . . ." Harrison continued, burking at his real thoughts, and desperately concluding with: "And what do you think about it all?"

"I don't know," she said despondently.

"I'm so terribly homesick. But all this is very unprofessional. I can hear Sister. Please drink this. Then I must take your temperature and your pulse."

She moved about her duties with a quick grace so foreign to her so-called countrywomen that Harrison could not take his eyes off her.

"Now I must go—till lunch-time. You can't imagine what a relief it will be to have you to talk to. Why, I . . ." She looked at him as thought she longed to say something, stopped herself abruptly, and substituted a few words, in a bitter, satirical tone: "Madam Butterfly! What a lot of nonsense it all is!"

Harrison looked after her; took up the letter he had been writing to Miranda in answer to her note—and put it down again. His mind had gone numb; his pen was dumb.

GEORGE DYSON was with him when she brought in his tea a day or so later.

"By Jove!" exclaimed George, staring after her. "That's a looker. Just like you to have all the luck. I suppose she's Eurasian."

"No, she isn't," answered Harrison, too swiftly.

"Well, I've lived here seventeen years and I've never seen anything resembling her yet."

Harrison found himself seething with some emotion he refused to acknowledge. But he shrugged his shoulders and refrained from argument.

"Miranda rang me up, by the way," said George, with a man's nod and a wink. "Her boss has got involved in some affair with the Government and they're up to their neck in it; she asked me to tell you that it will have to be Sunday week."

"Oh, yes," said Harrison coldly, as if she had been the most distant of acquaintances.

As indeed the last unbelievable three days had made them.

If ever he had kept in the background of his mind the belief, perhaps the hope, that Miranda and he had been merely postponing an inevitable marriage, it was by now utterly dispelled. And it was Helen Takahashi who had dispelled it.

She had done more. She had transformed a man who had been content to let events shape the course of his life into a man with only one desire, and that centred upon herself.

Many times in his life Harrison had drifted into amiable attachments that hardly merited the term of "love affair." Never before had he been consumed by any emotion akin to the frenzy with which Helen Takahashi had infected him.

He lived only for the moments when they were (*Continued on page 76*)

DR. NITOBE appeared in the doorway, his face as blank as ever, but his eyes blinking strangely behind his gold-rimmed spectacles

FORTY

by HARRY J.

STANDING back from the river, on the left bank of the Seine, is a domed building with what it must be confessed are rather dirty walls. The passing Parisian rarely gives the landmark a glance, although what goes on beneath the cupola makes news and, moreover, provides wickedly witty gossip paragraphs. The thundering sight-seeing motor cars, packed with cosmopolitans, pass along the quayside, the occupants barely interested when the megaphoned voice of the guide announces that the building on the right is the Institute of France. The Institute houses several literary and scientific societies, and some of them occasionally break into newspaper headlines; but the one that is always news is the Académie Française, the spiritual home of the Forty Immortals of France.

Remuneration of French immortality is not high, but neither are the expenses very heavy; yet the heart-burning to which election gives rise, and the intrigues and back-stair negotiations necessary when finessing an election are sufficient to cause despair to the aspirant for Academical honours. Many books have been written concerning the various aspects of the Academy, and one witty play, called the *Green Habit*, drew all Paris for months to the Variétés, when under the directorship of the late M. Samuel, that boulevard theatre was the home of the most satirical plays in the French language.

THE origin of the French Academy may be traced to an association of nine men who, in the early part of the seventeenth century, met at a house in the rue St. Denis, Paris, which belonged to a M. Conrart, secretary to the king. The avowed object of this association was to advance the cause of literature. One of the nine was the Abbé Boisrobert. The original members of this little gathering were in the habit of taking a little light refreshment together, and walking in the moonlight and discussing literature in the abstract. The whole idea it seemed was to keep the meetings secret, for in those days, and I write of the year 1633, any meeting was highly suspect and might be regarded as subversive of the State. That was just what happened when the good Abbé Boisrobert went and reported the meetings to his patron, the Cardinal Richelieu. The Abbé spoke in glowing and flattering terms of the meetings; he did not suggest that they had any political motive whatsoever; they were nothing but guardians of the lamp of literature, which might burn all the brighter for the zeal of its guardians. Might not His Eminence . . .?

The Cardinal mused over the matter. After all, why not? One never knew in these days, did one? Even nine good men and more or less true might form the nucleus of a plot. So the secretary of Louis was one of the instigators of these meetings, was he? Well, well. I might become the patron of this party myself, the better to keep an eye on it. I am interested in keeping up the standard of our language; too many idioms, that's what. I might be the protector of the French language and use this little *coterie* to form an eventual company for the protection of the French language. I must use our good Abbé as ambassador.

The good Abbé Boisrobert was considerably embarrassed when he had to appear at the next meeting *chez* M. Conrart and mention the matter; in the first place it showed that he had broken a confidence; but the Abbé no doubt coughed discreetly and mentioned that the Cardinal would be most pleased to place himself at the head of the company. The other eight gentlemen round the table did not agree. They were glad of the honour shown them, of course, and they much appreciated the interest the Cardinal

(Left) M. Pierre Benoit in the bottle-green uniform worn by members of the Académie Française at their election

(In circle) M. Germain-Martin, a former Minister of Finance, who made an investigation into the accounts of the Institute of France, of which the French Academy forms a part

Immortals

GREENWALL

The story of the Académie Française—what its members do and how they are elected

Reunion at the Institute of France (of which the Academy forms a part) to commemorate the 139th anniversary of its foundation

showed in their modest endeavours, but such an honour would spoil the friendly and informal nature of the meetings. In fact, let's not do it.

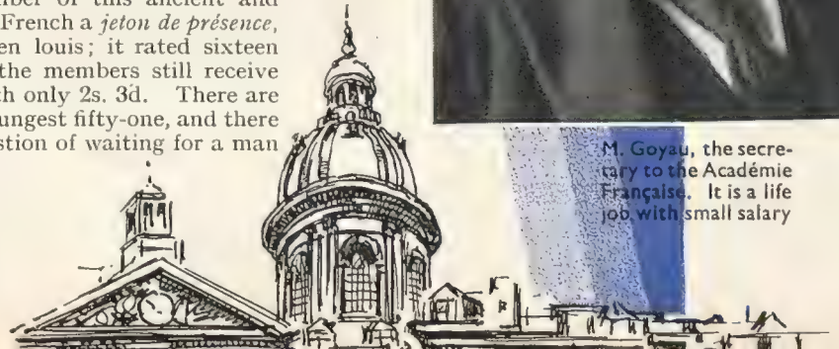
TWO members, M. Serisay, who was in the service of La Rochefoucauld, then an exile in his château, and M. Malleville, in the service of Bassompiere who had been four years in the Bastille, thought and said it was unthinkable that they should put themselves under the patronage of the enemy of their employers. Then up spoke Chapelain, who happened at that time to be in receipt of a pension from Cardinal Richelieu. "You are dealing," said Chapelain, "with a man who does not use half measures where his own wishes are concerned and who is not accustomed to meeting with resistance or to put up with it with impunity. He would consider as an insult any disregard shown for his offer of protection and would be likely to visit his displeasure against each one of us individually." So the Académie Française was formed.

The Cardinal submitted his idea to Louis XIII, who signed letters patent, but it was not until 1637 that Parliament confirmed the patent. Parliament knew its Cardinal and highly suspected a little skullduggery in high circles; was not this so-called French Academy a potentially powerful political weapon in the hands of the Cardinal and King? The Cardinal rubbed his nose with a forefinger and put the screws on in the right circles. Parliament yielded.

Three years before Parliament ratified the patent, the French Academy met for the first time. The King's secretary was appointed the first secretary of the Academy and wrote the minutes of that first meeting, a job which has been done by his successors, with short interruptions, for just three hundred and five years. The job of secretary is a life job. He is given a small flat in the Institute itself; but his salary is pretty small, it is only £34 per year. When the franc was at its par value, the secretary was passing rich with £240 per year but the rewards of immortality nowadays are on a par with the French franc. For instance, the Academy meets nominally every Thursday afternoon, and when the franc was at par each member of this ancient and honourable association was handed what is called in French a *jeton de présence*, a disk which the member could cash for a golden louis; it rated sixteen shillings in English money. The franc fell, but the members still receive twenty francs, and what was once 16s. is now worth only 2s. 3d. There are forty immortals, the oldest is eighty-six and the youngest fifty-one, and there never can be more than forty, so it is really a question of waiting for a man to die for another to achieve immortality, too. When the members meet, they each have to sign a sort of roll call, and then a *huissier* hands them a *jeton*. The twenty francs due to members who do not put in an attendance are pooled and divided among those present. (*Continued on page* 84)

The crowd watch the arrival of General Pétain at the Institute when he was elected to the vacancy caused by the death of the renowned Marshal Foch

M. Goyau, the secretary to the Académie Française. It is a life job with small salary



FRIEND OF

IN her anxiety to recover the letter, she obeyed the instructions exactly

SARAH stared drearily at the letters which had accumulated while she had been abroad. There were twenty-two circulars, ten invitations, thirty-three bills, two writs, and a blackmailing letter. The last she recognised at once, for the demands for money were always written on the same bright blue notepaper and the address was always scrawled on the envelope as if someone had written it with the left hand.

There was a tightening of the little lines which had, in the last two years, formed round Sarah's eyes as she picked the letter up. She had not expected them to stop altogether, but it was hard to be greeted by one on her return from a holiday. It was like being beaten on the first day of term. Sarah had not forgotten her schooldays, for she was only twenty-two.

She opened the letter and drew out a single sheet of paper. On it she read :

"You killed Elsie Trefusis. £100 this time. Same place. Same time."

£100 ! It was more than she had ever been asked to pay before. She doubted if she could raise it. The first demands had been for £25, then £50. Now £100 !

As if in an attempt to shut out the dreariness of London and her life, Sarah lay back in her chair with closed eyes. Though the studio was cold and dark, she had not turned on the lights or the electric fire.

Twenty-four hours ago she had been in Cannes, and as she thought of it she felt again on her face the Mediterranean sun and heard the cries of the bathers and the tinkle of a French band. Now she was back in London—the rain was beating on the studio roof, and Mrs. Clout had not had her post card telling her to expect her home. She must telephone her; she

THE FAMILY

or Blackmail for Beginners

By Peter Coats

must telephone Mamie Whitbread who had been on the boat-train; she must start her life again as best she could, and she must find £100.

Not to pay never occurred to her. "They" had her completely in their power, and so far, as if with an uncanny insight into her financial affairs, they had never asked her to pay more than she could just afford. Her income was £800 a year. The first year they had £300 from her, the second year £500. By not paying her bills, or her rent, or buying any clothes—in short, by not leading the life which should have been hers—she could just manage. But what "their" insight had not told them, or so it seemed, was that the continual worry, the ever-increasing anxiety was wearing her out. And that as each blue letter arrived an idea gained strength in Sarah's highly-strung mind. An idea of suicide.

SARAH'S mother and father were dead. Her income was paid to her by trustees in Liverpool, where her father had had his business. She had quarrelled with her brother, who disapproved of what he called "Sarah's bachelor-girl existence" and her only link with her family was Adrian, whom she had known all her life, who had been such a favourite with her parents and who, oddly and indirectly, was the cause of her present unhappiness, for she had loved him.

It was Adrian who forced her to accept the invitation to the south of France. She was looking washed-out, he said, and it would do her a world of good. The Dixons had asked her as their guest, so it would cost her hardly anything—she would be silly not to accept.

Adrian had been right. The two months in the sun had done her good, but he could not know that she was suffering from something which it would take more than a trip to the south of France to cure. Back in London, with the latest demand for money in her hand, she felt the old fear creeping back. One day she might not be able to pay. One day she might have to go to her trustees and tell them everything. About that letter she had written, two years before, to Elsie Trefusis the day before she was shot.

Half out of her mind with jealousy at the time, and hating Elsie as only a woman can hate her best friend when she has taken away her lover, she had written those crazy and, then, quite meaningless words :

"If you don't leave Adrian alone, I'll kill you."

The next day Elsie was found dead, mysteriously shot.

Brought to her senses by her friend's death, she had forgotten all about her letter. At the inquest the only likely verdict seemed to be suicide—and, indeed, there seemed to be no motive for murder.

Elsie's nearest relations lived in America, and though, as an actress, she was well known in London, no one, it appeared, had known her personally for more than a few years. Only her maid, a sly Belgian, whom Sarah had never trusted, seemed to know about her financial affairs. She had acted as a sort of secretary as well and looked after, amongst other things, the insurance of her mistress's jewellery. Elsie was, for an American, extraordinarily vague, and Sarah was convinced that many pieces of her jewellery were not insured. These her maid would know she could steal with safety.

THE position of the body and the wound certainly suggested suicide

Elsie had been shot with her own revolver—a souvenir, she used to say, of her touring days in the Middle West. Only Berthe, the maid, and a few of her friends knew where it was kept.

The position of the body and the wound certainly suggested suicide, but Sarah knew, perhaps better than any one, what little reason there was for Elsie to take her own life. She was a successful actress, had plenty of money and, above all, had just achieved what had apparently been her ambition for years : she had succeeded in taking Adrian away from Sarah.

No, it was the maid, Sarah was certain, and she had been on the point of ringing up the police to say that she was sure that Berthe knew more about Elsie's death than she admitted, when she remembered that idiotic letter.

"If you don't leave Adrian alone, I'll kill you. . . ."

Then she had first felt that groping feeling of fear which she was to come to know so well. She could not afford to say anything which would attract attention to herself. It was just possible that Elsie had destroyed the letter—or that it had been overlooked or that it would be taken for what it was, the hysterical outpourings of a jealous, humiliated woman, not as a threat of murder. Once she was involved in the case the police would ask questions; they would probe into her friendship with Elsie and her relations with Adrian. In fear she had waited, and, in spite of her suspicions of the maid, it was an almost intolerable relief to hear the verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind."

Then, some weeks later, when she was just beginning to breathe again, the first demand for money had come. It was scrawled on a piece of bright blue paper in an obviously assumed handwriting. The writer quoted at length from her letter, as if he—or she—had it before them as they wrote. The note ended up, " . . . you can have your letter back if between three o'clock and five-past next Thursday afternoon you put a blue envelope containing twenty five-pound notes in the waste-paper basket nearest the top of the escalator at Piccadilly Tube Station. You will then go down the escalator as if taking a train."

In her anxiety to recover the letter, she obeyed the instructions exactly. As soon as she reached the bottom of the escalator she hurried up the other one, but by the time she regained the station and examined the basket, the blue envelope had disappeared. Looking at the ever-changing hurrying crowd in the booking-hall, she wondered if one of them was the blackmailer, though she realised that whoever it was would have had ample time to disappear into the crowd or leave the station altogether.

DAYS went by and every morning and evening she searched her post for a letter containing the incriminating one, that she herself had written. But it never came, and after a month she received another demand for money. So it had gone on.

Sometimes she thought of telling the police—of asking a friend's advice, or of even trying to find out the identity of the blackmailer, but then fear would clutch again at her heart and she would weakly go into the bank, draw out the necessary banknotes and drop them into the basket as she had been told. Once only she had disobeyed, and had, two days later, received a letter openly accusing her of

murder, and ending up with a curt, "To-morrow. Usual time. No tricks," and, panic-stricken, she had given in.

Thereafter, the letters had always begun, "You killed Elsie Trefusis," till Sarah, harried and afraid, dizzy with sleeping draughts which no longer had any effect, began to believe that perhaps she had.

Time and again she went over in her mind her movements the night Elsie died.

She had gone to a party in Grosvenor Street. At it she saw Elsie, triumphant, dancing with Adrian. The American actress had been drinking and her face was flushed. "Thanks for your letter, darling," she had called as she danced past Sarah, who, feeling slightly sick with anger and jealousy, had left the ball-room. Downstairs she ran into a young man whom she hardly knew, who suggested going to a night-club. Feeling that she could not bear to see Adrian with Elsie again, she had gone on with him and drunk more champagne than was good for her. At three o'clock in the morning he suggested taking her home, "as he really had to have an early night." Sarah had been sleeping badly and did not want to go to bed. For a moment she had a wild idea of going back to the party. Many of her friends would still be there, and she could dance for another hour or so.

How she wished now that she had done so! But her companion was tired and determined to go home. He dropped her at her studio at a quarter-past three, and she remembered sitting about, trying to read, playing the gramophone, unable to bring herself to go to bed, for she knew she would not sleep. At last, her nerves at breaking point, she had taken a stiff dose of her sleeping draught. Her maid had found her the next morning asleep in a chair, fully dressed. On waking, she felt drugged and stupid, and twice Mrs. Clout had remarked how upset and strange she seemed that morning.

Had she, half out of her mind with the drug she had taken, gone to Elsie's flat—and shot her? Elsie lived alone, and would have opened the door to her herself. Did Elsie ask her in and pour her out a whisky and soda? In the evidence there had been mention of an untouched drink—the glass of which bore Elsie's finger-prints. Had she taken the revolver out of the drawer where she knew it was kept, aimed it at Elsie in a passion of jealousy and fired?

The next morning she could remember nothing, and it was not until she read about Elsie's death in the evening papers that she realised what had happened.

Was she innocent, or was she guilty? Whatever her crime had been, she was paying for it now. Her life was a misery of scraping and pinching so that she could go on meeting the ever-increasing demands for money. Her conscience was racked with doubts. Did she shoot Elsie?

Now in the dark, cold flat, the idea of suicide came to her more strongly than ever. If she were to empty the whole bottle of sleeping tablets into a glass, mash them into a paste with a little water and eat the mixture with a spoon? That was how, she had once read in the papers, people killed themselves. To go to sleep—and not wake up. To be free at last of this black shadow which made all freedom and happiness impossible; which prevented her from sleeping, from living as she had a right to live?

Yes, that was what she would do. Now that she had made up her mind she could not imagine why she had not taken this decision sooner. Subconsciously, it had been in her mind in the south of France. "When I go back, if the letters do not stop, I will end it all." Now the time had come.

Dropping on her knees, she searched in her suitcase for the box of tablets. As she did so, she pulled her clothes out in disorder and strewed them on the floor. She found the box among her stockings, and opened it. It was nearly full. One tablet was the prescribed dose; she had often taken two, and never more than three. There were sixteen tablets in the box. That ought to be enough.

She went into the kitchen and filled a glass with water from the tap. As she did so, she noticed that there was a patch of damp on the walls which she must tell Mrs. Clout to attend to. Then she remembered she would never see Mrs. Clout or dear Adrian or any one again.

Once more in the studio she turned on the electric fire and put her feet up on the sofa, nursing the glass into which she had tipped the tablets between her hands as if it had contained old brandy. As they dissolved the tablets reminded her of a toy snowstorm in a glass ball which she had played with as a child. Perhaps she had put in too much water and the mixture would not be strong enough to . . . have the desired effect? But the idea of paste and a spoon nauseated her. As it was, it would be quite easy to drink and would not taste too unpleasant.

She raised the glass to her lips. As she did so, the telephone rang. It was Adrian.

"Hullo, Sarah!"

"Hullo, Adrian."

"I saw Mamie Whitbread, and she said she'd seen you on the boat-train. Can I come round, or are you busy?"

Sarah replied that she was not busy, had had a wonderful time and would like to see him. Would he come round at once?

Adrian. . . . She had not seen him alone since Elsie's death. They had met at several parties in the summer, when her changed appearance had made him advise her to go away. It was strange he should telephone her just as she was going to take her life. For Adrian was the only being in the world for whom she cared, who might be able to turn her from her purpose.

Ten minutes later she was opening the door of the studio to him, laughing and ill at ease, and excusing the disorder in the studio which she had only made a half-hearted attempt to tidy.

As she busied herself with the whisky and soda, Adrian threw himself down on the sofa. He was tall and broad and well dressed, with a scarlet carnation in his buttonhole and a smell about him of expensive hair-oil and Turkish cigarettes which seemed curiously worldly and comforting to Sarah. His light blue eyes travelled shrewdly over the room, taking in the glass of white liquid on the gramophone and the hurriedly gathered-together letters on the writing desk.

Poor Sarah, he thought, Mamie was right. She's ill. Been taking some stuff or other. Hope she's not going to do something silly. Of course, he could hardly believe in the drug story he had heard, but still it would be a good thing to find out exactly what was up.

Sarah gave him a drink and took one herself. It was wonderful to have Adrian sitting there, just like old times, in front of the fire, with one foot up on the sofa. Perched on a stool on the hearthrug, a cigarette between her lips, her fears receded a little and she felt stronger. It was not for long, though, and as the man on the sofa spoke she felt her fears crowding back.

"Well, old girl," he began, "I have been hearing all sorts of stories about you; I don't believe a word of them, I must admit, but——"

Sarah looked up in panic. What had he heard? The colour drained from her face, and as she put her glass down her hand was trembling.

"Stories?" she repeated. "What stories?" Something was seriously wrong, thought Adrian, as he watched her

"HELP me, Adrian," she cried. "I'm at the end of my tether. If you had not rung up when you did, I should be dead now. I have stood the strain for two years, and cannot bear it any longer"

carefully. He did not like the look of things. Sarah was as white as a ghost.

"Well, that you were ill, for one thing—and for another, that you have something on your mind to make you ill."

Sarah stared at him, her heart pounding. Her eyes were like those of a trapped animal.

"What do they say I have on my mind?" she whispered.

Adrian laughed, and at

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

the sound of his laughter Sarah breathed again. She was reprieved.

"No one has any idea, you see, that is the trouble, and so invent all sorts of things—illness, a love affair—you know the sort of tripe people can think up when they try."

Adrian knows nothing, thought Sarah.

"You are a dear, Adrian," she said, looking into the fire. "But there is nothing wrong."

She turned to face him, and as she did so she caught a glimpse of the half-filled glass on the gramophone. What a fool she was not to have put it away. She saw his eyes following hers, and as she thought wildly for some explanation, she felt tears filling her eyes and coursing down her pale cheeks. Why should she always be forced to dissimulate, to lie, to behave like a criminal, when it was she who was the victim of criminals and the one who suffered? She tried to choke back a sob and at the sound of Adrian's voice saying:

"Sarah dear, what is wrong?" she fell forward against his knee, shaken by a storm of weeping. She felt his hand on her shoulder and heard him trying to comfort her.

She lay with her head against him for a moment; as she slowly recovered, he said:

"Look here, Sarah, something is wrong. I know I behaved (*Continued on page* 74)

PARISIAN MEDLEY

By Ralph Stock

The author who visited Paris just prior to the outbreak of war gives a delightful vista of this charming city as it then was—and as it will be again, we hope!

FOR the average English visitor, Paris is a medley of contrasts that alternately charm and exasperate.

Why is it that here you encounter the most amazing magnanimity at one turn, and meaness that amounts to petty theft at the next . . . the acme of luxury in food, drink and surroundings if you can afford them, and the acme of squalor and discomfort if you cannot . . . kindness and cruelty, beauty and bad taste?

The answer is that these things *are* Paris, capital of a nation probably possessing the highest as well as the lowest civilisation in the world.

IT is almost with shame that in France you change a pound note for 176 francs. "Poor French!" you may murmur to yourself, if of a sympathetic nature. Then you discover with something of a shock that the French are quite able to look after themselves financially. At your hotel, for instance, you may sit down to a *table d'hôte* meal at a reasonable fixed price as glaringly advertised, and find that the following scrawls have crept into the accounts like intruding insects: "Couvert" (in other words, the wherewithal to eat and drink what you are paying for); "Supplement" (if you want the more desirable dishes); "Taxe de sejour" (presumably for staying at the hotel at all); "Armaments" (which even the French themselves pay without a murmur); "Service" (but you had better tip as well if you wish to make an unobtrusive exit).

As sunshine streams through the window, it is a delight to have the coffee, brioche and confiture of *petit déjeuner* in bed . . .

. . . and still better to combine lunch with a view of life seen from the boulevard

But there is an electricity in the air of Paris which we, under the moist blanket of England's climate, hardly ever experience. It intoxicates the victim into suffering almost anything.

On the other side of the slate, it must be recorded that Paris knows a great deal better than London where to eat, drink and talk. Every time I sit at a little round table under a brightly-coloured awning and watch the world go by, I cannot imagine why we (*Continued on page* 19)

The Little Café

La bonne carotte

"The stomach of Paris." In other words, *Les Halles*. Long before dawn all traffic is stopped within a mile of these markets so that Paris may eat

Self-portrait of a Montparnasse artist—with another one of Grock, the famous French clown, seen grinning in the background

One of the immense and artistic posters which are peculiar to Paris

(Right) The Bourse is a scene of financial tumult, unsurpassed by the London or even by the New York Stock Exchange

. . . and when it is all over for the day, the French equivalent of "the tired business man" seeks relaxation with "Les Girls" seen here at the stage door of the *Folies Bergères*

The children too, are catered for by a permanent theatre for our friends Punch and Judy

(Left)
. . . and also fascinating mechanical toys

As for the fair sex, Paris was invented for them . . . from Paquin to the outdoor bargain counters of the cheaper dress establishments

They can even have their "ladders stopped" for three francs

. . . or old prints

(Below) The men however seem to prefer stamp collecting out in the open air . . .

Photographs by Ralph Stock

should not do the same thing. Rain? Paris, too, has rain. Cold? Paris can be colder than London—in which case you merely move inside the restaurant and continue to enjoy the panorama of life through a vast, all-seeing window. Perhaps it is not in the nature of the Briton to enjoy anything but his food when eating. . . . No, that won't do. What about dinner dances? . . . I give it up.

Across the Seine on the left bank, where lovers embrace (as they should) with abandon and complete indifference to the rest of the universe, we came to the studio of an *artiste peinteur* in Montparnasse. "Most of us have left Montmartre," he told us. "The tourists had made

So does the National Lottery —with promises of a huge fortune just round the corner

In the back street, *monsieur* is often busy minding the pup while *madame* talks home politics with a passing neighbour

The Parisian autobus suffers from—or perhaps thrives on—considerable overcrowding

of us a peep-show, and that is not good for the work. . . . Ah, yes, Paris is still best for that—if you can sell in England. Besides, I am a refugee, and France is kinder to refugees than England with her strict laws of the labour permit. . . . You see, I was a German who fought and was wounded for my country in the Great War, and for that I received the order of the boot. Now I have no country, and what is worse, no passport. . . . It is better these days to have a passport than a country," he added reflectively.

To judge from conversation with the average Parisian, he was far less perturbed by the possibility of war than we were in England. "France has been preparing : you have not," he gave as the reason. "We deal in realism, you in compromise. We are good for each other. *Vive l'entente cordiale !*"

Paris is as much a woman's city as London is a man's. All the way from the exquisite Chanel with a single rose in the window instead of a dress (so that prying scouts cannot steal designs) to the crowded outdoor bargain counters of the cheaper establishments, everything possible and impossible is done to lure the female of the species into "disembarrassing" herself (as the French so delightfully put it) of her money—or more probably her escort's.

Who, for instance, could resist the appeal of *Ondulations Permanents* (they sound so much more romantic than "permanent waves")—of scents called "Night of Intrigue" and warranted to lay low mere man at the first encounter—of hats and shoes and jewellery of such fantastic proportions that they could not be duplicated out of a nightmare?

Then the boulevards, with their careering taxi-men who are the best as well as the most reckless drivers in the world . . . their infernal racket of motor horns and screeching brakes . . . their somewhat startling sanitary arrangements . . . their striking posters, unequalled in the world for size and artistic merit . . . their stalls of delightful performing toys, all made in France . . . their open-air markets where it is possible to find anything for sale from snails to postage stamps, and equally possible to be overcharged or given short change . . . all go to make Paris a medley of charm and exasperation.

But the charm wins.

(Left)
The latest in shoe-shine equipment attracts the crowds

(Below)
So we say good night to Paris—over one of the monuments which seem always to enjoy a perfect setting

Old Tales Re-told

Rosselana, the kidnapped girl who became an Empress

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

Below: SOLYMAN II *removed the seraglio to an enchanting site on the seashore at the extreme end of the town.*

A TEMPTING subject which for lack of reliable references has for a long time been avoided by serious historians, is the seraglio of Constantinople. A great deal has been written about it, but the secrecy maintained in that impenetrable place makes it clear that legend constitutes a big part of the existing material.

A sudden stroke of good fortune has, however, brought to my attention a wealth of reference on that subject. I have come across an erudite narrative written by one signing herself Lady No. 10. Further inquiries have revealed that Lady No. 10 was one of the odalisques who evidently had occupied her leisure time in secretly writing of the life in the seraglio, recounting her contemporaries and her predecessors. She has most accurately described what she saw and learned in that golden prison to which could have been so appropriately applied that well-known line of Dante which runs: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

In what year this manuscript found its way out of the seraglio is not known, but it was first published in Milan as late as 1868. Let us look on that romantic world where life was keyed up to the most concentrated state of human feeling, where love, hatred, power, vanity, tenderness, tyranny and often madness intermingled with the horrors of hell and the delights of heaven.

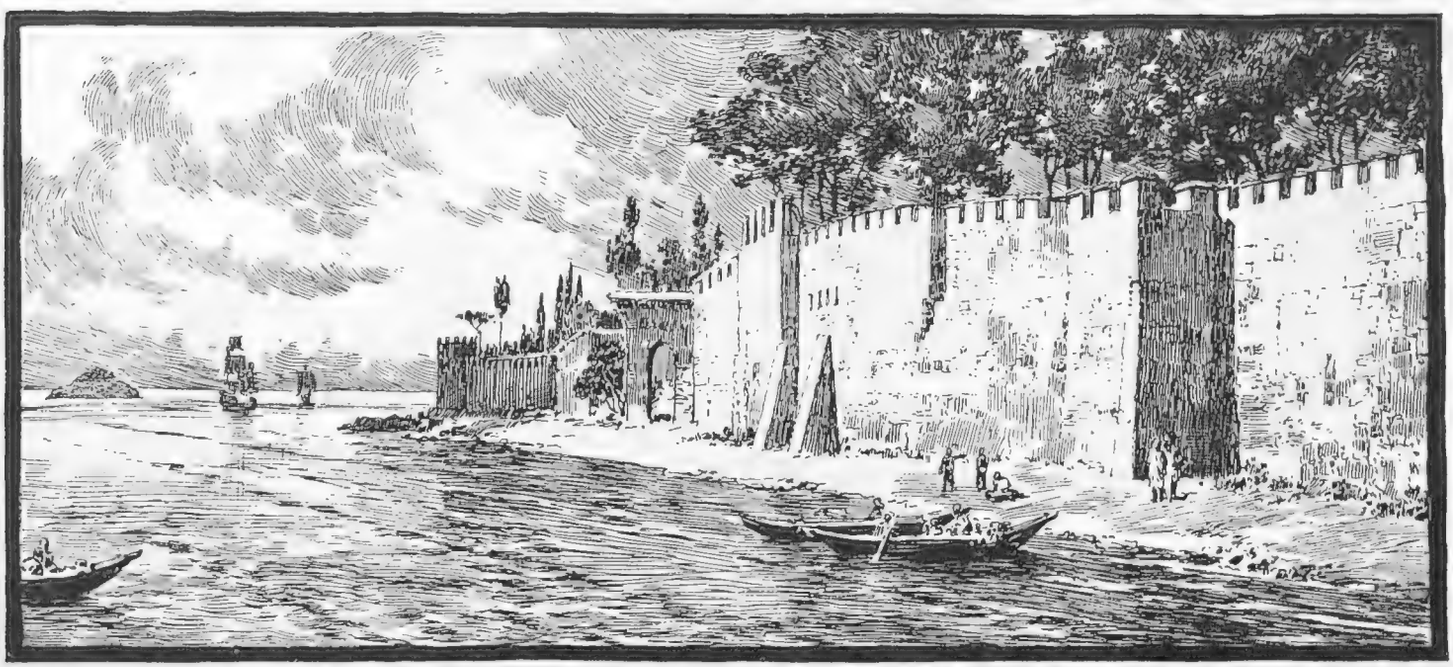
Originally the seraglio was situated in the very centre of Constantinople, but towards the beginning of the sixteenth century Solyman II removed it to an enchanting site on the seashore at the extreme end of the town. A great lover of beauty, Solyman built his seraglio with barbaric luxury, whilst adding the refinements imported from every part of the world, chiefly from Venice.

Within the precincts of this Garden of Eden there was accommodation for 5,000 people, including the 2,000 military guards that occupied the first court. The remaining 3,000 was composed of the women of the Harem, the officials and the slaves in their varied capacities. Not one of these slaves was Turkish, they were all what was called children of tribute—that is to say, boys and girls specially chosen from amongst the people of vanquished nations. The cream of the boys was sent to the seraglio where they were submitted to a training that most fitted their material and mental possibilities. The best girls were educated to the stern discipline of the harem.

Slave traffickers and pirates of every nationality provided the seraglio with slaves kidnapped from everywhere, chiefly French, Italian and Spanish girls. Beautiful specimens were eagerly bought at high prices.

A legion of black eunuchs was allotted to the service of these women, while the white eunuchs attended to many other services, but had no contact whatsoever with this feminine world.

A sinister and low category of servants was a body of sixty mutes, whether purposely mutilated or naturally dumb is not stated, but they were the executioners. Each one of them was supplied with a silken cord with which they accomplished their grim deed. A number



According to custom, the Kislan-Aga, the man appointed as a buyer for the Sultan, submitted Rosselana to a scrupulous examination before purchasing her for his master

of human deformities completed the staff of the seraglio. These included hundreds of dwarfs of both sexes collected from everywhere. The more horrifying their appearance, the more praiseworthy were they considered to be. These were kept for general amusement.

The appearance of the seraglio from the architectural point of view was such that no description can do justice to its magnificence: the richness of the kiosks, the fountains, the beautiful trees, and the gardens, most elaborately kept up, with a wealth of flowers that had no equal anywhere in the world.

The seraglio was divided in three distinct courts. The sacred precincts called the women's quarters was situated in the third court and was divided in three separate sections, the apartment of the valideh, the apartment of the hassaki, favourites and odelisks, and the third was the apartment of the odelisk widows—women who had belonged to a deceased sultan. However young and beautiful, these widows were put there and banned for ever from every expression of life. The assignment of titles was very simple. The Sultan, sometimes still an adolescent, chose his favourites from amongst a collection of odelisks. The first favourite to give birth to a son took the title of Hassaki, but she had no more authority than the others. When the boy inherited the throne his mother became a valideh. This title was the highest ambition to which a woman of the seraglio could aspire. In fact, she was invested with extensive authority. She supervised the acquisition of all the new women for her reigning son, and to her they owed the most absolute and unconditional submission. In other words, a woman could be the real queen of the harem only when she was the widowed mother of the Sultan. All the other women, whether mothers or not, were shut up in that luxurious residence which was, nevertheless, a prison for life. This, in brief, is the background of our story.

ON that enchanting coast of Tuscany between Piombino and Leghorn, there were several picturesque castles belonging to patrician families chiefly of Tuscan origin. It was customary to spend the summer months in these romantic abodes, many of whose granite foundations stood right in the sea.

In the year 1522 one of these families from Siena, accompanied by their servants and a few guards, had gone to spend their vacation in their castle. The building was surrounded on three sides by a wood of pines, where tall cypresses, so characteristic of that region, stood erect as so many silent sentinels surrounding the mediæval building. One night the inhabitants of the castle were suddenly awakened by shouts and the noise of clashing weapons. In no time strange men had invaded the interior of the castle. Swords, halberds and arquebuses were hastily snatched from the walls by the

inhabitants, but the gallant defenders were soon overcome and pitilessly killed. The terrifying onslaught had lasted only a very little time. In every room or corridor there was somebody dead or dying, while a crowd of bloodthirsty ruffians searched every corner of the castle for valuables. It has been an assault by pirates well organised and deftly executed.

In going through the rooms the pirates were confronted by a young girl. Erect and dignified she challenged them, but up against a crowd of cut-throats such as they, she could not do very much. She was the only member of the family that had escaped the slaughter. Her fiery words were drowned by coarse laughter and jeers, and a few minutes later she was bundled down into the boat together with all the valuable property of the ransacked castle.

Dawn was just beginning to break when the pirate vessel left the shore, and the castle where the tragedy had taken place was soon confused in the receding landscape, and when the outline of the island of Elba became also mixed up with the mainland, the rising sun had already begun to touch the main topsail.

In the meantime an inventory was being made on board of the booty, and, owing to her prepossessing beauty, the girl was considered the most valuable. The share-out accomplished, she became the property of one of them who already had a client who he knew would offer him a substantial sum for her.

Some weeks later the vessel entered the Sea of Marmora, and headed for Constantinople.

History has no record of the family name of this girl, but her christian name was Rosselana. She showed an exemplary fortitude in her predicament. She was, however, well fed and well clothed, so that she might appear at her best when presented for sale.

The Kislan-Aga, the man appointed as a buyer for the Sultan, instantly realised that such a purchase would mean a big feather in his cap. According to custom he submitted her to a scrupulous examination, paid a handsome price and brought Rosselana to her new home.

It was the very time when Tuscany was producing women of the calibre of Catharine de' Medici, and, as we shall see later, our young heroine did not remain for long obscured amongst the hopeful odelisks waiting for a benevolent glance from their elusive lord.

The Sultan at that time was the famous Solyman II., called the Magnificent, he who had enlarged and embellished the seraglio to a fantastic degree. His chosen favourite had already presented him with a son, but when a fresh lot of beauties was brought before him, he instantly picked out the conspicuous Rosselana. From the very beginning he was struck by the bold gaiety of her ways, which contrasted strongly with the others who were almost always trembling with fear and emotion whenever they were addressed by the Sultan.

Rosselana greeted him like a friend, and making a grand show of her superior education, succeeded in attracting Solyman's attention to such a point as to obscure even the mother of the heir to the throne.

Solyman was then about twenty-seven years of age and Rosselana was only sixteen. Her company was his chief delight. For this reason she gained the privilege of inhabiting almost permanently that famous private chamber of Solyman of which a detailed description

Life in the seraglio of Solyman was one continuous exhibition of beautiful things. Amusements, festivities and dances invariably meant the most gorgeous display of unveiled beautiful women from practically every part of the globe

is still extant, and remains as a striking example of his remarkable taste for art and luxury. She had, however, arrived a little too late to obtain the title of Hassaki, for that was already held by the mother of Mustafa, Solyman's first male child. But that did not discourage Rosselana. She had affirmed her superiority on every other woman of the seraglio, and she was confident that that would take her a long way. Life in that feminine kingdom was one continuous exhibition of beautiful things. Amusements, festivities and dances invariably meant the most gorgeous display

of unveiled beautiful women from practically every part of the globe.

In spite of all these temptations Solyman remained faithful to Rosselana. The superiority of her talents proved to have a hold on him, and she felt so strongly placed that one day she decided to make to her lord the most extraordinary request. She wanted to be properly married, officially recognised as the legitimate wife of the Emperor, and acquire the title of Empress of the Ottoman Empire.

Since the Sultans had reigned in Constantinople not one of them had ever given to any woman the title of wife. Only slaves were admitted to the Imperial harem, and the title of Sultana was the highest that they had ever attained.

Solyman was astounded at such a bold request, and he said that he could never entertain the idea of such an innovation in the laws and traditions of the Ottoman Empire. It was, however, not the first time that the smile of a woman and a soft white arm around the neck had changed the laws of much greater empires than that of the Crescent.

The day came when the fair Italian gained her point, and with all pomp and ceremony the marriage was solemnized before the Cadi. As a marriage present she was given the revenue of an entire province, and that was assigned to her for life. Such an achievement would have satisfied any other woman, but Rosselana had in her mind the plan of clearing the way to the throne for her own offspring, in spite of the existing Mustafa, who came into the world before Rosselana entered the Seraglio.

This prince was growing into a fine young man, intelligent, handsome and tall like his father. In spite of his youth, he was already Governor of Amasia, and was filling his post with dignity and efficiency. His father was very fond of him, and had resisted the schemes of Rosselana to depose him. When she saw that Solyman would not easily bend to her will, she made an attempt really worthy of the Borgias whose exploits were then still the talk of the world.

One day a messenger arrived in Amasia from Constantinople. He was bringing a present of preserved fruit from Rosselana to Mustafa. The young prince welcomed the gift most kindly, but instead of accepting the present he gave it to the very messenger who had brought it there. Evidently Mustafa, besides distrusting the donor, had also his doubts regarding the messenger, but the latter gave an unconscious proof of his innocence, for whilst expressing his gratitude he picked up some of the preserved fruit and ate it. A quarter of an hour later his corpse was carried away. Mustafa had sufficient justification to cause an uproar that would have brought the Sultana to justice, but he gallantly kept a strict silence on the entire affair, and Solyman never knew.

In the meantime at Constantinople great festivities were taking place. It was the celebration of the sixteenth birthday of Rosselana's first son. On that occasion he was made governor of an important province, almost a little kingdom. Great preparations were made for his departure His harem—his mother had already provided him with one—with all the officials of his court were ready to follow him when a sudden illness, described as malignant fever, seized him, and in the course of a few days he died.

His mother, maddened by grief, could not but help comparing the sad destiny of her son with the glorious prospects of Mustafa. She was also living in constant fear for the lives of her children, as it was within the right and power of a new Sultan to do away with all his brothers and stepbrothers as soon as their father died. What would Mustafa do with her children when he should step on the throne? Would he forget the candies and the campaign that she had steadily pursued against him?

She had had four sons and as many girls. The first son had died, and the youngest was a poor deformed little creature who would never be accepted for any official position. This young prince, with the head sunk in his slender shoulders and his weak limbs, was nevertheless very intelligent and of an

A struggle ensued, but agile Mustafa was not easily overcome. Not one of the mutes succeeded in looping the neck of the Prince

extremely affectionate nature. Not bound by any duties, he was left to go freely in the seraglio and many allowances were made for the boldness of his speech. Funnily enough, he had conceived a great attachment for Mustafa, an attachment that was gladly reciprocated. Jianjiar was the name of this boy. He was a great lover of art, music and everything that was beautiful. He tried also to counteract the ugliness of his figure by dressing with fantastic luxury. He used to go about dressed like one mass of embroidery and sparkling jewels. Far from all the secret intrigues of the seraglio, he was living a blissful life of frivolous serenity.

YEARS went by and Mustafa reached his thirtieth year. He had become the idol of the army which was under his command. All this time Rosselana had never given up hope of removing the only obstacle that stood between the throne and her children. Ready to avail herself of any opportunity, she began to insinuate that Mustafa was contemplating the dethroning of his father, and as proof, she attracted Solyman's attention to the extravagant pay that Mustafa paid the army. In her opinion that was not compensating but buying the army.

Like the drop of water that with time pierces the stone, she succeeded in planting suspicion into the mind of Solyman. Once he was set in that direction Rosselana knew that she had only to push her plan relentlessly and then play her trump card.

Having the entire harem under her subjugation she created a kind of invisible net around the Sultan, so that the poisoning of his mind would also come from other directions. In fact, every new girl that was placed at the disposal of the Sultan's pleasure was well prepared beforehand by the alert Rosselana.

One day she dashed into Solyman's room flourishing a document. It was a letter supposed to have been written by Mustafa to the King of Persia. In this letter he explained the plan to dethrone his father. Trembling with fury, Solyman asked her how she got possession of the letter. She replied that one of Solyman's spies had followed the messenger that Mustafa had sent to Persia. At a certain point of the road the spy pounced on the messenger and killed him, took the letter from his sealed bag and brought it to her.

At first Solyman would not believe it, but the document looked so authentic that he ended by admitting that Rosselana was his only faithful subject and that she had been right all along.

An order was sent to Mustafa summoning him to appear instantly at Constantinople. He was then in camp with his army near the frontier. Mustafa refused to leave the camp. It was the first time that an order of Solyman II was not obeyed, and the fact was so enormous that the news spread outside of the seraglio walls, producing a stirring impression all over the empire. This challenge between father and son caused the occasion of a general terror everywhere, for no one could anticipate what would happen next. The only one who kept cool and collected was the woman who had caused the trouble. Whether it was at her suggestion, or whether it was Solyman's own idea, he decided to go to Mustafa.

All the troops stationed in Constantinople were mobilised. A great part of the seraglio was put in condition to travel. Horses, carriages, no end of baggage, women, dancers, musicians, eunuchs, and what constituted the court was to follow the sultan. He rode at the head of a fantastic organisation for war, and with banners and standards displayed to the wind, this strange cavalcade made for the frontier.

Arriving a short distance from Mustafa's encamped army, Solyman ordered the pitching of the Imperial camp. A huge palace that had been brought there in sections, was erected in no time, carpets, tents and luxuries of every description completed the decoration of this portable building. The soldiers were encamped at a considerable distance so as not to disturb the peace and quietude of the Imperial abode.

JIANJIAR, to hide his deformities, used to go about dressed in one mass of embroidery and sparkling jewels

ROSSELANA fell at the feet of her lord and master

Jianjiar had arrived at the head of all the dignitaries and officials of the court. He could not believe that his beloved Mustafa was in any danger, and being the darling of the sultan, he was sure that all the good words he had spoken on behalf of his stepbrother, could not fail to bear good results.

As soon as the imperial temporary residence was ready, an order was sent to Mustafa to appear before Solyman immediately. The messenger who took the order found on arrival an uncanny silence over the entire camp. He delivered his message and waited for an answer. In great earnestness Mustafa was advised by his friends not to yield or he would be lost, but the proud prince said that nobody would dare to do anything against his person, not even the Sultan. When he rode through his camp in order to reach the Sultan, the uncanny silence was broken by a frantic applause which echoed over the surrounding hills, spontaneous expression of devotion and admiration

(*Continued on page 79*)

BLACK *and*

The Author, who recently impressions of the benefits

By NEGLEY

A "kraal" in Ovamboland. It is about two hundred yards across and will hold over a hundred people; this one is that of headman Nemehiah, who has thirteen wives—each wife has her own hut in the kraal and her own land outside

A young Masai mother. A photograph taken by the author in Tanganyika

I HAVE just finished a seven-months' trek through Africa. It has changed every one of my previous conceptions or convictions regarding the relations of the white man with the black man. During the seventeen days my boat took to reach Walvis Bay, on the desert coast of South-West Africa, I read reams of official documents and statements about the subject I was going out there to investigate—Mandates. There was one phrase that seemed nearly always in the mouths of statesmen, particularly at Geneva—"nations under tutelage."

Every time I came to that complacent bit of priggishness, I wanted to go to the side and be sick. But now—now I believe there is not a race in Africa that will not benefit, perhaps only ultimately, from its contact with the white man. In the Belgian Congo I have seen minds so dark, so incontestably savage, that I felt I was staring into a bottomless pit. I was frightened. It was, I think, that morning on the banks of the Congo that the realisation came to me of what the white man can mean to the black man. And in the Congo it is an amazing co-operation of Church, Government, and the four huge business companies which dominate all the Congo, which has put the native, willy-nilly, on the revolving belt of progress. Even though this might employ certain methods which European theorists and sentimental liberals might deplore—such as the forced cultivation of cotton—the Congo native must come out of his darkness, despite himself.

I do not believe that the black man would be happier if left alone. Africa to this day reeks with the oppressions and cruelties of arbitrary native chiefs. To this day the majority of the natives all over Africa live in fear of the witch-doctor, and the Evil Spirit. The Society of the Leopards, the Aniotoes, have had a recurrence in the Belgian Congo around Stanleyville. The Governor told me it would be impossible to calculate the number of women they had murdered within the last year in the jungle—even the police were afraid to inform on them. But they hanged six at Stanleyville last

In a Chagga appeal court, where the chiefs hear first and appeal cases. After this court the native can take his case up with the District Administrator. But more and more of these native courts are coming to be the final means of settling disputes

A Masai warrior. Their hair is red with ochre, and is often dressed in a shape like a Roman centurion's helmet

(Right)
Women bearers carrying beer—for a big tribal fête in Ovamboland

WHITE *in* AFRICA

spent seven months in the "Dark Continent," sets out his bestowed on the Black Races by contact with the White Man

FARSON

year. And now they are going to shoot the Aniotoes—because the natives don't believe that, when a man is hanged, he is really dead. They must see blood to convince them. So the "Leopard Men" will be shot.

THE Belgians are not sentimentalists about the model villages and excellent medical supervision they give the natives of the Congo. They tell you quite frankly it is to conserve and keep healthy a dangerously limited labour supply. For that is Africa's richest asset—these "Black Diamonds." Without a constant supply of strong, healthy boys, the gold and copper mines at Kilo Moto and Katanga would have to close down. Without contented natives to "work" the trees, the enormous company, Huileries Belge (Lever Bros.), would have of necessity to seek elsewhere for palmnuts.

Finnish hospital nurses in Ovamboland. The Finns have established eleven missions in that remote territory

"Boys," in Ovamboland, waiting to be passed by the doctor for their year's work in the mines or on the white man's farms

The long trek home. The "boys" returning to their kraals in northern South-West Africa. Some of the Portuguese "boys" will walk 500 miles, or more. They bring back on an average £5 after a year's work

A chief's Ju-Ju on the Gold Coast. Photo given to the author by the chief himself

Hence these model native villages that astonish you in the heart of what was only a short time ago "Darkest Africa."

I BEGAN this trip on the burning coast of South-West Africa, where, after seven months, looking back, I think I must have seen the black man in his most dejected state under the white man. But this, as I will explain, was not so much the fault of the white man as the force of circumstances.

I ended this trip at Accra on the steaming Gold Coast, where a black man is the Solicitor-General—and where, in the earthquake that ensued while I was there, I saw the black man behaving infinitely better than the white man.

This last, I might say, was the complete topsy-turvydom of all my judgments. For, while the white man behaved very well during that minor catastrophe—the black man behaved better. He showed more guts.

The end of this trip was when I bought a motor car at Dar-es-Salaam, on the Indian Ocean, and drove all the way across Africa—through Kenya, Uganda, the Belgian Mandate of Ruandi Urundi, Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, and then down to the sea at Duala in the French Cameroons.

Naturally, I came into intimate contact with natives. Just how intimate it could be can be realised when I say that one day in the Ituri forest I had five punctures. Two were blow-outs so savage that they ripped the tyre open. This meant, as I only had one spare case, that I would have to repair the best of the two blow-outs on the road, and patch a shattered tube. Now I have driven cars as thoughtlessly as I walk. I know something—but not much—of what goes on under the bonnet. But in the dense Ituri forest that day I realised that I had *never* repaired a casing. There had always been someone around to do it for me, or else I had a spare. But here, well, there was not a garage within 250 miles on either side of me.

The Ituri forest is the home of the Pygmies. I had (*Continued on page* 86)

BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Alan Seymour

THREE-QUARTERS of the books in this month's batch are novels and none of them gave me greater pleasure than Francis Brett Young's "The City of Gold" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.).

"The City of Gold" is, of course, Johannesburg, which notoriously put gold before bricks, wealth before food. Reared upon the greed of gamblers it grew mighty overnight, an extravagant growth foreign to the people and land around it.

Thus Mr. Brett Young pictures it in the pages of this novel which is the saga of a man's sons, born on the virgin soil of the Transvaal.

No reader of "They Seek a Country" will forget John Oakley, that Worcestershire boy condemned as a convict, who escaped perilously, joined the "Great Trek," fought the Zulus and married his Boer wife.

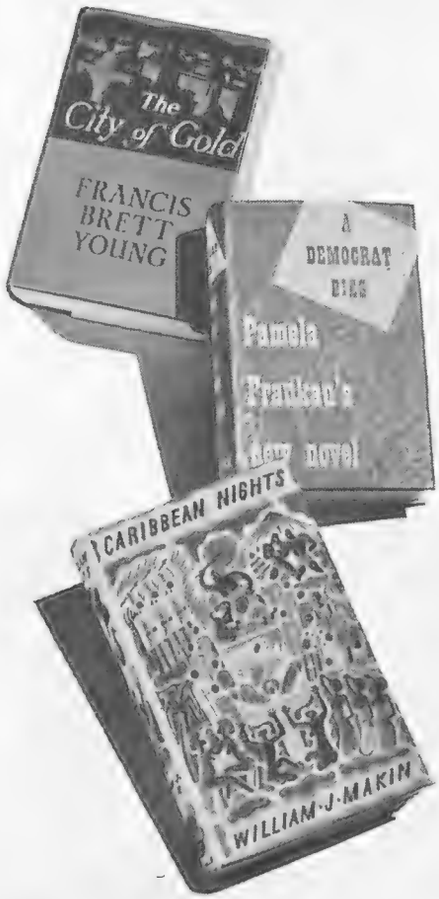
His three sons are as different as the three forces tugging at the destiny of the young State. For the eldest there are the straight ways of the Boer; he has nothing but suspicion and dislike for the City of Gold. The second is a shrewd fellow, friendly to British influence, believing in peace, and looking on quietly while the others carry the burdens. The third thirsts for adventure: he literally grapples with the ground for gold and fails, only to fight again and achieve great fortune in the building of the city.

Here is an epic theme to which Francis Brett Young does ample justice. Dour Dutch farmers, frenzied gamblers, Kaffirs, Zulus, mounted police throng the pages and above them tower those figures of history—Cecil Rhodes, a great coloniser and loyal friend; Jameson with his impish humour and sarcastic speech, whose ill-timed raid rounds off this book; and the President "Oom Paul" Kruger, content to watch, and wait his time.

What particularly impresses me about "The City of Gold" is the way in which Mr. Brett Young has achieved his mighty task without ever losing touch with the humanities of his characters. It is a romantic novel in the grand style and I know you will be impressed by it too.

TO come bang up to date, here is another admirable novel—this time by a woman.

The intriguing title "Everything will be better tomorrow" is in itself a guarantee of (*Continued on page* 81)



The Book of the Month

WITH a very mixed batch, as to subject, at my disposal this month, the selection of The Book of the Month became rather invidious. Novels, biographies, tales of adventure—all were there to choose from and my original choice was from among them; but on more mature consideration I have picked on a book of an altogether different type as representing the best reading of the month from among those before me.

"The Quiet World of Nature" by Bernard Gooch (The Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.) is a delicious antidote to jitters in this age of Crisis and Counter-Crisis.

With its ten excellent illustrations and its enthralling subject-matter this book holds for us a great moral.

Men may become the victims of cupidity, persecution, malice and brutality but still the bee sucks honey from the clover-field and still the tireless ant forages in its own inscrutable universe.

In this book the author not only gives us intimate glimpses of the lives and habits of many common creatures but he also shows us how we may sometimes join in the pleasures and adventures of these, our fellow-travellers along the road of Life.

The book covers a wide field, ranging from a chance meeting with a friendly vole, to close and sometimes prolonged observations of individual birds and beasts.

There are delightful interludes with tame animals, often as unusual as a viper or a bat, while the aquatic life of a garden pond introduces one to a mysterious habitat with problems all its own.

To me a great deal of the charm of this book lies in the fact that although it is written by an ornithologist and naturalist who has spent many years of close observation in the field, it is free from scientific terminology and so can be enjoyed to the full by the general reader.

THE WOMEN I MEET

The Hon. Mary Banbury

The Countess of Huntingdon

Lady Kemball Cook

Lady Carolyn Howard

Mrs. Gordon Moore

(left) Mrs. Peter Higgins

LONDON has the first shimmer of autumn fog drifting through the streets, the damp leaves swept from the dank grass of the squares are blowing from their tidy heaps—there are no more sheep in the park. Occasionally, like the echo of another world, we hear the tinkle of a bell. The muffin man's plaintive cry, so deadened by the drone of mechanism, but which modern progress has failed to completely obliterate, brings back to us memories of childish greed and nursery excitement, and remind us that the muffin man's bell is the knell of dead summer.

But there are, despite the despised climate of London's autumn, some compensations. One of them may be the sight of the HON. MARY BANBURY, Lord Banbury's exquisite sister, whose vivid, Spanish-type beauty can add colour to the greyest of days. She is one of the loveliest girls to be seen in London, with her slim grace, her pomegranate red mouth, her tremendous chic and her charming manners.

She has perhaps the longest and most tapered nails any woman can hope to achieve, hair with the sheen of a raven's wing and the greatest lack of punctuality in existence—which is not her fault, for no one tries harder than she to get to where she is going, it simply happens that way—only always!

But the odd thing is that though Time slips by her while she tries to catch up with it, she can catch trains or boats and she very nearly did catch the *Yankee Clipper*. She is always catching trains and vanishing at a moment's notice to reappear in Paris or New York —somewhere. She likes people—all sorts and types of people, and she thinks about them and she studies what she sees, but with a quietness which advances no opinions; consequently she has friends all over the world, ready to welcome her when she arrives, in which she is greatly to be envied, but which is the reward of her charm. An outdoor life appeals to her as well—tennis, water-ski-ing, riding—and in England she spends much of her time with her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Craven, at the latter's lovely country house near Faringdon. There she is mainly occupied with showing her mother's horses, and she has proved herself so successful that she has won twenty-one awards out of twenty-two entries.

She has only one superstition, which can be a slight shock to the uniniated. If she sees a magpie she is obliged to take off her hat to it three times. That solemn ritual accomplished, Miss Mary Banbury goes on her way.

LADY CAROLYN HOWARD, Lady Carlisle's talented daughter, who was to have helped in organising the "Bart's Ball," at the Dorchester Hotel, has her own superstitions also. She believes that flowers must be a gift and never a purchase, which is a pretty thought, if a trifle disheartening to some of us. And she wears charm bracelets which have hanging from them at least a hundred or more tiny trinkets, each of individual memory or meaning. She has collected the "trucking" as she calls it, round the world with her mother, but each has been and must be a gift, or the spell is broken. Whether her luck increases with each addition she does not know, but she (*Continued on page* 80)

A Month-to-Month Commentary

By Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

Wings of Wrath

NOBODY appreciated air travel better than Mr. Petronius. It was ruthless—compressing oceans into lakes, mountains into molehills, countries into counties, and mankind into microbes. Below, the liners plodded, the trains-de-luxe and the Rolls-Royces crept. Mr. Petronius soared the sky, a divinity in an age of rationalisation: Midas and Mercury in one.

Within three hours of receiving the cable, he was in his silver chariot which had a longer range and a higher speed than the Vickers "Welleslys". His coachmen were two of the world's finest pilots. Everything of the best, naturally, for Mr. Petronius.

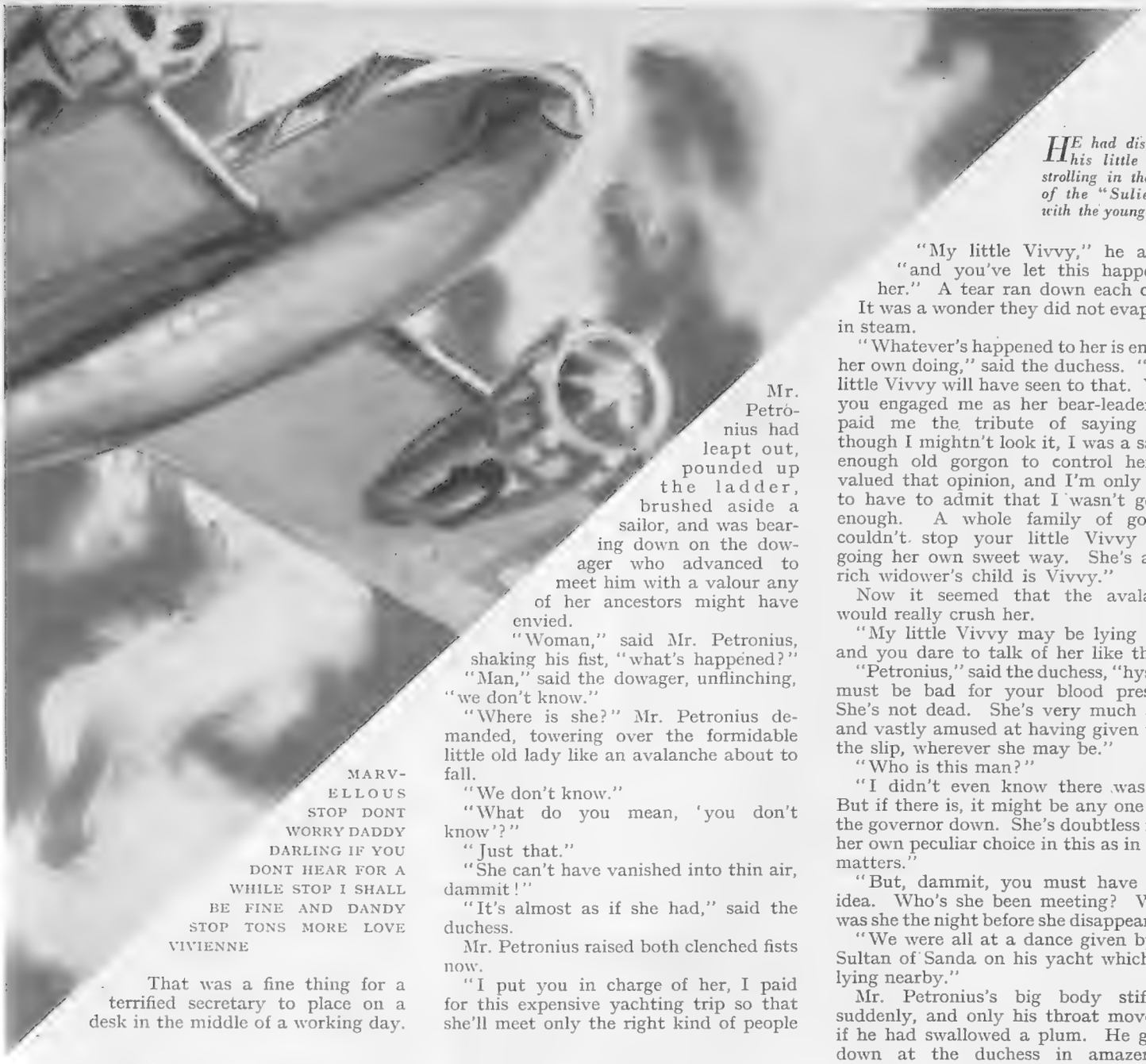
The globe turned below him as if he sat enthroned on the sun.

Something fabulous, also, about Mr. Petronius because his origins were hidden. Of course, that couldn't have been his real name. It was too good to be true. Probably he was Antigua Montori, jailed in San Francisco for robbery with violence, or he might have been that Mortimer Montague, high priest of swindling flotations in pre-War London, or possibly—but who knows? In the year of grace 1939 this was Mr. Petronius, sitting right on top of the world.

Nothing divine about his appearance. He looked like a Dutch cheese balanced on the trunk of a retired all-in wrestler. Though a colossus who bestrode the world, his legs were short and stocky. His arms dangled. His popping blue eyes had veins in them. His wrath, before which armies of human beings trembled, was expressed in short and unprintable words. But he had a flair for making millions, and, above all, action was his *forte*.

Witness how promptly he had acted on receipt of the cable. He took it from his pocket and studied it again.

DARLING DADDY DONT WORRY ABOUT ME FOR A WHILE STOP I AM GOING TO VANISH BECAUSE HAVE HEARD THE EAST ACALLING STOP VERY MUCH IN LOVE AND YOU WILL FORGIVE ME MARRYING WHEN YOU MEET HIM STOP EAST IS



HE had discovered his little Vivvy strolling in the stern of the "Sulieman" with the young sultan

MARVELLOUS STOP DONT WORRY DADDY DARLING IF YOU DONT HEAR FOR A WHILE STOP I SHALL BE FINE AND DANDY STOP TONS MORE LOVE VIVIENNE

That was a fine thing for a terrified secretary to place on a desk in the middle of a working day.

Vivienne had set her heart on marriage but her methods to get her father's consent were more than subtle

By Dale Collins

He scowled redly at it, as if he would compel it to tell him more, but there were some things even Mr. Petronius could not do.

The plane roared on.

LIKE a cool white sea-bird the yacht rested amid the bustle and traffic of Singapore's busy harbour. At the sight of the approaching speed-boat, which set the sampans dancing madly on the waves it threw up, the dowager duchess nodded grimly. That would be Petronius. She had known he'd come, but although she knew his ways she had not expected him so amazingly soon. She gathered her forces—by no means negligible, though she herself was small and frail—to meet the onslaught.

Before the boat had been made fast, Mr. Petronius had leapt out, pounded up the ladder, brushed aside a sailor, and was bearing down on the dowager who advanced to meet him with a valour any of her ancestors might have envied.

"Woman," said Mr. Petronius, shaking his fist, "what's happened?"

"Man," said the dowager, unflinching, "we don't know."

"Where is she?" Mr. Petronius demanded, towering over the formidable little old lady like an avalanche about to fall.

"We don't know."

"What do you mean, 'you don't know'?"

"Just that."

"She can't have vanished into thin air, dammit!"

"It's almost as if she had," said the duchess.

Mr. Petronius raised both clenched fists now.

"I put you in charge of her, I paid for this expensive yachting trip so that she'll meet only the right kind of people and not be mixing with a lot of riff-raff, and you stand there jibbering that she's vanished. You dare to stand there jibbering!"

"It's you who are jibbering, Petronius," said the dowager. "Calm yourself, and I'll be able to tell you what little I can."

"Well? Well?"

"If you've heard from her direct you probably know more than we do. Three mornings ago she went ashore without saying a word to a soul, and she hasn't been seen since. Of course, we informed the authorities and the police, and a terrific search has been made but to no avail."

Mr. Petronius expressed himself forcefully on the subject of the dowager's mental capacity, years and parentage.

"My little Vivvy," he added, "and you've let this happen to her." A tear ran down each cheek.

It was a wonder they did not evaporate in steam.

"Whatever's happened to her is entirely her own doing," said the duchess. "Your little Vivvy will have seen to that. When you engaged me as her bear-leader you paid me the tribute of saying that, though I mightn't look it, I was a savage enough old gorgon to control her. I valued that opinion, and I'm only sorry to have to admit that I wasn't gorgon enough. A whole family of gorgons couldn't stop your little Vivvy from going her own sweet way. She's a real rich widower's child is Vivvy."

Now it seemed that the avalanche would really crush her.

"My little Vivvy may be lying dead, and you dare to talk of her like that!"

"Petronius," said the duchess, "hysteria must be bad for your blood pressure. She's not dead. She's very much alive, and vastly amused at having given us all the slip, wherever she may be."

"Who is this man?"

"I didn't even know there was one. But if there is, it might be any one from the governor down. She's doubtless made her own peculiar choice in this as in other matters."

"But, dammit, you must have some idea. Who's she been meeting? Where was she the night before she disappeared?"

"We were all at a dance given by the Sultan of Sanda on his yacht which was lying nearby."

Mr. Petronius's big body stiffened suddenly, and only his throat moved as if he had swallowed a plum. He glared down at the duchess in amazement, dismay and something very much like terror.

"The Sultan of Sanda?" he repeated, and, by his difficulty with the words, they formed the plum he had swallowed.

"Yes," said the duchess, "and he didn't like you either. With the delightful candour of an Oriental ruler he told us as a joke against himself how completely you had diddled him over the oil and tin concessions. He said that though he hated—the phrase is his—'your guts' he saw no reason why that should deprive him of the company of your beautiful and charming daughter."

Mr. Petronius's hands turned into talons, and he looked more than ever like an all-in wrestler, but now one far from retirement, at the height of his powers.

"I'll tear the little snipe's liver out," Mr. Petronius promised. "Where is he? I'll bet he's at the back of this!"

"He's gone. His yacht sailed next morning."

Mr. Petronius, though usually eloquent in his own strange way, stood speechless. His silence made an alarming spectacle, like watching a pressure gauge mount with the knowledge that the safety valve was jammed. He goggled at the duchess without seeing her, and yet when he spoke at least his

HE was almost glad about the rats. They gave some occupation, they were foes he could fight

voice was quieter, as if he had passed beyond mere rage.

"Read this." He handed her the cablegram.

The duchess found her lorgnette.

"Oh, dear me!" she said.

Mr. Petronius gave a snort which lacked spirit.

"As good a comment as any, I suppose. Naturally, you've already radioed his infernal yacht?"

"We tried, but it was no good. He uses his yacht as an escape from affairs of State, and she isn't fitted with wireless."

"The devil she isn't?"

"It's very awkward. The sultan struck me as the kind who would get his own way. Quite cultured, but definitely Eastern. And the worst of it is, though he has an understanding with England, his kingdom isn't officially in the Federated Malay States. He's an independent ruler. Oh, dear, dear me."

"Dear nothing," said Mr. Petronius, dissociating himself with a slicing gesture from even that hint of tenderness.

"The authorities——"

"Damn the authorities. I'm going to deal with this myself. Just as soon as I buy a gun. My daughter's eighteen. She can't be married without my permission, and if he's duped her into going through a ceremony—some heathen rubbish like as not—she's going to be a widow right away. If I'm not a match again for that little yellow monkey, my name's not Petronius. I'll blow his head off. Trying to get his own back on me through my poor little Vivvy, is he? I'll show him where he gets off. My poor innocent lambkin! My poor trusting sweetness, Vivvy."

Those were not the terms the dowager would have applied to Miss Petronius, but she did not envy His Highness the meeting with the outraged father, who, even in sentimental tears, looked a dangerous and formidable antagonist.

"You lack many qualities, Petronius," she said, "but certainly not fighting spirit."

From the lofty eyrie borne on the wings of wrath it hadn't been difficult to locate the *Sulieman*. She crawled along on the bright green water like a child's toy, trailing a very slow fan of ripples with her.

The pilots had their instructions, and, like a hawk striking, the plane swept down. The people in the yacht might guess this or that but they could not be certain the swooping shape was connected with Mr. Petronius. Even his enemies, who were his greatest admirers, would not have expected him to reach the scene of the crime with such supernatural rapidity.

Down and down they dropped, whilst the yacht grew in size and details were filled in. White blobs of faces looked up as the shadow passed over.

The roar of the engines drowned Mr. Petronius's comments. That was as well. They would have blistered the expensive upholstery.

Hidden behind the windows, yet seeing all with the omniscience of a god, he had discovered his little Vivvy strolling in the stern of the *Sulieman* with the young sultan. They were laughing happily together, and they waved gaily to the plane, as people will, little knowing that in the claw of the mechanical eagle dwelt one who had added the attributes of Nemesis to those of Midas and Mercury.

There was some consolation in the thought that even if he had had the bomb he sighed for he could not have used it whilst Vivvy was held as a hostage.

Almost a relief to have his worst fears confirmed. Now he knew for certain whom he had to fight. And the *Sulieman* was on its course for Sanda. A chuckle with no mirth in it escaped from the trap of his mouth.

MR. PETRONIUS was a shrewd planner, and, what was more important, though he would not have admitted it, a lucky one. The field they had chosen for landing proved to be almost as smooth as an aerodrome, and, like all aerodromes, a long way from anywhere. Covered discreetly with boughs, a plane might remain there a week unnoticed. But it wouldn't need to remain a week.

"You're sure, sir," the first pilot ventured, "it wouldn't be better if we came along? We'd welcome the scrap. He may turn very nasty, and there'll be guards and so on to deal with. He's the big boss round these parts."

"Not now I've come to Sanda," said Mr. Petronius. "You've your instructions. Stick to them. You've water and rations enough. Stand by this plane. Have it ready for a take-off at any moment. I'm going into town to hire a car and lie quiet until the yacht gets in this evening. Then I'll deal with that yellow monkey, and be right back with my daughter. If they're on our heels so much the worse for them." He patted his pocket. "I won't hesitate to use this. You may get a spot of shooting yourselves, but the plane's your job, first and foremost."

"But supposing, sir," the pilot said diffidently, taking the risk because he admired the old lad's nerve, "I mean to say, sir, just supposing you don't come back?"

"What do you mean, dolt?" thundered Mr. Petronius.

"Well, sir, I know you like to prepare for any eventuality. Something might just go wrong, and we'd be stuck here, able to get help, but not knowing it was needed."

Mr. Petronius considered.

"I can handle this without help," he said, "but if by any odd chance I'm not back by this time the day after to-morrow, fly back to Singapore and report that I've been murdered, or anything you like, so long as the fools down there are made to act quickly."

"Very good, sir," said Jenkins.

THE minarets and domes of the palace rose ghostly against the stars. Fireflies flashed their little lamps in the darkness of the garden, and the breath of magnolias was in the air.

Edward Osmond

It was not the tropic beauty of the evening, however, which had raised Mr. Petronius's spirits. The yacht had only come in at dusk, and already he was on the job, having had little difficulty in evading the brown, khaki-clad sentries. Just how he was going to enter the palace, and what his course would be when he did so, remained to be seen, but he felt confident that his interview with the sultan would take place very soon, and his hunches were usually right. Silent as a shadow he prowled, seeking inspiration.

His heart jumped suddenly, for, turning a corner, he saw a broad band of gold which told of an open door. Cautiously, he crept forward and found himself looking into one of the finest rooms in the palace, though it was not used for State occasions.

Mr. Petronius, indeed, with his usual good fortune, had chanced on the bathroom of His Highness. But the word is grotesque to attach to a chamber of such Oriental splendour. It was built of white marble, and lit by great braziers of bronze in which danced bright tongues of flame. Dragons in gold and scarlet writhed upon the walls. Sweet perfumes stole out, for in the centre was a large pool made opaque and the colour of jade by scented salts.

An illustration for the *Arabian Nights*, but all Mr. Petronius's attention was riveted on one glistening black spot which formed, as it were, the vital point, the bullseye, of the composition.

This was the head of His Highness, the Sultan of Sanda, as he swam slowly up and down. His body was invisible by reason of the salts. There was merely the head on the plate of jade, like John the Baptist's on the charger. As he moved with a lazy breast-stroke the light from the braziers struck paths on his sleek, black hair.

Mr. Petronius had to choke down the shout of joy which would also have been a war whoop. Never had a villain been more completely delivered into the hands of the avenger. A quick inspection showed that His Highness was quite alone, left naked to his enemy.

Life for Mr. Petronius was full of big moments, but never a better one than that in which he stepped into the royal bathroom.

"Rat!" said Mr. Petronius between his teeth, his hand clenching fondly the heavy automatic in his pocket.

His Highness looked up, a smile lighting the golden mask of his face.

"Why, hallo, Petronius," he said easily, an Oxford accent strangely imposed on the sing-song inflection of Malaysia. "I've been expecting you, but not quite so soon. That was your plane, eh? A fine machine."

He continued to swim, and he continued to smile.

"I want my daughter," said Mr. Petronius. "Where is she, you yellow snake?"

"Still the same old bullying Petronius," said His Highness. "But I don't wonder you want your daughter. She's the only thing of value you possess in the whole world, isn't she, Petronius? Because she wasn't bought with money, eh?

(*Cont. on p. 97*)

MR. PETRONIUS whipped out the revolver and aimed at that glistening, mocking head

BONES AREN'T ALL

By Vere Denning

To hear a fashionable beauty discussed these days, a man who had been out of England for ten years might be forgiven for thinking he had strayed into a surgeon's dissecting class.

"Such good bones" and "perfect structure" are just about the highest praise this day and age has to offer a beauty, while classical noses, soulful eyes and Cupid's bow mouths, which would have got their owners into the "Ten Loveliest Women" class a few years back, are now a positive disadvantage.

And, of course, if a woman wishes to be really insulting, she has only to say of her rival that she has a "pink-and-white prettiness." No one will even bother to add the tag line about that type of looks not lasting.

We have all become so besotted with admiration for bones that we feel no woman can hope to survive the thirties without them.

Bones help, there's no denying it. Look at Garbo's face, with that breathtaking sweep from temple to jaw-line. Age will never be able to touch that.

Study photographs of Madame Curie, a woman who never went to a beauty specialist in her life, who wore a dress until it dropped to pieces.

Her face was always thin, worn by over-work, semi-starvation, pain, and the inspiration of the fanatic which burned in her ill-treated body. Yet in the sweep of that wide forehead, the curve of the eye-sockets, the line of the determined chin, was a beauty which nothing could extinguish. Her daughter, Eve, has inherited it.

Good bone structure is something to thank God for. But if your looks are of the pink-and-white type, with such bones as you have tucked away behind plump cheeks and golden hair, you need not resign yourself to the patronage which the girls with the structural beauty are apt to hand out.

It's true that blondes, the pink-and-white sort, used to fade early, but they don't any more. Take a look at them if you don't believe me.

There's Dorothy Dickson, mother of a married daughter. She was pink and white and gold twenty years ago, and no doubt there were plenty of jealous women ready to prophesy that her beauty was bound to fade soon.

If you can mention a prettier leading lady to-day, I'm sure every producer of revue and musical comedy will be delighted to hear from you.

There's June, better looking now than when she was the toast of the town in 1923. And Enid Stamp-Taylor, another radiant contradiction of the theory that her type of beauty silently steals away when twenty-three candles appear on the cake.

If you think these are too young to be good examples, look at Billie Burke. Reference books say she was born in 1885, so you can draw your own conclusions about how *her* soft and pretty pink-and-white looks have lasted.

So cheer up, English roses who feel you have bloomed out of your time. Stop sighing because there is no danger of your masseuse cutting her hands on the razor-like edge of your jaw, and make up your mind to keep your looks every bit as well as the bonies.

You can do it, but you must watch the danger spots.

Your figure will be your main trouble. Your type tends to get fat, and though plumpness suits you, fat will make you look blowsy.

Discipline your diet, and curb your passion for sweets, cocktail goodies and pastries. Don't rush into drastic and unendurable diets which you abandon in a week. Just find a sensible way of eating, with plenty of green vegetables and raw fruit, and few starches and stickies.

Exercises you must do, and special massage will help enormously if you can afford it.

Guard against your pet vice of laziness. Gertrude Lawrence may keep her looks by sleeping for an hour during every day, but she's a wiry, nervously energetic person who has to relax.

You are just the opposite, and it's a brisk walk after lunch which will keep you looking like your own daughter.

Corsets are a big thing in your life, too. There's really no sense in having a gone-to-pieces figure when good corsets, such as Berlei or Gossard, can put you into perfect shape and make you feel more comfortable into the bargain.

And what about those pretty blue eyes? They will need care if they are not to become faded, with yellowed whites. Not for you long hours in smoky night clubs. The women who are admired for their gaunt good looks can take it, and only look more gaunt. You will only get a bleary eye and puffy skin. Chain-smoking is out for you, too.

Cosset your eyes by resting them on far horizons after doing close work, by eye baths, and by eye masks when they feel tired.

Drink oceans of barley water every day, between meals, to keep the eye whites white, and eat watercress, grapefruit and onions, for the same reason.

Natural blondes used to fade early because they didn't bother about all this, and also because when their hair faded, it faded, and that was that. No lady could do anything about those grey streaks which can be becoming on a brunette but spell pepper and salt on a blonde.

To-day, the terror has gone from the word dye. The ugly bleaches one still sees are the result of bad hairdressers, or clumsy experiments with the peroxide bottle. The work of good hairdressers in restoring blonde hair goes unacknowledged—the owner of the hair won't tell and her friends never guess that anything has been done to it. A really clever tinter can give your hair any colour you want.

You pick from a shade card—cornfields in the sun or moonlight on the water. So there's no need to panic about your fading locks.

This year's clothes are feminine, to help you. This year's make-up, with its soft pinks, helps you. Why should you worry because your cheekbones aren't as high as Katharine Hepburn's?

Greta Garbo

Katharine Hepburn

Dorothy Dickson

The late Mme Curie

Enid Stamp-Taylor

Billie Burke

A Favour *to* Old Vienna

Even unto death she was faithful to the love of her youth

By John Haggart

ANNA STIASSNY breathlessly stepped into the corridor of an apartment house in Johannesgasse, and pushed the heavy, weather-streaked oak door closed. She had looked carefully. She was sure no one had followed. Yet she wasn't sure. This morning after she had come in with her market basket they had seemed to appear out of thin air and searched the building from garret to cellar. It wasn't she they had wanted. But one could never tell these days. By nightfall they might want her above any other citizen.

The corridor was hung with its usual clammy gloom on this March night. But for once this gloom was sanctuary—peace—escape. She leaned her tall, full-breasted body wrapped in the knitted wool cloak against the wall, and her cheek touched the cold plaster. She gazed at the gas jet wearily giving light over the staircase. She would extinguish it as she went upstairs. No use letting it burn for the night porter. He wouldn't be back until morning. He would be in that parade, of course. And lights burning all night on the street floor might attract another investigation.

What was that noise above? Footsteps? No, it was just her nerves. For she was the only tenant now on any of the upper floors. The others had fled or been evicted for racial reasons.

She fervently wished in the gloom that she would never have to pull open that street door again. People did die in the night from no apparent causes. One was always reading of such cases in the papers. Why couldn't this miracle happen to her? For the last strand of the Vienna of her living and thinking had vanished like a will-o'-the-wisp in that howling March night out there—howling with rhythmed foot beats from a vehement, leonine Germany. And swastika-sewn banners frantically slapping buildings up and down the Ringstrasse beyond her craziest imaginations.

THE man's face turned apprehensively and she saw the eyes, those beloved imperial blue eyes that had once flashed so merrily

Anna Stiassny's Vienna come to that!

The city had always been a person to her. A sort of brisk, impulsive, gallant field-marshal of strapping figure in an immaculately-fitting scarlet tunic all encrusted with decorations, and braided white trousers and shining black boots.

At her début over thirty years ago the "Field-Marshal" had smiled his handsomest smile and folded her against his chest and assured her between sips of champagne that she had become the indisputable darling of the Burgtheatre—the Burgtheatre with its Egyptian marble staircases and richly-ornamented imperial boxes; and the curtains painted by the great Gurghardt and Schonberger that rose and fell before her *Camille* and *Phedre* and *Maria Stuart* and *Twelfth Night*.

Oh, how the "Field-Marshal" had spoiled and petted her ever after that winter of 1907. Austrian and German and Hungarian and French dramatists had hastened to write the Stiassny "vehicles," as they were fondly defined by the stars of the London stage.

Then during a short season of repertory in the spring of 1912 London had been obliged to back up the "Field-Marshal's" opinion of Stiassny. And an American gold king from Nevada had implored her to share his suite, either as his bride or mistress—she could take her pick, by golly, he said—on the new, invincible *Titanic*. But the Stiassny fate knew better and she had returned to Vienna, ostensibly to appear in a new play. That's what the *Tageblatt* reported. That's what her audiences at the theatre believed. What few people knew—Stiassny was desperately, insatiably in love with Count Charles Richtenberg.

Charles!—Charles!—command performances before His Majesty at Schönbrunn—and driving back to the city in Charles' carriage, held tightly in his arms—and crushing wild violets they had picked in the dawn against his face—and his moustache tickling her cheek as his lips swept from her eyes down to her lips.

Anna pushed back the knitted wool cloak and reached up and turned the gas jet into blackness. Perhaps that would kindly blot out any more images of her Vienna before it was humiliated. The World War might have ripped off the "Field-Marshal's" imperial decorations, socialised his uniform, and made him poor. But he had still been able to smile. And Anna Stiassny had bravely gone on playing to post-War audiences pretending the city was the same as far as she was concerned. It was this galvanic horde of Nazis that had finally hammered and sobered the "Field-Marshal's" spirit so that he would never smile in the same way again. A harassed old man stripped of his frivolities and *gemütlich* point of view.

And Stiassny felt as old and tired and baffled as the "Field-Marshal." She simply didn't know how to take her place in this new nightmare. She began climbing the stairs towards the dusky glow of the gas jet on the floor above.

Those footsteps again! On the stairs just above her. Oh, so they had decided to search again. She sank against the railing and waited for a gun or searchlight to yank her chin upward for identification.

A man was descending towards her, but not with that quick, rough, exploratory manner she expected. He was passing her, shying away from brushing her cloak on the narrow stairs. For an instant the gas jet on the floor above caught an angle of his bent-down face.

"Charles!" came a weird, choked rattle from her throat.

The man's face turned apprehensively and she saw the eyes, those beloved imperial blue eyes that had once flashed so merrily and reflected so many lights from silver candelabra and crystal goblets.

"Yes, Charles," she managed again, "it's who you think it might be—but you can't believe it is."

"Anna! Anna!" He breathed heavily, uncertainly on the words as though the very pronouncing of them was a damaging piece of anti-Nazi evidence in his possession.

"From your manner they must be looking for you, Charles."

"Yes."

"I thought they would—any friend of Schuschnigg's Government——"

"Sssh!" he hissed in the dark.

"Oh, you don't have to worry too much. They've already searched this house this morning."

"Yes, I know. That's why I moved into a room up there on the third floor this afternoon."

"So you live here. So do I. Come up to my apartment. I can make you some coffee."

WHEN she had turned up her table lamp she found the years had accomplished little in diminishing the imperial lustre of Charles Richtenberg. He was an anachronism sitting here in the dim light in this cheap room. His face might be grey and drawn with anxiety, but it was still the handsomest face at His Majesty's court. The hair was

white. But twenty-five years ago it had been such a light blonde that as she gazed at it from her end of banquet tables, or briefly glimpsed it from the stage in the usual box, it had always given the impression of being white.

A little shudder passed through her. What he must think of *her* now! She had no lustre. It was the rare actress who had unless she were made up for the occasion. She and Charles hadn't been this close to each other since that March night in 1914 when he had had to come and tell her he was to be married.

This chance meeting was agony. Why hadn't she let him pass on down the stairs?

The coffee was making him relax. He was like a bewildered traveller in a barbarous, foreign land suddenly come upon an old and cherished friend. The first shock of such an unexpected treat was thawing into warm, eager words.

"Anna, if the light in the hall had been on you, I'd have recognised you, too."

"I'm afraid not, Charles."

"Oh, you've changed. We all have. But I'd have known that beautiful, straight nose anywhere. And that long throat."

"Please, Charles." She felt her throat struggling with sobs. "This isn't a Burgtheatre dressing-room where you officers come to flatter. I know how I look. A messy old woman. My skin hasn't been massaged—my hair hasn't been dressed since—oh, it doesn't matter. You see, it's a dirty white now—and badly chopped off. I've tried to cut it myself. No trace of the tons of red-gold it used to be."

"Anna, I can see things have gone badly for you. I can help you a little. Oh, not like the old days—but a little. And you must take it. You must."

"Oh, I didn't mean to appear as the broken-down actress. I have a few kronen put away, that is, if this new regime doesn't confiscate them. And I could go on acting if I wanted to. They still send me plays. Why, my friend Ernst Prokop who's always managed my London engagements—he's after me to come back there in repertory. But, you know, Charles, I'm tired of acting. That's what's the matter. It's something I've outgrown. I have no enthusiasm for it any more."

"You mustn't feel that way, Anna. And you being older and your hair white—it's only made you beautiful in a different way. The last time I saw you it was white—in that post-War American play you did—*The Famous Mrs. Fair*. It was the first time I'd seen you play a mother. I—I wondered if you had had a child in real life. You were so tender and so real."

"No, I've had no child—which might be a mistress's privilege. Nor have I married. But you have a boy, I know—he was born during the War, wasn't he?"

"You have kept track, haven't you, Anna?"

"I—I guess I couldn't help it," she returned quietly.

"Dearest Anna." He leaned forward and caressed her arm and a little poignant smile hovered on his lips. "What a hopeless coward I was! The Richtenbergs would have disowned me with not two schillings to my name had I married the actress I loved. And like so many men of my class and period—I married what they said I should marry. And then the War comes and disowns all of us. Which goes to prove if I'd had the courage to choose life for myself, it would have turned out so much better. Oh, to be young!—and have the chance again for that courage!"

Illustrated by M. Mackinlay

He stood up, his tall, straight body towering into the shadows of the room above the lamp. "And now the Nazis take over our town. I feel like a relic, a moth-eaten memento of a forgotten civilisation. I'm not equipped for these times."

"I feel that way, too, Charles."

"But my son Paul is. He's bitter and quick—ready to adapt himself to constant change. Youngsters now can't be smug and happy and sentimental as we were, Anna. I try to live through him. He's all I have."

"But your wife?"

"Oh, Katherine. She's over in the United States visiting a cousin. She won't come back here now."

"But she'll have to, won't she, when her passport expires?"

"Maybe not," came his level tone. "She's in love with an American. She has been for a long time. She met him over here one summer shortly after the War. Since then he's become a widower. So why shouldn't she stay with him? She knows I never loved her. And Paul could go over there. She writes this man could get him a good job. I fought such an idea until this happened to us here. If Schuschnigg's party could have stayed in power, I had plans for the boy. He was taking to politics like a duck to water. Austria needs young blood like him to keep us a nation. He's got fire and passion and conviction in what he believes. And he speaks well. All the qualities for a leader. But now that's too late—too late. He must go. It's not a matter of a career any longer. He must go for his life. He got hot-headed and shot off his mouth at some student meetings. So the Nazis have him on their list. And I'm a millstone around his neck."

"How does the boy feel about it?"

"Oh, he realises his danger well enough. But he's stubborn. He has the stubbornness of his grandfather, Leopold. Damn his hide! He's in love with some little Viennese baggage. And he won't hear of leaving the country without her."

"He's in love?" repeated Anna.

"HOW many of your companies has he been in, madam?"

I haven't met her but I know plenty about her. Her father has a bookshop on the Graben. One of the first places the Nazis raided. Duhrig is suspected as an agent for the Soviets. So his daughter is a marked woman along with him. And Paul has to go and fall in love with that!"

"But he would be willing to leave the country providing she were with him?"

Charles shook his head. "It's too late. He can't get across the border. And it's unthinkable with the girl. I must go now and try to get this letter to him—tell him I've changed my address."

"Where is he?"

"He's hiding in the house of a young couple just outside the city. Julius and Dorothea Weinmüller. Julius was a schoolmate of Paul's."

"Do you risk sending him letters?"

"Oh, I send them through an old valet of mine, Franz Hochstetter. He works in a laundry now. No one suspects harmless old Franz pedalling along on his bicycle with his bundles of linen that he's my postman."

Charles suddenly dropped to his knees besides Anna's chair. "I love that boy of mine so much, Anna. For years after he was born I tried to think he was the (*Continued on page* 88)

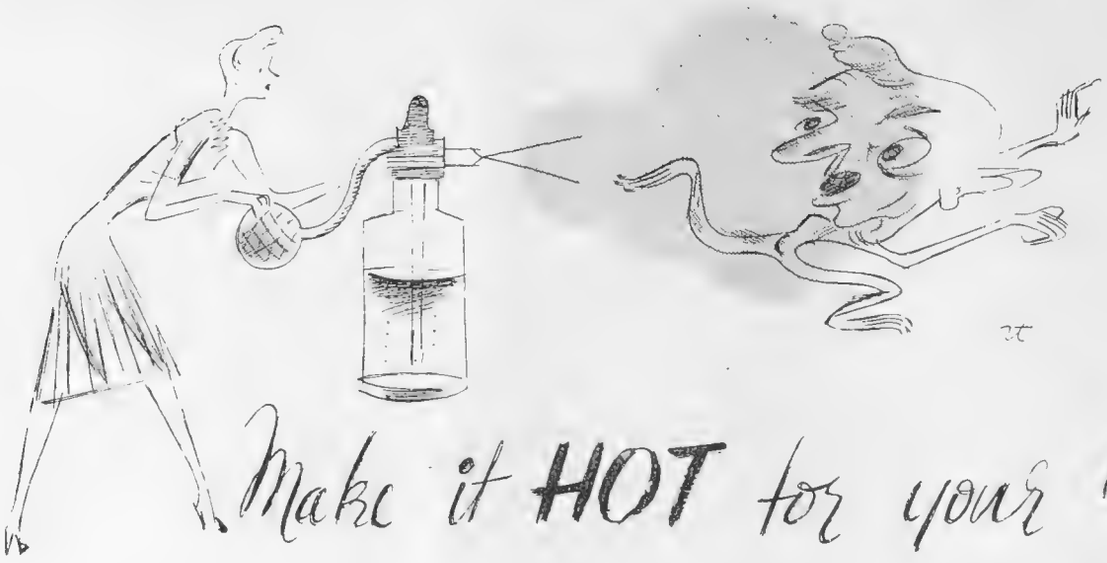
"Richtenberg stubbornness, that's all."

"Oh, Charles! Charles! Haven't you been listening to yourself? Here he has the courage to choose his own life. The courage you envy and wish you had had at his age. He's in love! This girl may not be an actress but——"

"Oh, but no one loved, *liebling*, as you and I loved. That was different."

"Only because we think it's different. Why couldn't Paul love this girl in his way just as much? Who is she?"

"Her name's Liane Duhrig.



Make it HOT for your COLD

Belong to the Anti-Cold Brigade.

Prevention in every case is so much better than cure, that your first aim must be never to have a cold. Moreover, there is no reason why you should have one. It's all a matter of understanding what colds are and taking proper precautions and not being careless.

Why, the common cold in some aggravated form is responsible for carrying off 150 per cent more people every year than die of cancer. I'm sorry to have put it brutally, but colds are so apt to be regarded lightly, whereas they are in fact a scourge.

There are sixty-seven different varieties. Some can be caught as germs (in the varying disguises assumed by staphylococcii, streptococcii and tuberculosis bacilli) and will gain the upper hand of a low body resistance. Others are the result of congestion or packed body poisons which are conducive to chills. Others, again, are a form of body cleansing, almost a health sign, and occur when catarrh accumulates throughout the system.

Catarrh is peculiarly receptive to acids; it generates, collects and harbours them. As soon as it becomes overcharged the resentful body starts to throw it off and a streaming cold overtakes you in consequence. Your vitality is temporarily lessened during this process and you will be susceptible to any form of infection which may be around. But at least this cold, uncomfortable as it may be, is less serious than either of the other two forms, being actually nature's attempt at recovery.

This is not so with the others. But all colds can be prevented. Yes, in spite of the infectious germs that fly around.

Radiostoleum, in doses of six to fifteen drops daily, will impregnate the system of a child with Vitamin A (a small bottle lasts for weeks), and Vitamin A cannot abide cold germs and deals with them accordingly. Moreover, Radiostoleum prevents tooth decay, so a double purpose is served.

A dessertspoonful of Glucose D at breakfast, either over the porridge or to sweeten the grapefruit, will also act as a stimulant. It aids the digestion, is an antacid, and promotes the perfect assimilation of food.

Vapex on the handkerchief is indispensable, as is a clean handkerchief daily. Children are apt to be very careless about this. Vapex smells pleasant; it purifies. Sniff it and any germ that may have landed in your nose, throat or food passages will be killed. If schools insisted on their scholars wearing Vapex, there'd be an end to cold contamination, just as there was an end to leprosy once cities were drained and an end to scurvy once sailors had fresh vegetables and fruit.

If the weather is very wet—children or grown-ups—rub the soles of the feet with camphorated oil before dressing for the day. *And do not sit about in wet clothes.* This applies particularly to grown-ups, who are quite content to sit in soaking feet and coats in picturehouses and steam happily in a lethargy which subsequently proves almost lethal.

One of the finest energisers for adults is Phosferine. It tones, invigorates and keeps the system constantly up to pitch. There's no chance of falling ill while taking it. Phosferine supplies the essential ingredients for building up health which are otherwise only present in carefully-selected, well-cooked food and is certainly not to be found in hurried or haphazard meals which are only too often the city worker's fare. Phosferine is the stuff for people in a hurry, it keeps them going.

Take also as much Kruschen salts as will cover a sixpence with your early morning tea. It will not be sufficient to flavour the tea, but quite enough to keep you free of acids.

Cephos, too, is marvellous if you have a heavy head hangover from a late night, or long travelling, or a non-stop day. Sometimes fatigue of this kind—just that extra straw on the camel—lets you in for a cold or chill. One powder is all that is necessary to dispel a headache, but if there is any blocked feeling about the nose or sense of feverishness, have two. Alternatively, take two to four Cephos tablets instead of the powders. They will do most good if taken just before going to bed.

Use Vapex on your handkerchief if you are going among crowds, of course, and do segregate any member of your family who has dared to develop a cold, because it simply means they have omitted following some precaution, and the epidemic must not be allowed to spread.

The victim who has not taken precautions—who has not even gargled in the morning with salt, which is what all sensible people do—should be cautious. If it is one you have felt coming on for some time and have beaten off again and again, only at last to be overcome, it is probably a body cleansing cold.

Help it out as much as you can. Sweat and re-sweat. Have a mustard bath, but be careful to rub camphorated oil on your chest and the soles of your feet directly after it, and *go to bed.* Drink quantities of hot diluted orange juice, lemon juice, blackcurrant juice (for this, pour boiling water on blackcurrant jam and strain), but on no account have alcohol. Lie up in a warm but well-aired room, for rest is one of the essentials; and change the sheets and your night attire, *don't dry in them.* Cut out smoking. Three days should see it through.

If you have caught a chill, and you'll soon know from the feeling of sickness and aches, take an aperient, retire to bed and *fast.* The fast is more important and should only be broken by sinking as much plain hot water as you can.

On the second day a little tinned asparagus or sweet corn mash may tempt you for lunch. Asparagus clears the kidneys, sweet corn benefits the pancreas, carefully strained tomato juice will swing the liver back to action, but let the hot water constitute the main item of your diet.

If you have no temperature on the third day, and sluggishness has vanished, you can enjoy a custard and some beef-tea broth. Avoid (Continued on page 99)

Budget for Beauty

Man does not live by bread alone, but woman certainly survives on beauty. Although her good looks are not by any means a whole-time job, they are at least as important as her job.

Every year the race towards beauty grows keener. Takes more time, money, intelligence—especially intelligence. But nowhere is intelligence more fully exercised than in budgeting for beauty. In laying out the money wisely, effectively, so that even when youth has finally departed there is an after-glow of deepening attraction.

The amount of time and money you can spend on stimulating and preserving your beauty is something that only you can decide. My part is to present you with an autumn bulletin of the finest available treatments to prepare your face for the latest lipsticks and rouges. To tell you of their cost. From this point it is your job to compose a beauty bulletin, according to your means.

You will surely be in need of at least one of the following treatments and of two sets of make-up. That is a grudging estimate, in fact. Whether you have to go to the *salon* for a course of treatment or can carry out the routine at home depends entirely upon your existing skin condition.

One thing I beg of you. Do not stint your face of attention or you will rue it sooner than you imagine. Remember also that if you are embarking on corrective measures it is worth while to have a treatment at the *salon* where you will learn how it is really done; in fact, to learn more about your looks than you have ever known.

You may have to budget shrewdly. Haven't we all? But only the most foolish women allow reason to place their beauty on the dole.

Face-care.

Bleaching for sallowness or tan. Are you wanting a magnolia skin?

Jane Seymour has a cream which, after deep cleansing, you smooth evenly over the face and neck and any other part that needs clearing. Wash it away with tepid water after half an hour and brace with her juniper skin tonic (if you have a dry skin) or her astringent lotion (if you have a greasy skin). In a week you will have the fairest, smoothest skin, especially if you use the cream every night before going to bed, following it with careful skin-feeding to ward off any possible dryness which may result from the bleach.

One jar will suffice. Bleach Cream, 3s. 6d.; Juniper Skin Tonic, 3s. 6d.; Astringent Lotion, 4s. 6d.

To dispel nose and chin shine. This may be due either to too heavy skin-feeding or to faulty circulation.

See that your skinfood is worked in generously at night, but remove any greasiness ten minutes later with tissues, leaving the merest stickiness. If matters don't improve, place yourself in the hands of an expert at the Jane Seymour Salon. She will manipulate the back of your neck, break up the acid secretions between your vertebræ and round the base of the skull, and generally stimulate the circulation till every blood vessel is doing its job. Not only will nose and chin shine disappear, but your face will gain fresh life and improve beyond words.

One treatment, 1 guinea; course of six, 5 guineas.

To eradicate blackheads. Go lightly with the blackhead paint and you can do this at home. Bathe your face in warm water, then swab every blackamoor with hot damp cotton-wool. Next, streak them over with one brushful of paint. It's potent and never fails to ease out the most obstinate blemishes, but too much will make your skin tender.

Rinse off in warm water ten minutes to half an hour later, rub dry with a rough towel and watch the heads jump out. Close the pores with juniper skin tonic or astringent lotion and slip in pore cream at night.

Six applications of both these preparations and every "black" will have gone. Blackhead Paint, 5s. 6d.; Pore Cream, 3s. 6d.

To banish double chins and crapy neck. These come after illness, hard work or worry, from a flagging of the tissues. Treatment for both is simultaneous, but (Continued on page 78)

By Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems write to me at "Britannia and Eve" "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts.

CRISIS

A Tale of Modern Times, of Duty Towards one's Country; and of love for a devoted husband

By

Barbara Hedworth

WHEN Auriol let herself into her slim, cream-and-green-painted house in Westminster Square she was surprised to find everything looking just as she had left it a few hours earlier, to go to Joco Curle's bridge party, and she lingered for a minute or so in the hall looking around with awed cautiousness as though even now she was still frightened that everything might vanish. She specially loved the square hall with its pale-brown panelling, the Rowlandson's prints, light and gay, against the wood and the coloured-glass window cut into the left wall and which flooded the parquet floor with pools of orange and bright blue and crimson light, dimming the faded splendour of the Persian rug slanted across it.

She gave a small gasping sigh, moving with wary, graceful movements; she went into the drawing-room at the back of the house. It overlooked a typical London garden; small and paved all over except for the narrow flower beds which were bright now with gaudy asters and the first tawny-headed chrysanthemums. The room was long and narrow, with glossy white walls; a wide settee covered in white sheepskin, was placed close to the french windows; the other chairs were covered in white brocade; the incidental tables were of heavy ground glass, dully white too; it was a room without colour except for the vivid flower grouping by Cedric Morris let into the wall above the electric fire.

Auriol sat down on the settee, her gloved hands clasped loosely in her lap. Her fair loveliness matched this room; in planning it, she had created the perfect background for herself. Never could there be anything bright coloured or wild about Auriol Vacht. There was even a suggestion of shimmering whiteness about her pale-gold hair which fell almost to her shoulders like soft, ruckled silk. She always wore pastel shades, soft dove greys and the palest lilacs, washed-out blues; her nails were varnished the shade of a wild-rose petal, her lipstick was only very slightly more pink; her un-rouged cheeks had the cool transparency of alabaster.

But now, her usually serene light-blue eyes were strained and desperately frightened; her curved, sensitive mouth was drawn and tight as though she were in physical pain.

But nothing *had* changed. Her heart thumped the words within her breast. Nothing to be frightened of, really. This day was like any ordinary day. She pulled her mind back to the morning, taking solace in the fact that everything, until just a short while ago, had been so normal, easy-going, just as it had been for the last ten years. She had breakfasted in bed as usual and Theo had come up to see her as usual before leaving for the City. He had kissed her cheek just as he always kissed her before going off in the morning and when he came home in the evening. Then she had rung for cook, which was also part of the routine, they had discussed the menu for dinner; after that she had bathed, dressed, and spent a couple of satisfying hours at the beauty parlour and she had come home to lunch, as usual, off salad and a little cheese. Of course, she had read rumours of some fresh international crisis in the newspapers lately, but she hadn't seen this morning's editions, hadn't known then that within the last twenty-four hours, the situation was now taut, like a piece of elastic stretched out to its full capacity.

Then Joco had suddenly pushed aside her cards in the middle of a rubber; she had been holding a beautiful hand.

"Girls, I'm sorry, I can't concentrate, I can't play bridge this afternoon . . . I can't get my mind on anything except, whether or not there is going to be war with Germany . . ."

Joco was extremely highly strung, every one knew that—she was so quick to take things to heart, to plunge herself into

SHE was staring hard at Theo. But dark hair lightly powdered with silver

this tall, broad-shouldered man with at the temples, was a stranger to her

Illustration by Albert Bailey

troubles and worries which weren't really anything to do with her, and Paula Bright had soothed, concealing her disappointment that they weren't going to finish what seemed to be a very profitable rubber for her :

"Now, Joco, don't get het up, darling, you know it's bad for you; darn it, we've been having crises on and off for the last twelve months and nothing much happens except that the stockbrokers either make or lose a lot of money every time one comes along. . . ."

Vera Price had agreed there wasn't going to be a war but her husband, the colonel, worked at the War Office, and she had added, gritting her small, even teeth :

" *If* it should come, we'd smash 'em anyhow within three months; it's common knowledge that Germany's air force couldn't last longer than that; they haven't the petrol for one thing. . . ."

Then a maid had brought in the tea and Joco, pouring out with trembling hands, had turned to Auriol :

"But you—you poor darling, it's worse for you than for the rest of us—Theo isn't naturalised, is he?"

No, Theo wasn't naturalised; he was an Austrian and at some time his family had been one of the most important in their country. Towards the middle of the last century some of them had moved to England and become prosperous and respected bankers and it was thanks to a great-grandfather that Theo was so rich to-day, managing director of the now famous financial concern, Theodore Vacht & Co. He had lived most of his life in London—he hadn't a trace of a foreign accent though he spoke German with equal ease. But, *but*—he had been born in Austria, of Austrian parents. His mother had insisted on returning to that *schloss*, high on a mountain in the Tyrol, where for generations, other Vacht women had given birth to their sons. Like her husband, Johann, and later, Theo, she held England in deep affection, but with her dying words she had begged to be buried in Austria, with her husband and the other Vachts in the tiny village cemetery a few miles away from Schloss Vacht.

"Theo is an Austrian subject—so what?"

Auriol had been lightly saying that to Vera and Joco and Paula. What did it matter? He was forty-eight now, too old surely to fight again, *if there should be a war*. He had done his share of fighting, hadn't he, twenty years ago, on the Austro-Italian Front, where he had won some military cross or other. He had been among the last of the officers to be personally decorated by the Emperor Franz Josef.

"But, darling, how can you be so casual?" Joco had wailed, near to actual tears. "If Theo is Austrian, then you are Austrian too—*an alien*."

Vera had leaned across the table and gripped Auriol's thin, jewelled hand and Paula had said : "Oh ! poor old Auriol," in her harsh, screeching voice.

It was then that the dark terrors had started to crawl over Auriol's soul; it was then that she started being violently afraid that she wouldn't find her lovely home just as she had left it; then that, in one flash, suddenly the very foundations of her life seemed to rock.

She had a Nazi passport but hitherto she had made a sort of contemptuous joke out of it. "I travel by the grace of God and Herr Hitler," she would say. Yes, it was really quite funny that Theo, of all people, with his well-bred arrogance, should belong to a nation where not to raise your right arm in salute of the one-time house painter could be a political offence; very funny, too, that Theo who was something of an epicure and always liked (*Continued on page* 92)

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

1 *Coats without belts and with large fur bows were all over the place*

2 *So were coats that mixed fur and coloured camel cloth*

3 *Lots of fullness at the back and enormous bishop sleeves caught in at the elbow*

4 *A curving closure, a neat little fur collar, serviceable pockets.*

2

3

4

Coats

A few weeks ago, when there was still peace, I sat in the Paris dress *salons*, on the inevitable little hard gilt chairs, watching the new clothes that designers had planned for us all to wear this autumn and winter.

There was a funny don't-care feeling about even then. It was significant that the fashions had a pre-War feeling. (Pre-Great War.)

We looked at hobble skirts, basques, peplums, panniers, skirts that came out on the hips and bandied in to the knees, ankle-length evening dresses, tightly-waisted three-quarter jackets flaring out over tight skirts. We didn't grumble to each other so much about the stuffiness of the rooms, the hardness of the chairs.

The war started, and all over Europe millions of women stopped caring very much about clothes, except uniforms and dress that merited the adjective "serviceable."

In America and the Colonies they are, however, still passionately interested in the slinky, mummy-like evening frocks, in the

Suits

5. *You might have been feeling rather* 1914 *in tight three-quarter fur-trimmed jacket worn over a tight hobble skirt. . . .*

6. *Or paying a tribute to Scotland in this black suit with a tartan-fringed basque.*

7. *Basques were going to be popular, especially all-fur ones.*

8. *This is the bunched-up-at-the-back silhouette, very feminine, with an* 1880 *flavour.*

9. *A black coat, a plaid skirt contrived a dress-up military air.*

bustles that were shown everywhere, for day, evening and outdoors, in Molyneux's double swing skirts and sequined ankle-length evening dresses, in the long tubular jackets to suits, in the longer-in-front, bunched-up-at-the-back jackets, in the avalanche of stomach and hip drapery that was giving us an entirely new silhouette.

You who read this are probably in uniform now, or living in the slacks and woollies that you have sworn are going to see you through the war.

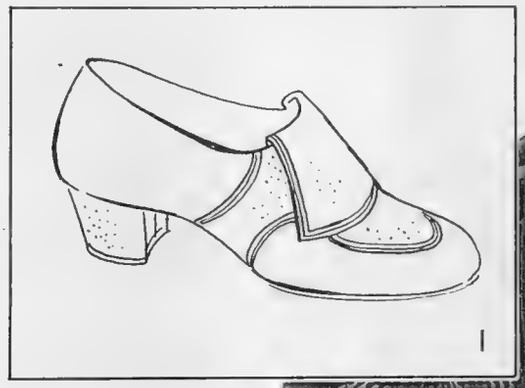
Still, having by us two of the pages that weren't scrapped while this issue of *Britannia and Eve* was being amended, we thought you might care to see some of the clothes that women might have been wearing if it hadn't happened. Here they are. Remember them. In years to come your children, turning these pages, will be laughing and saying, "So that 's how they used to dress before the war."

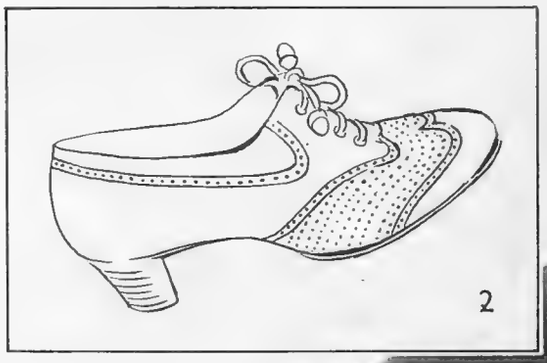
1 Styl-eez walking shoe in brown suède with crushed calf. A pleasantly soft and pliable model with the typically immaculate styling and comfort of this well-known make. Price 29/9. **2** An Archrite walking model in black. A variation of the Oxford style showing perforated suède in alliance with glacé. A robust shoe with all the appearance of lightness added to scientific construction. Price 25/-. **3** Typifying the best of the evening styles for autumn, this satin shoe is cut with the flattering cross-over front and a strap that hugs the ankle neatly and with infinite comfort. From Dolcis, price 25/9. **4** Concealed comfort features maintain the arches and hold the heel firm from treading over in the physical culture shoes. The model shown is in crushed calf with a perforated front cleverly styled to give a slenderising effect. In black, brown or blue. Price 29/9. **5** Black suède slip-on style with light stitching for relief. Elastic at the scalloped instep insures snugness of fit here. An arch preserver model with scientifically reinforced support to the arches. Price 39/9. **6** Black crushed calf with open instep and a stitched and perforated vamp made this elegant Dorothy Dodd model from Babers. Scalloping across the instep edge gives added interest to a cleverly conceived design. Price 65/-. **7** Tan calf sports shoe with a crêpe sole. A model strong enough for toughest wear, yet softly pliable to the touch and infinitely light in wear. Price 29/9.

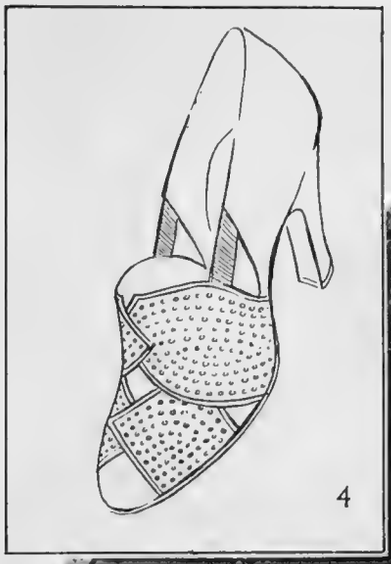
Be as individual in the choice of shoes as in any other aspect of your dress. Styles are widely varied and the only hard and fast rule for this winter is that daytime footwear shall hug ankles. Fur bootees are coming along.

Perforations hold their popularity and appear on the lightest as well as most practical of shoes. Heels, generally, are medium.

Even sports shoes have a lightweight appearance which is achieved by the clever combination of tones and the alliance of two leathers. Scientific shoe-building is on the increase and continues to make important contributions to happier feet.







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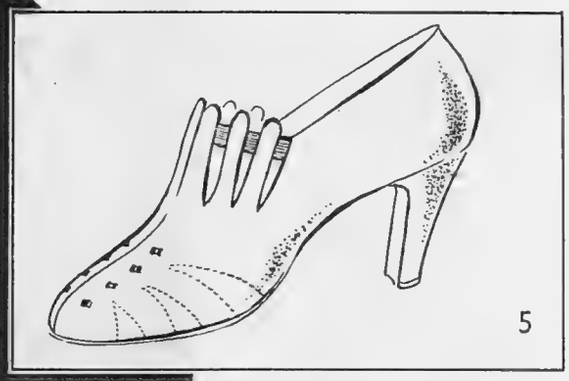

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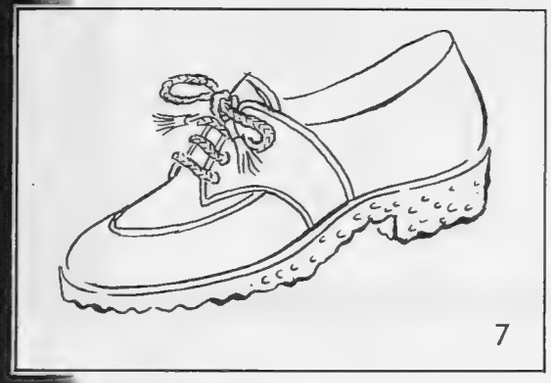

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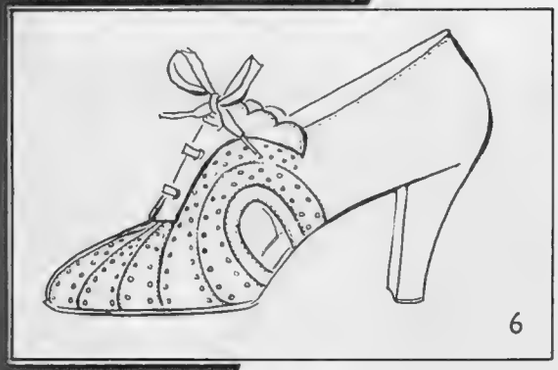


6

FEET FIRST

COMFORT

BEDROOM

In the bedroom, as in most apartments, comfort is to some extent a matter of illusion. Lustrous fabrics, warm textures and glowing colours help more than most things to build up this desirable atmosphere of intimate cosiness.

Arrange matters so that the fire can be switched on at the bed. Lighting, too. A special reading spotlight that can be fixed on to a book and which throws a narrow beam of light on to the page is a boon if you share your room with someone else.

A commodious bedside cabinet will hold everything you need in the way of cigarettes, books, water and the rest, and a good bed table for simplifying meals in bed should count among your assets.

A padded bedhead, along with quilted coverings are not only luxurious to look at, but carry the illusion of warmth to the uttermost. The lovely bed treatment illustrated was carried out by Bowmans who will estimate for similar treatments at a reasonable cost.

SITTING-ROOM

In the room where most of the time indoors is spent, comfort is as much a matter of sensible lay-out as of actual warmth. Large lounging furniture is not necessarily comfortable if it interferes with freedom of movement and easy access to the fireside.

The room shown has lustrous walls of shiny paint which reflect pools of light in a most attractive way. The colour scheme is duck-egg green and draperies are of a warm fuchsia which is further improved by the lighting from peach-tinted lampshades.

Occasional table is set within reach of each armchair, but there is no suggestion of clutter.

The warm brick fireplace surround is a homely touch in itself and contrasts well with the lustrous surface of the walls.

BATHROOM

A carpeted bathroom is not unpractical and it does much to dispel the chilliness which tile and chromium almost inevitably create. The small bathroom illustrated has a narrow margin of tile around the bath and beyond a soft pile carpet carried to the walls.

A solid rubber floor covering based on sponge is a comfortable and attractive alternative that some may prefer. A little more costly perhaps, but durable.

Ventilation is an important factor in the bathroom. To be warm without suffocating is not impossible.

Steamless mirrors, taps that mix the hot and cold water precisely, which are situated in such a way that it is possible to sit at either end of the bath without discomfort, and a compactly designed stool or chair covered with turkish towelling or rubberised cloth, contribute in no small measure to comfort in a room that is, in this country, traditionally stamped as cheerless.

By Winifred Lewis

DINING-ROOM

Where the dining-room is used exclusively as a place to eat in, there is some danger of an unlived-in appearance which is tantamount to discomfort.

The dining-table is, naturally, the focal point in this room, but not all of the interest should be concentrated at this point.

A unit settee is an excellent piece of furniture for the dining-room, for it has many uses. Each unit can be brought up to the table in case of need, or can be comfortably disposed around fireside as shown in picture.

Light should be concentrated on the table and the whole character of the room should be such that though its occupation may be only temporary, there is every inducement to linger over food.

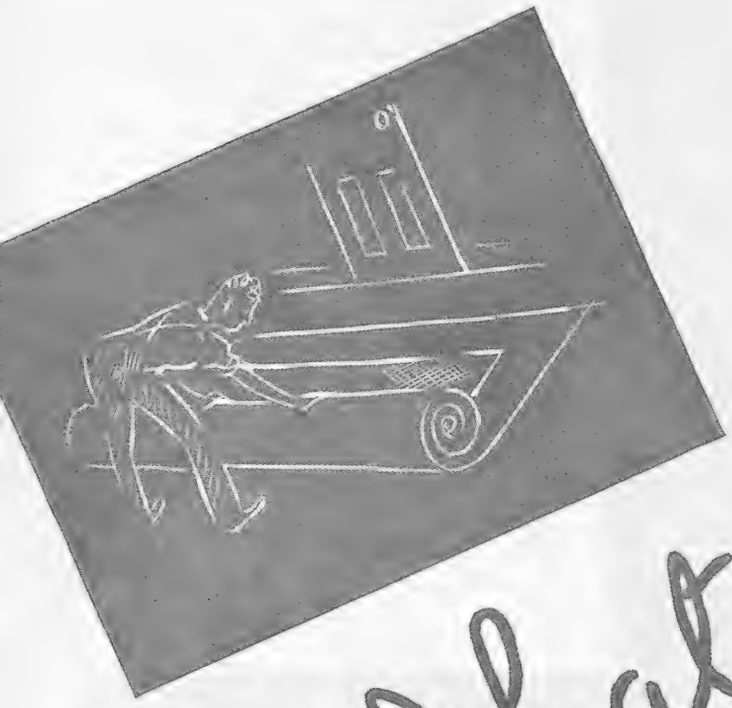
The room illustrated was furnished by Bowmans.

Next to a complete change of background, a new floor covering is best for pepping up the interest of a room.

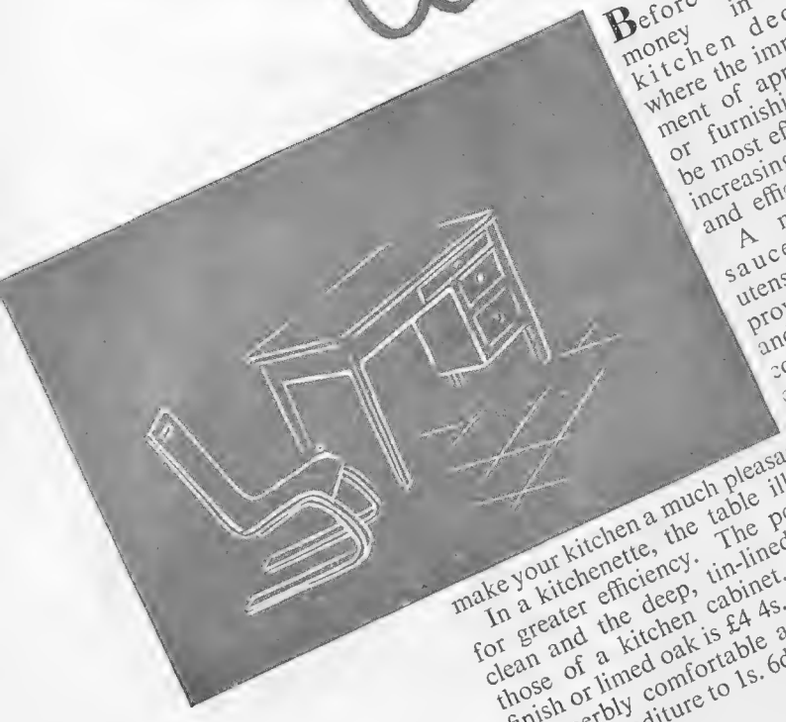
Assuming you have a room of average size (10 ft. × 12 ft.) and are ready to spend up to five pounds this is what you can have for the money.

A good stippled Axminster square, size 9 ft. × 7 ft. 6 ins. This will cost you £4 9s. 6d., leaving 10s. 6d. for paint to colour the surround. Match the paint with the carpet and the room will seem larger.

Alternatively, you might fit the floor with the attractive cord matting so much in fashion. At 4s. 11d. yd. you could cover the room for £3 5s. leaving £1 15s. for Patna rugs in multi-coloured stripes at 15s. 11d. each for the 6 ft. × 3 ft. size.



What You Can Do

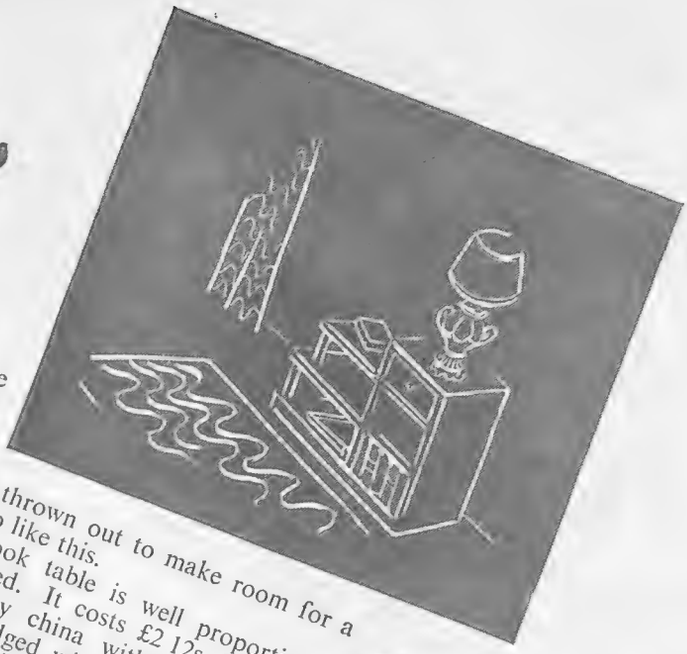


Before spending money in the kitchen decide where the improvement of apparatus or furnishing will be most effective in increasing comfort and efficiency.

A new set of saucepans and utensils might improve your cooking and help to effect considerable economy, or an overhaul of fittings can make your kitchen a much pleasanter place to work in. In a kitchenette, the table illustrated would make for greater efficiency. The porcelain top is easy to clean and the deep, tin-lined drawers will reinforce those of a kitchen cabinet. The price in cellulose finish or limed oak is £4 4s. The light bentwood chair is superbly comfortable and costs 17s. 6d., bringing your expenditure to 1s. 6d. over the amount budgeted.

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts, for names and addresses where the subjects mentioned on these pages can be obtained

Do With 5

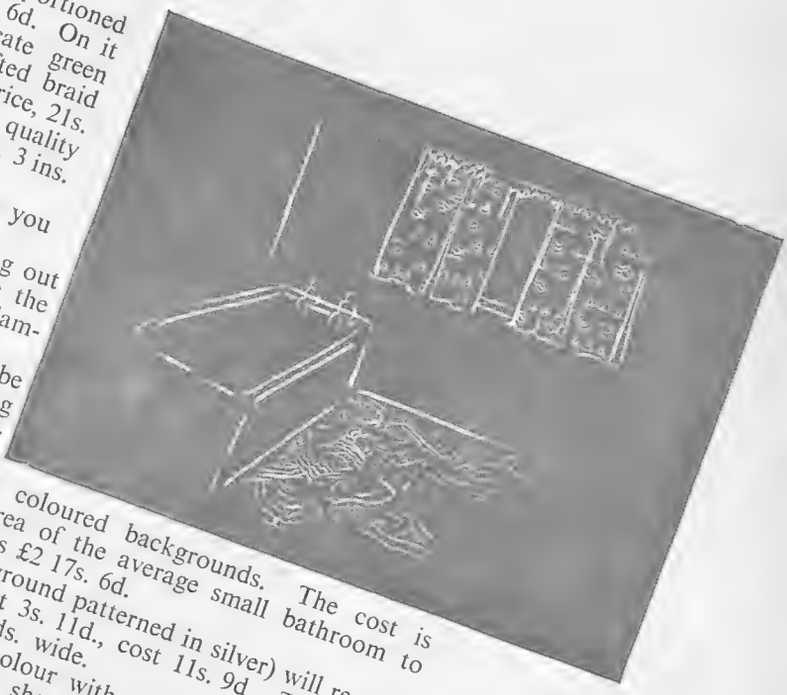


A shabby piece of furniture that has been spoiling the effect of a scheme could be thrown out to make room for a charming little group like this.

The waxed oak book table is well proportioned and solidly constructed. It costs £2 12s. 6d. On it stands a lamp in ivory china with delicate green relief. The shade is edged with green tufted braid and the whole is unusually distinguished. Price, 21s.

To complete the group there is a good quality modern wool rug measuring 4 ft. 6 ins. × 2 ft. 3 ins. You can have it almost any colour for 30s.

Cheering up your room in this way will cost you 3s. 6d. over £5.



Another way of laying out the money is to make the bathroom into a really glamorous apartment.

Assuming the walls to be good you begin by giving the floor a new rubber covering. The effect is of marble veining in cream on various coloured backgrounds. The cost is 11s. 6d. yd., so taking the area of the average small bathroom to be five square yards the cost is £2 17s. 6d.

Oil silk curtains (a coloured ground patterned in silver) will require three yards of 36-in. material at 3s. 11d., cost 11s. 9d. This is for a window 1½ yds. deep by 2¾ yds. wide.

A bath mat in plain matching colour with a sponge rubber back, price 6s. 11d., two coloured bath sheets at 9s. 11d. each and two smaller towels to match at 1s. 11½d. complete the bathroom scheme for exactly £5.

If you should decide that new covers for the lounge suite are your greatest need, £5 will be ample to see you through.

The covers must be smart, durable and well-tailored, so a coloured hessian is a good choice. This attractive and hard-wearing fabric costs 1s. 3½d. yd. for the 48-in. width. Many colours are available and a combination of say, deep red with heavy navy piping, or saxe blue with white piping is smart and serviceable.

For an average suite you need twenty to twenty-four yards. Cost, £1 11s. Charges for making, without frills, is 17s. 6d. for a settee and 10s. each for chairs. Total, £3 8s. 6d.

There is still £1 11s. 6d. left to spend on new curtains of hessian in a contrasting shade to the chairs or of brilliant furnishing felt at 6s. 11d. yd. for a 72-in. width.

MARY YOUNG'S GUIDE TO A PLEASANTER LIFE

1

It seems to me after my recent visit to America, that the English housewife does not make nearly enough use of grease-proof paper in her kitchen. It is not only hygienic to do so, but wrapped food saves space in the cupboards and saves money, too. For food that is wrapped keeps fresh longer and its flavour is preserved.

Vegetables are seldom wrapped, but their life would be prolonged if this simple rule were observed; this is particularly the case with perishable stuff like celery, chicory, lettuce and so on. I have recently been trying out some grease-proof bags which have been specially designed for vegetables. These are long, narrow, have Zipp fasteners and are surprisingly durable. In addition to these, there are also sets of covers with adjustable tops for using in the refrigerator.

2

A new vanity has just arrived in this country from America. And say, ladies, is it cute? I call it a vanity, but actually it is a most practical invention. It is a handbag mirror with a lipstick for handle; a really high-grade lipstick of solid worth and size, that folds up flat against the mirror when not in use. You get the idea?

Instead of having to grope around in your handbag for your compact or having to fish out your loose mirror when you want to make-up your mouth, you have this little two-piece all ready. There are five smart new American lipstick colours to choose from, and as you can buy refills, you can interchange colours for different dresses or for day or evening wear. The mirror itself comes in four colours with choice of different designs on the back.

3

Underarm protection is a problem that faces all women. And for some women, it is an acute problem. Women who perspire freely often say that they only feel "safe" when wearing dress shields, but at the same time, they complain bitterly of the tedious business of tacking and untacking shields into their dresses.

I have good news for these people this month. A shield that requires no sewing is now on the market. All that is necessary is to button it on to the shoulder strap and there it stays, perfectly secure, perfectly comfortable, and action free. For wearing with knitted dresses and jumpers, this shield is ideal. It is supplied in three sizes and three colours and, it goes without saying, is washable.

4

Unlike American households there are not many private houses in England where there is a bath per person. A communal bathroom is the general rule. And communal bathrooms lead to communal use of towels, tooth-powder, sponges, and what have you. Now, towel and tooth-powder pirates are pretty bad, but the sponge pirate (particularly he who uses soap on someone else's sponge) is the worst pirate of all. So next time you find your sponge all slimy, whether through someone else annexing it or through time and your own legitimate use, I recommend to your notice a powder that will quickly dissolve all grease and leave your sponge as new. Simply add a teaspoon of the powder to a quart of water and leave the sponge to soak for half an hour. Then rinse out in cold water.

5

It is a remarkable thing that households, otherwise run with orderliness, should be crisis-prone over a simple little thing like string. Yet so it is. There is a parcel to be dispatched in a hurry, or a length of string needed for some kitchen or garden purpose, and no string is available.

The fact is, we are all in such a hurry that no one can be bothered to untie knots. Consequently, string gets thrown away, together with wrappings, as soon as a parcel is undone.

People who view this state of things with sadness, may take comfort in the knowledge that scissors have now been invented that will grapple with the knottiest problem. They look like any other scissors except for the ends, which are formed like a bird's beak. With this beak, knots can be untied in a jiffy.

6

While on the subject of eye-strain, how many people realise that sleeplessness is often due just to that? Strain makes it difficult to relax the muscles, and without complete relaxation, sleep will not come. At such times, pads soaked in eye lotion are a help, but what a messy job it is preparing them, and how irritating to have to get out of bed to do it. Now, we can say good-bye to all that, because eyepads all ready soaked are available.

They fit snugly over the eyes and have a clean refreshing odour. Just pick one out of its air-tight jar, lay it on and go to sleep. The pads have their daytime uses, too. They help to get rid of fatigue lines and put back the sparkle into tired skin, while for relieving headaches and morning-after effects, they are just grand. If you like an iced eyepad occasionally, just pop the jar in the "frig" before using.

7

Every year, some clever person thinks up a way to make the more difficult problems of a woman's life easier for her. Take the superfluous hair menace, for instance. What a to-do there used to be about it. But now there really is no need for any woman either to risk damage to her skin or to resign herself to such a disfigurement. Removal can be done at home easily, painlessly and in privacy. The newest method is by a speed plaster which removes hair in ten seconds. The inventor assures us there is no smell, that there are no dangerous chemicals in its composition, and no danger of stubbly after-growth. All you have to do is to remove the protective cover, place the plaster on a warm plate, apply to the skin and count twenty. Hair comes away easily with the plaster, and it is said, will not return for many weeks.

8

I knew the lighting in my living-room was more decorative than practical, but until I started to work by artificial light again this autumn, I did not realise that it was downright bad. So I decided to put an end, once and for all to eye-strain and fretted nerves.

For some time I have had my eye on a lamp for my desk. It is rather a special kind of lamp. Indeed, until recently, it was only available for industrial use. But please don't think that it is an eyesore. Far from it. It has pleasing architectural lines, the stand being available in a crackle finish of black, blue or green. But the lamp itself is the thing. It provides daylight after dark; there is absolutely no glare, and the light is evenly diffused. Colours do not change, and although not a needlewoman myself, I can see what an advantage this would be when doing embroidery. No more eye-strain for me.

9

There is a place in the West End of London where you can go in the evening and have a bath, complete with perfumed salts, face flannel, robe, towels and use of changing-room for the sum of 1s. For a further 1s. 6d. you can have a facial cleanse and make-up. Even stockings can be supplied.

Originally intended for the convenience of business girls living outside London, many women who live in the country and have an evening date in town which necessitates changing, are taking advantage of the services of this unique establishment. For, although prices are so modest, the place is run on modern, hygienic lines. There is a sterilising room, a daylight make-up room, slimming baths and up-to-date hair saloons. With a twenty-minute facial, hair-set and bath, the most jaded lady can emerge looking and feeling like a million dollars.

10

The most formidable item in a woman's dress budget is her stockings. That is, if she is stocking conscious and likes the finer hose. I pricked up my ears with great interest, when I heard tell about a new preparation for prolonging stocking life. This newcomer has the virtue of extreme simplicity in action. It is like a shaving-stick to look at and about the same substance. But it is non-greasy, and all traces of the application disappear after a moment. It is meant to be rubbed on the vulnerable part of the stocking—and note a good point here—every one of us differs in the matter of stocking vulnerability. With this preparation you can treat the part that "goes" quickest on *you*. There is nothing in it to hurt the silk, and the price is attractively low.

11

My dog had a nasty patch of eczema on his back recently, and after trying many remedies unsuccessfully, he was quickly cured by the application of a soothing balm we happened to have in the house. Nothing very odd about that, perhaps. But wait. The balm also gave relief to a nasty head and chest cold contracted last winter, and this summer, it did duty as a shield between me and the midges. In fact, there seem to be so few domestic troubles this preparation does not take care of that I have christened it "Admirable Crichton." Applied externally, it acts through the tissues, thereby reducing congestion. Taken internally by inhalation, it forms a vapour which reaches every part of the nose, throat and lung passages. Sufferers from chaps and chilblains might make a note of it, too.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages answer your own problems, write me at "Britannia and Eve," "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts, giving the numbers in which you are interested

terrines

With poultry becoming better and game more plentiful at this time of year it is a good thing to consider making *pâtés* which, when prepared in a terrine, will keep for several weeks. The game ones are specially interesting since it is permissible for this purpose to use the older and cheaper birds.

A *pâté* and a terrine is really the same thing, a terrine being the dish in which it is cooked. It is usual now to talk about a "terrine de volaille" or "de gibier" or whatever it may be.

A *pâté* can be cooked and served (hot or cold) in a pastry case but will not keep for more than a few days, whereas a terrine will keep in perfect condition for quite a while.

Let me explain the process in detail :

Terrines

These are made of fireproof earthenware and are round, oval or square in shape; white, green or brown in colour. Some are glazed, others rougher and more countrified in finish. There are various sizes and the most useful for average household it seems to me, is one that holds enough for about six people. The oval or square shape is the most practical.

To Cook a Terrine

Having filled the dish according to the recipe, but not quite full to the top, stand it in a baking-dish containing boiling water. Put this in a hot oven, reduce the heat to "moderate" and leave it for about three-quarters of an hour for a six-person terrine. One cannot give hard and fast rules of time but it is easy to tell when cooking is complete by piercing the centre with a skewer; draw it out quickly and if it comes out lean without sticking, or if the meat juice is white and contains no blood, your terrine is ready.

Put a piece of greaseproof paper on top with a weight on it—such as a flat-iron—and keep it there till the thing is quite cool. Serve in the dish, cutting slices as required.

If the terrine is to be kept you should pour over the top a coating of melted pork fat or lard. This will set and form an airtight covering.

Pâtés

A *pâté* like the terrines can be made of poultry, game or such things as chicken livers, or ordinary liver. It can be made in a pastry crust or in a small fireproof china dish and is usually served as hors d'œuvre. If in crust it can be hot or cold, otherwise always cold.

Pâté de Foies de Volaille

Half a pound of pork sausage meat, one slice of lean cooked ham.
Three or four chicken livers, two shallots, parsley, mixed spices
Two thin rashers of streaky bacon, salt, pepper.
Short pastry on a small china dish.

Make a case of thick, short crust and bake it in a cake tin or mould, or take a small fireproof dish; line with the streaky bacon.

Mince together the ham and chicken livers, add the sausage meat, chopped shallots and parsley, a little salt and pepper. Mix well, adding a good pinch of mixed spice. Either of the two following methods for cooking are good :

1. Put the mixture, well-mashed together, into the pastry case, still in the mould, and bake in a very slow oven for about twenty minutes to half an hour, piercing the filling to see if it is cooked. Cut a "lid" of pastry into a fancy shape and put it on top for serving. In this case you cut the *pâté* as you would a cake.

2. Put the mixture into the fireproof china dish and bake for about twenty-five minutes or so. Let it get cold and serve in thin slices.

Pâté de Bretagne

One partridge, two ounces of lean ham.
Two ounces of veal, two rashers of streaky brawn.
A small clove of garlic, parsley, spices, salt, pepper.
A tablespoonful of brandy, a wineglassful of sherry.
One carrot, one small onion, bouquet of herbs.

and pâtés

Carve the bird, raw, into as many neat pieces of breast, wing, as possible. Scrape off all the rest of the flesh from the bones. Put the good pieces of flesh to soak with the brandy and sherry, and mince the rest with the ham, bacon and veal. Chop the garlic, parsley, and mix with the mince, adding salt, pepper and a pinch of mixed spice.

With the bones of the bird you make a stock, adding a carrot, small onion and a bouquet of thyme, parsley and bay leaf. Let this reduce very well until you have just a strong essence of game.

Now take a small terrine, grease it with the rind of the bacon and put in a layer of mince, then a piece of the best meat, more mince and so on, pressing lightly with your fingers until you have almost filled the little dish and finishing with a layer of mince. Pour over the reduced stock and the liquid in which the game has marinated and bake, standing in boiling water until cooked.

Pâté de Foie

One pound of calf's liver, three-quarters of a pound of streaky bacon.
Salt, pepper, nutmeg.

Cut the liver into pieces, removing all nerve. Mince this, with the streaky bacon, and mix well together when you should pass the mixture through a coarse sieve, though this is not absolutely essential. Season with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg and put into a well-greased terrine. Bake, standing in boiling water, for about one hour, making the usual "skewer" test.

Terrine de Volaille

One boiling chicken (about three pounds in weight).
Half a pound of lean veal, half a pound of pork (half fat, half lean).
Shallots, parsley, mixed spice, salt, pepper, one bay leaf.
Carrot, onion, bouquet of herbs.

Remove the skin of the fowl (prepared as for roasting but not trussed) and carve it raw into pieces out of which you cut some good fillets, mincing the rest with the pork and veal. Add to the mince two chopped shallots and parsley, salt, pepper, and a pinch of mixed spice.

With the bones, a carrot and onion, also bouquet of thyme, parsley and bay leaf, make a very reduced stock.

Take your terrine and place one bay leaf at the bottom. Put in a layer of mince, then one or two slices of the best chicken, more mince and so on till nearly full, finishing with mince. Cover with a buttered paper and bake as described before in a pan of boiling water.

Terrine de Grouse

Grouse and the same ingredients as for Terrine de Volaille.

This is made in exactly the same way as the chicken terrine but without using the legs for the best parts, only for the mince. As the flavour of grouse is rather strong it is not advisable to make this for "keeping." Add a small chopped truffle to the other seasonings.

Terrine de Lièvre

One hare, veal and pork (half lean, half fat).
Streaky bacon, mixed spice, salt, pepper, a small glass of brandy.

Cut the hare (raw and jointed) into its best pieces and put these to soak in a small glass of brandy. Make a mince of the veal and pork (of these you want about the same quantity as you have of pieces of hare) and season with salt, pepper and mixed spice.

Fill the terrine in the usual way, pour over the brandy and cook as already explained for the others.

The small *pâtés* should be served as hors d'œuvre.

Terrines. Serve in slices as the main luncheon dish with crisp fried potatoes or *pommes sautées* and a plain green salad. For dinner serve a slice of terrine after the entrée with salad. Never cut the terrine until the last possible moment, preferably at the table.

BY A. H. ADAIR

Table Tales

Dinner-table setting, simple in conception yet with a charm that richer appointments often fail to achieve. On a plinth of tinted plate glass, two Nell Gwynn glass flower-rings are set. Price 5s. The Nell Gwynn candles are available in nine sizes and thirty-six colours

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Hazelwood," Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts, for the names and addresses where these goods can be obtained

A dinner-set with a black, finely printed design against a shaded blue rim and centre *motif*. The price is £4 1s. 6d. for twenty-eight pieces. Place mats are of blue and white printed linen

Glass table mats decorated with reproductions of old flower-prints make a practical and durable decoration for the table. Glass mats are 9s. each; ash-trays to match, 2s. 6d.

Against a damask cloth of palest green, the purity of white Wedgwood shell pieces, arranged with trailing sprays of ivy, is indeed highly effective and becoming

GOOD BEGINNINGS . . .

HAPPY ENDINGS . . .

The day begins with a feeling of poise, courage, self-confidence—it ends with a sense of duty well done—if you're faithful to Elizabeth Arden's basic routine as it is summed up in the three letters C—T—N. The skin *must* be Cleansed —Toned—Nourished. First—gently yet thoroughly—Cleanse with Ardena Cleansing Cream (used regularly night and morning). Next, Tone with Ardena Skin Tonic—wonderfully stimulating and refreshing. Last, nourish the tissues with Ardena Velva Cream or Orange Skin Food. Now your loveliness rests on a secure foundation. ★ ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM, 4/6 to 22/6 ★ ARDENA SKIN TONIC, 4/- to 80/- ★ ARDENA VELVA CREAM, 4/6 to 22/6 ★ ORANGE SKIN FOOD, 4/6 to 35/-.

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W 1

Conversation Come-Back

Conversation is an old-fashioned parlour game for two or more to play. Nowadays one seldom finds two, let alone more, who can. But everything comes back. The piano, the backgammon, the bustle, the jig-saw puzzle—by the law of recurring fashions, conversation is just about due. This winter should see a big revival, and it will also see a lot of rabbits at the game.

Chesterton complained that an age with nothing to say has invented the loud-speaker. But it is not so much that we have nothing to say, as that we don't know how to say it. The witty Edwardians, as we know from their memoirs, hadn't really anything to say. It was the phrases they chose; it was the speed of their come-backs; it was their wicked, shiny sentences. Conversation was the mainstay of entertainment—they had more time to take trouble. And they had no telephone, no cocktail parties, no background wireless. They didn't have to screech in motor cars, against music in restaurants. Many are the handicaps of this generation which grew up in the post-War years of forced gaiety, when conversation was all pip-pip and squeak-squeak.

A generation gradually overcomes its handicaps. Some people have already mastered the art of telephone conversations. They avoid the sticky maze of "Who's that? Is that you? Yes, speaking." "This is me. What? How are you? Yes, very well, thank you." They ring off on a top note, leaving the receiver still gurgling.

And cocktail conversations—useless to begin at the beginning with each new face you shake hands with. Better to take a racing dive into some disputable subject, and hope that the other will be on his toes and dive in after. But let not the waters be too deep. Remember the poor young girl who, seated next to Bernard Shaw, took the plunge with, "What a wonderful thing is youth!" "Yes," replied G.B.S., as he turned to his other neighbour, "and what a sin to waste it on children."

But cocktail parties will never become occasions for conversation. They are occasions for drinking and for returning hospitality in the least hospitable manner. The small dinner-party at home, once again in favour, is the most likely theatre for the revival.

To begin, let us get rid of cluttering clichés. The weariest of them have wound their way down several centuries. About 1750, Smollett was employing "make oneself scarce," and a hundred years before that Butler came out with "take down a peg." In the sixteenth century one called "a spade a spade" and "put one's best foot forward," and in the seventeenth things were as "plain as the nose on one's face." Some may say that because they are old they are good. Or because they are old they are tired. These need relief if not replacement. Why not "plain as a pylon on the downs?"

Let us jettison, too, the weakening phrases—sort of; I mean to say; I think; don't you see. A good talker is always confident and definite. More so, when he's not sure of his facts. The firm manner in which Dr. Johnson delivered himself made him listened to even at his most boring. BOSWELL: "If, sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?" JOHNSON: "Why, sir, I should not much like my company." BOSWELL: "But would you take the trouble of rearing it?" JOHNSON: "Why, yes, sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain." BOSWELL: "But, sir, does not heat relax?" JOHNSON: "Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not coddle the child."

Starting without a reputation of a Boswell, we shall have to do better than that. Meredith, brilliant exponent of the illuminating phrase, gives a more useful lead to follow. He does not describe a man as very thin, but "lean as a fork with the wind whistling through the prongs." He does not say you are very quick this morning, but "you have your wits on tiptoe." He has his modern counterparts. Instead of saying "stick very close to him," Wodehouse says "keep surging around him like glue"; instead of "how dense you are," "if men were dominoes, you would be the double blank." Dorothy Sayers refers to "a pair of slim shoulders, tailored to swooning point." Admittedly, the pen is easier to wag than the tongue. It may have taken hours, even days for all we know, to polish up these gems—yet we are expected to tumble out something brilliant whenever a bearded gentleman comes to dine. But still, we can put in a lot of practice at bath-time. We can think of our friends and describe them to ourselves. Mrs. Smith's a torrential talker—no! She talks like rain on a corrugated roof. Repartee is a weapon

(Continued on page 83)

By Alison Haig

Every woman could be as exquisitely corsetted as the loveliest women in Europe

Edith Norris shows the way . . .

"Every woman with good taste likes to buy the best but it is often the case that the best is beyond the means of a modest purse. Le Gant are the luxury Foundation garments of the world but happily, although comparatively few women realise it—they *are* within the means of the tolerably modest purse. It is true that there are Le Gant models as high as 12 guineas but the principles of making, which have made Le Gant supreme in the world of corsetry, are carried out through the whole range to a garment as low-priced as 21/-."

Vital Foundation garment features exclusive to Le Gant

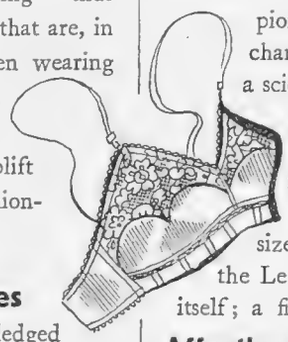
"In brassières, girdles and corselettes Le Gant have introduced features which make each of these garments perfect. None of these features can be found in any other make because they are fully protected by Patent registration. These features together with the cleverly graded range of fittings which covers all types of figures, secure for you the finest Foundation garment that any woman could desire."

'Sta-Up-Top' Girdles

"The 'Sta-Up-Top' is a simple and ingenious device which forms the waist of the girdle and prevents positively and absolutely that old trouble, to be found with any other type of girdle, of wrinkling, rolling over and cutting into the flesh. Where there is a tendency towards forming a tyre at the waist due to soft flesh, the 3 in. or if necessary, the 4 in. 'Sta-Up-Top' will distribute the flesh so as to obliterate that tendency entirely.

'Sta-Down-Band' Bras

"The 'Sta-Down-Band' forms the front of the brassière immediately below the bust pockets; it is a similar device to the 'Sta-Up-Top'. The Le Gant 'Sta-Down-Band' Bra is the perfect brassière because it obviates any possibility of the bust escaping — thus preventing the awful weals that are, in so many cases, suffered when wearing an ordinary type of brassière. The 'Sta-Down-Band' Bra especially gives the modern uplift line desired by every fashion-conscious woman."



'Sta-Up-Top' Corselettes

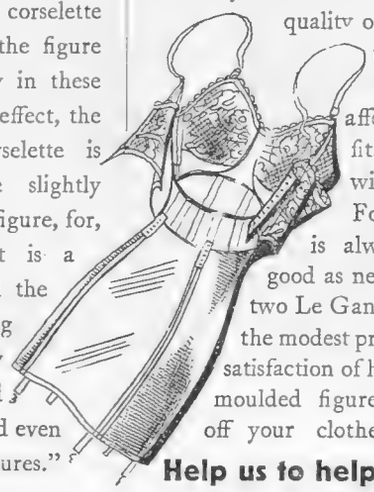
"It is generally acknowledged that the corselette type of figure foundation effects more figure control than the girdle—but with the ordinary corselette there is a tendency towards the figure thickening at the waist. Now in these times of the nipped-in waist effect, the Le Gant 'Sta-Up-Top' corselette is the ideal garment for the slightly heavier than normal or heavy figure, for, incorporated in the garment is a 3 in. 'Sta-Up-Top' around the waist line which gives a snug nipped-in waist, and the new uplift bust line and slimmed hips are deftly achieved even with problem figures."

The Importance of a Fitted Foundation garment

"The Le Gant method of fitting is as perfect as made-to-measure. Too much stress cannot be made upon the importance of FIT. Women's figures vary to a considerable degree yet at the same time retain certain average characteristics that allow for corset fitting. Le Gant have pioneered in the study of such characteristics and have supplied a scientific solution to the problem, which is now known as the 'Alphabet' fitting method. Be sure you get your especial fit in your size of garment. It is here that the Le Gant economy again shows itself; a fitted garment lasts!"

Affecting the modest purse

"All Le Gant garments are washable not only once but many times — the quality of the materials is of the very finest and washing does not affect in any way their fit. This means that with a Le Gant your Foundation garment is always fresh and as good as new. In other words two Le Gant garments a year is the modest price for the supreme satisfaction of having a beautifully moulded figure and of showing off your clothes to perfection."



Help us to help you

"If your local store or shop does not stock Le Gant, and to enable you to acquire your Le Gant garment with the least possible trouble, complete and send us the attached coupon. We will then ensure that your favourite shop will have a range of Le Gant garments from which you can choose, and that you will have the full advantage of expert fitting and advice." **Edith Norris** *'Le Gant' Stylist*

WARNER BROS. (CORSETS) LTD., 40-41, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1. WHOLESALE ONLY. DEPT. B.E.4.

Please send brochure of 'Le Gant' Foundation Garments.

MY NEAREST CORSETIERE OR STORE IS.....

.....

My Name is.....

Address.....

.....

"Le Gant"

THE ULTIMATE IN FOUNDATIONS

KNITTING BELOW THE HIPS

Women seldom knit below the hips. They will undertake the most intricate jumper, but are scared of the far easier skirt. Don't be put off from making this suit because it looks professional, and there seems so much of it. It is really quite simple, and truly, doesn't take long

MATERIALS REQUIRED

15 ozs. 3-ply Ramada wool, green.
2 ozs. 3-ply Ramada wool, brown.
1 Buckle.
7 Button moulds.
1 pair each Nos. 9, 10 and 12 Stratnoid needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 20½ ins.
Across underarm, 17 ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 22½ ins.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; inc. = increase or increasing; dec. = decrease or decreasing; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; patt. = pattern; rep. = repeat; ins. = inches.

SKIRT (Green Wool)

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

With No. 9 needles, cast on 216 sts. Work in following rib:

1st row: * K. 13, p. 5; rep. from * to end.

2nd row: * K. 5, p. 13; rep. from * to end. Work until 8 ins. from start.

1st dec.: * K. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 5, p. 5; rep. from * to end (204 sts.). Work until 14 ins. from start.

2nd dec.: * K. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 5, p. 5; rep. from * to end (192 sts.). Work until 18 ins. from start.

3rd dec.: * K. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 4, p. 5; rep. from * to end (180 sts.). Work until 21 ins. from start.

4th dec.: * K. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 4, p. 5; rep. from * to end (168 sts.). Work until 24 ins. from start.

5th dec.: * K. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 3, p. 5; rep. from * to end (156 sts.). Work until 25½ ins. from start.

6th dec.: * K. 3, k. 2 tog., k. 3, p. 5; rep. from * to end (144 sts.). Work until 27 ins. from start.

7th dec.: * K. 3, k. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 5; rep. from * to end (132 sts.). Work until 28 ins. from start.

8th dec.: * K. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 5; rep. from * to end (120 sts.). Work until 29 ins. from start.

Change to No. 12 needles. Work 1 in. Cast off loosely.

JACKET

BACK

With No. 9 needles and green wool, cast on 120 sts.

1st and 2nd rows: S. 1 (knitwise), * p. 1, k. 1; rep. from * ending k. 2.

3rd and 4th rows: S. 1 (knitwise), * k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * ending k. 1. These 4 rows form main patt.

Work until 5 ins. from start, dec. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 108 sts. Change to No. 12 needles. Rib 1½ ins., k. 1, p. 1, inc. in every 9th st. of last row only (120 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work until 13½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 96 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 9 needles and green wool, cast on 70 sts. Work in patt. as for back for 1 in. Make buttonhole: Work 4, cast off 6, work to end. *Next row:* Work back to cast-on sts., cast on 6, work 4. (*Make further buttonholes 3 ins. apart.*) Work until 5 ins. from start. Change to No. 12 needles.

1st row: Rib (k. 1, p. 1) 10, * take next 2 sts. tog., rib 4; rep. from * to end (60 sts.). Rib 1½ ins., k. 1, p. 1, inc. in 1st and every 5th st. following of last row only (72 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work in patt. until 13½ ins. from start.

(Continued on page 83)

The
purest known
water
SCHWEPPES
MALVERN SPA
BOTTLED BY
Schweppes Ltd

Commonsense Clothing

The clothes on the line are, left to right: Chilprufe slumber suit, lightweight, price 13s. 6d.; crawler suit, size 1, price 9s.; hand-smocked dress and trunk drawers, 15s.; buster suit, size 0, 3s. 6d.; cardigan, size 0, 6s. 9d.

There was a time when autumn gave the signal for wrapping children up like woolly bears. Layers of cumbersome underclothes, outer garments of depressing weight and sobriety erected a sort of chrysalis in which the little one lived but scarcely breathed. Warm he may have been, but healthy he certainly was not.

We have learnt a good deal since then about the principles of commonsense clothing. Coddling is properly condemned, but as in the case of most reactionary movements there is some danger of opinion going to extremes.

Just how far clothes are important in the preservation of health in winter is still not always properly understood. Anxiety to avoid the mistakes of the past is creditable and wise, but it should always be remembered that what is good for one child is not necessarily good for all.

The vital thing to remember is this :

In the first place, the essential function of clothes is not to *create* warmth but to conserve the warmth which the healthy body generates for itself.

Obviously, then, the aim is to stimulate a healthy blood stream which, in itself, ensures good circulation. Encourage the body to do its own work of keeping out the cold and regard clothes as the second line of defence.

If the system is functioning well, clothing should be as light as possible so as to admit of perfect freedom of movement and the free circulation of air to the skin. Clogged pores are a menace to healthy circulation, and such a condition arises when the skin is unable to breathe freely on account of constricting clothes.

One garment of a porous texture, light in weight and of a quality guaranteed to conserve warmth in the body is worth three of an inferior kind. For this reason it is an economy in every sense to buy the best for winter wear.

Cheap woollies cannot be too strongly condemned for the reason that they have neither the power to conserve the body's heat nor to retain, throughout repeated washing, such protectiveness as they may have at the start.

Underclothes of light, porous wool, whilst leaving the body free to breathe, will protect it from the danger of chill caused by fluctuating temperatures. Outer garments of the same light, enduring quality will give the child all necessary protection without the slightest feeling of constriction.

Whether your child should wear a hat or leggings to cover his knees in the coldest weather is something that common sense, not fashion, should decide. If you have brought him up from the start to face every vagary of the weather with his head uncovered, then possibly it is safe to continue. But his own reactions are the best guide. On a bitterly cold day you should watch for any sign of discomfort, and if such is to be found correct it at once with warmer clothing.

See to it that all his clothing is of like quality. To put him one day into an undergarment superior in quality to that which he is to wear to-morrow may lead to trouble, certainly to chills.

Whether for undergarments or for outer ones, you cannot have better or more economical clothing than Chilprufe. The finest wool is used to make the soft, close-knit fabric that goes to the making of these garments, and every one is cut and finished by hand, ensuring perfect fit and finish.

The life of good wool garments are infinitely longer than those of inferior quality, and the Chilprufe Renovation Service which permits you to return garments for enlarging and repairing makes the slight extra initial cost an economy in itself.

Keep your little one in good physical condition to resist the rigours of winter, and choose his clothing with thought for his individual needs. If he is not a romping robust youngster, he will need a little more coddling than some. If he is fit and does not feel the cold, you must still see to it that the quality and quantity of his clothing is adequate to protect him from sudden chills.

Writing letters . . . dealing with business problems . . . how naturally one turns to Player's! They are a source of constant inspiration and pleasure—always enjoyable because of their cool smoking quality . . . always in the picture whatever the day's activities. Whenever you enjoy a cigarette you always please yourself with Player's because, 'Medium' or 'Mild,' "It's the Tobacco that Counts."

Player's are always in the picture....

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES (MEDIUM OR MILD) PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED · 10 · 6½D · 20 · 1/0½D · 25 · 1/4D

N.C.C.501B

THE photograph is of a Braemar pure cashmere cardigan and sweater. You can get it in all colours to match the Braemar tweed skirt specially made to go with it. The jumper has an interesting neck line and buttons down the back. There are Braemar sports clothes of distinguished colour and design to suit every taste and every sports occasion

CONFIDENTLY Recommended.

Perhaps you were brought up in the belief that the brewing of good coffee is an elaborate, not to say a skilful, process. Perhaps you still believe that to be so, and on that account enjoy good coffee in your home less frequently than you should.

A concentrated preparation of coffee in powder form which not only simplifies the making of the beverage but gives you every atom of the natural flavour is a discovery of some importance for the home where good things are appreciated.

Nescafé is a stimulating coffee with the true Continental flavour. Put a little of the powder in a cup, pour on hot water and you have the perfect coffee without grounds, without waste, and without trouble.

Nestlé, the makers, will send you a sample of it, free, if you write c/o 6 Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Jellies, blancmanges and table creams are dishes that have been popular with the young and the not-so-young for a very long time. Honeycomb Mould stands by itself as the dessert which even among these popular favourites has its particular success.

Apart from its nutritive value, which is considerable, Honeycomb Mould is easy to make and so satisfying in spite of its apparent lightness. For children who jib at milk pudding it is the perfect way of administering the goodness of milk and eggs. Obtainable in nine flavours.

Quickees is the name given to them and they are made of the purest, softest wool. Each garment is entirely buttonless with Raglan sleeves to stretch comfortably for easy dressing. There is elastic at neck and seat point as an ensurance against sagging, and little children can dress themselves with Quickees. Moreover the 300% elastic gives to growth and the garments last longer.

Children couldn't have healthier garments. They'll love them for their easy comfort as much as mothers will love them for their efficiency and economy.

These are wonderful times. Nobody is surprised at anything and perhaps you won't be surprised to hear of the actual existence of a box full of magic.

This very wonderful invention is a tiny box resembling a small camera. You can pick it up and walk about with it and by means of it carry on a conversation with a person in a remote part of the same building.

This incredible discovery was not perfected for fun. It had a deeply serious intent. It was invented as a scientific aid to the deaf and for general use to cut out irritating interruptions and voices in any public place.

The "Aerodente" is a remarkable invention, as remarkable as that better-known apparatus, the "Ardente," which is enabling thousands of deaf persons to hear normally. In many cases hearing has been restored by the use of the Ardente apparatus.

Choosing our lipstick has become a weighty matter since fashion started the business of matching your mouth with the colour of your dress. From that moment just any lipstick wouldn't do.

It all started with the cyclamen fashion note. Now the popularity of cyclamen is supplemented by the new bluey-pink shades.

Foreseeing this, Tattoo have brought out a new shade called Rose Dawn. It is the perfect lipstick for wearing with the bluey-pink tones that are to be popular this winter. Try Tattoo Rose Dawn or Orchid with the blue-pink fashion shades of winter. Tattoo prices are 4s. 6d. (refills 3s.). Both of the new shades have the well-known Tattoo stay-on qualities.

A tinted face cream has lately come to this country from Paris, where for some time French women have regarded it as a stand-by for complexion care.

This non-greasy cream applies easily and permits of individuality make-up to suit your particular colouring.

You can have it in natural shades that give delicate colour to the skin; naturelle for blondes, rachelle for brunettes, and flame or oriental for a beautiful suntan effect.

As a powder base there is none better than La Reine Pastel cream. Send a threepenny stamp to the makers and they will send you a generous sample. The address is Reine des Cremes Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex.

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

When Winter Comes!

What would it mean to you to have the benefits of central heating but without the trouble or cost? This is quite possible with the "Velomain" — the new type of gas Space Heater which requires no flue, and has passed the most stringent tests. It warms and circulates the air of a normal size room once every twenty-five minutes, and the gas consumption is remarkably low!

A special feature of the "Velomain" is that it does not discolour the walls and ceilings. The heat is scientifically projected into the room to avoid this, and the top never becomes unpleasantly hot to the touch.

It can be obtained in a variety of colours to blend with any decorative scheme, and long service is assured by its robust construction.

FOR ENTRANCE HALLS, OFFICES, CORRIDORS, SHOPS AND SCHOOLS

Ask to see it at the Gas Showrooms, or write for descriptive folder to
R. & A. MAIN LIMITED Dept. 46)
48 Grosvenor Gardens,
London, S.W.1.

MAIN

VELOMAIN

Gas SPACE HEATER

K·L·G
IN ENGLAND
KLG
Do not be misled by the clean and unworn appearance of the tops of the plugs in your car. As the wise motorist knows, it is the "business" end inside the engine which slowly deteriorates and causes petrol wastage, "pinking" and bad starting. Make certain that your plugs are not harming your engine and your "pocket", by fitting a new set of K.L.G. "Corundite" now. There are types for all engines at 5/- each.
K·L·G
5/- EACH
'CORUNDITE'
SPARKING PLUGS
K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LTD.,
PUTNEY VALE, LONDON, S.W.15.

The New Cars for 1940

Small Cars Reach an Astonishingly High Pitch of Perfection

If I am right in supposing that the sale of luxury cars will not be greatly hindered, we may safely assume that the design of such cars will continue to progress in the direction of ever greater refinement and more striking performance.

But let us for a moment study the typical small car which has been designed or re-designed for the 1940 season. In what way does it differ from the small car of last year or of the year before?

A Morris "Eight" of the new Series E. Both two-door and four-door saloons are available on the same chassis

In the first place, it seems to me that the four-cylinder engine has now definitely ousted the "six" for use in any car of less than 14-h.p. There was a time when the very small six-cylinder engine looked like becoming popular; this was evidently only a passing phase.

Today, it is interesting to notice that even 14-h.p. cars are quite frequently of four-cylinder design, and there is at least one 16-h.p. having only a four-cylinder engine. The fact is that the modern "four" runs so exceedingly smoothly that only at very low speeds can the ordinary person distinguish it from a "six," while it delivers perceptibly more power than can be got from a six-cylinder engine of the same horse-power rating. Incidentally, of course, the "four" can be built at considerably lower cost.

Our typical small car, then, has a four-cylinder engine. It also has, with a few notable exceptions, a four-speed gearbox. The present-day driver no longer finds any difficulty in using his gears, and he is therefore generally glad to have a fairly high indirect "third" in which he can climb hills at a respectable speed, and which he can use also for gaining extra acceleration when driving in traffic.

A few years ago there seemed to be some uncertainty as to what means manufacturers would use to make gearboxes fool-proof. There were then a number of designs on the market, all achieving the desired result with more or less success. Today, however, it seems clear that the synchromesh gearbox is the general favourite, usually with synchromesh mechanism applied to three out of its four ratios, but in some cases with all four ratios rendered trouble-free in this way.

One or two makers are still faithful to the use of a freewheel. Several also adhere to the Wilson type of epicyclic gearbox, to which is sometimes added that highly ingenious device—the fluid flywheel—which takes the place of a friction clutch and gives a car almost unlimited flexibility.

A still more recent improvement in efficient transmission of power from the engine to the rear wheels is, of course, the "over-drive"—and this, although as yet it is seldom applied to small cars, will surely be a notable feature of a good many 1940 sports models.

The best known form of over-drive is that in which a normal three-speed gearbox is supplemented by what is in effect a separate two-speed box placed in or near the rear axle. The latter gives the car two sets of three ratios, or six ratios in all. An alternative and simpler form of over-drive, however, is achieved by using a single gearbox with three normal ratios, direct drive being on the highest of these three. The special feature here is that a fourth ratio is added, considerably higher than any normal "top" and giving an indirect drive.

To my mind, any form of over-drive constitutes a real attraction, since in every case at least one abnormally high ratio is made available, so that on a straight and level road it is possible for the car so equipped to be driven at high speed without very high "revs" being called for.

What is the springing system of our typical 1939 car? In most cases, we still find that manufacturers are faithful to the use of semi-elliptic road springs. In the more luxurious cars, however, independent front-wheel springing will certainly be common—and there will no doubt be an increasing tendency for this "luxury" feature to find its way into the design of medium-sized and medium-priced cars also.

We are, in fact, at present going through a sort of "transition stage" where springing is concerned. It will probably be generally agreed that the independent system is technically the better; yet there remains a great deal of practical virtue in the simple and well-tried semi-elliptic arrangement. Manufacturers of small cars are in no hurry to change from one system to the other, as is natural so long as public opinion is not very strongly aroused in either direction, although one or two well-known firms have just lately "taken the plunge."

As regards braking systems, there is again a division of opinion as to which is the better, the cable-operated or the hydraulic brake. The history of the hydraulic brake is curious. It was introduced about ten years ago, and very quickly gained a certain popularity. Then, for a time, opinion seemed to turn against it, while the mechanical brake gained ground in various improved forms.

In the last few years, however, hydraulic braking has once again come to the fore.

Turning to coachwork, the craze for so-called streamlining is now definitely dead, at any rate so far as the small family car is concerned. Sweeping curves, to be sure, are still a popular feature; but these are now employed to please the eye, rather than with any serious notion of improving road performance.

The key-note of all recent improvements in coachwork is undoubtedly comfort—an increase of comfort both for the driver and his passengers. Saloon bodies will generally be wider, and it will be quite common, at least in the 12-h.p. class, to find back seats in which three people can sit abreast with ease.

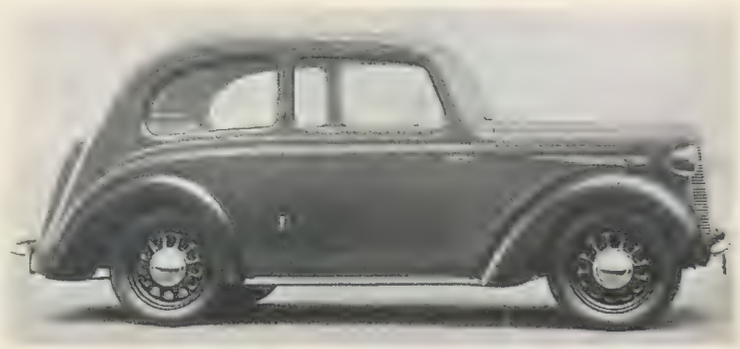
There will be more leg-room also, although I am never quite happy as to the means now employed to achieve this, namely the pushing forward of the engine over the front axle. It seems unlikely that this can make for good weight distribution, while the æsthetic value of an overhanging radiator is likewise—to say the least—disputable.

Extra space, none the less, is a feature of which the "family" motorist must heartily approve, especially when he can get it in conjunction with a small but highly-efficient engine. In effect, it makes the 10- or 12-h.p. car of to-day the equal in usefulness of the 14- or 15-h.p. car of a few years ago.

One final point remains to be noted. In many cases, familiar cars will sell at the same price as before, in spite of having been improved in various directions.

Reverting yet once more to cars which are built chiefly for the family man to whom good value is a prime consideration, the Morris range for 1940 must obviously be studied. It will be seen that the great Morris organisation, the success of which was founded on small-car production, has concentrated its energies very largely on perfecting its smaller models for the coming season. The new "Fourteen," to be sure, is a car of decidedly substantial size; but it is none the less built with an eye to economical running, so as to satisfy those who require a "full-grown" saloon, but who are not prepared to face big-car expenses.

The Morris "Twelve" is of course being continued, with coach-work roomy enough to seat five people. Then there is the "Ten," which again offers remarkable accommodation for its size, including ample provision for luggage. The ever-popular "Eight" will be available with several body styles to choose from, including saloons of both the two-door and four-door type. It is perhaps needless to add that Morris prices for 1940 are being kept at the lowest possible level which is consistent with sound workmanship.



The Austin "Eight," successor to the celebrated "Seven," is a remarkable example of sturdy and comfortable small car construction. The rounded radiator grille is a feature of the latest Austin models, and this two-door saloon costs only £128

SAFETY FAST!

THE M.G. PROGRAMME

Yearly changes of programme is not the M.G. policy and the present range of successful models will continue with the incorporation of detail improvements only. Prices remain unchanged.

The production of these high performance luxury cars is backed by the greatest motor car manufacturing resources in Great Britain and an unparalleled history of international record breaking and racing achievement is reflected unmistakably in the performance and character of every model.

Please write for fully descriptive literature.

M.G. MIDGET

Open two seater . .	£225
Drophead coupé . .	£270

M.G. 1½ LITRE

Open four seater . .	£295
Four door saloon . .	£335
Folding head foursome .	£360

M.G. 2 LITRE

Four door saloon . .	£398
Folding head foursome .	£425

M.G. 2·6 LITRE

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A Survey *of the* 1940 Models

By The Earl of Cardigan

I AM always rather appalled when I try to pick out a number of specific new cars one ought to study.

A good example, to begin with, of a car which cannot well be overlooked is surely the Vauxhall. For 1940 Vauxhall have produced four models of 10, 12, 14 and 25 h.p. All of these have much to recommend them.

The new 10-h.p. standard saloon, for example, now costs only £159. Despite this low figure, there can be few light cars of more advanced design. The overhead-valve engine is exceptionally economical, giving something like 40 m.p.g.; there is a 3-speed gearbox with synchromesh mechanism of more than ordinary efficiency; and an outstanding feature is that the front wheels have independent springing. Coachwork moreover is decidedly roomier than before, with an extra four inches across the back seat.

The Vauxhall "Twelve" has similar characteristics, but of course provides still greater coachwork space, so that it may be classed as a genuine five-seater. There are few, if any, 12-h.p. cars which can now be bought so cheaply, for the *de luxe* saloon is listed at only £185.

For those who prefer a six-cylinder engine there is the Vauxhall "Fourteen." Again we find a very up-to-date type of chassis with independent front springing, and again a remarkable degree of economy, since even this sizeable engine is capable of giving 30 m.p.g. The 14-h.p. saloon, which is both comfortable and good looking, costs £220.

To complete the Vauxhall range, we have the big 25-h.p. car. This is a truly luxurious model with a most spacious interior and with many attractive refinements. With saloon coachwork this car, which has a fine road performance, represents exceptional value at £330. A long-wheelbase chassis is also available, on which full seven-seater coachwork can easily be carried. There is a fine limousine which is listed at £615—and this again, when one considers its size and its luxury equipment, is really an uncommonly modestly-priced car.

Let us turn now to a car of rather different type. With a decidedly sporting performance, some fine records to its credit, and yet carrying coachwork which is comfortable as well as smart, the M.G. The M.G. models for 1940 do not differ too widely from those of last year; but throughout the range a number of improved features may be found.

The popular M.G. "Midget," in particular, now has an engine of notably greater efficiency, with a new counterbalanced crankshaft which will make for additional smoothness. The "Midget" is now of course a 10-h.p. car, selling at prices from £225, and remains what it has been for very many years—one of the most successful of light sports cars.

THERE is also the 1½-litre M.G. which provides considerably greater body space while being no less lively on the road, and the 2-litre M.G. which is a car of really substantial size in which the question of comfort has been carefully studied. These models are sold at prices from £295 and £398 respectively.

The biggest car of the M.G. range is the 2.6-litre model. This is of recent design, and is intended expressly for those motorists who appreciate high-speed travel while insisting on ample passenger and luggage accommodation. The saloon is listed at £450, while the folding-head "Foursome" coupé costs £475.

Turning next to a car, the Austin, which has always been a favourite with the family motorist—the popular Austin "Eight"—at prices ranging from the exceptionally low figure of £128. An excellent feature of the 8-h.p. chassis is that a 4-speed gearbox is provided, giving three synchromesh ratios. The new Girling brakes are a valuable safety factor.

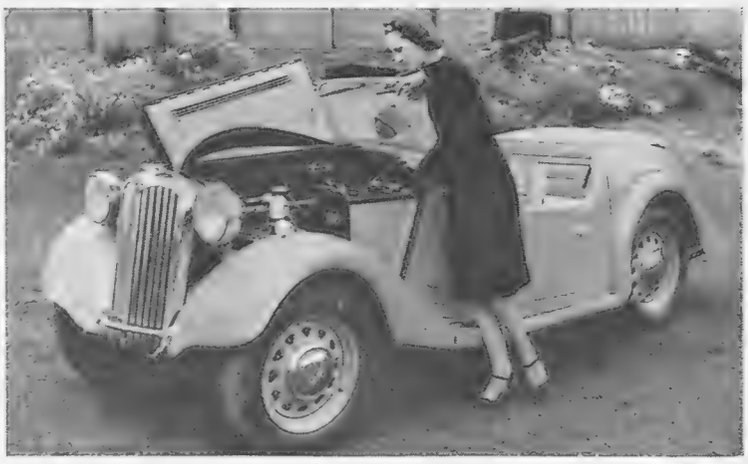
Then we have the Austin "Ten," recently re-designed. This car, with very roomy coachwork for its size, is modestly priced from £175. A still more recent model is the new "Twelve" which has just been announced. Although built as a full five-seater, this has a first-rate road performance, as may be judged from the fact that its engine develops as much as 42 h.p. while paying tax on the basis of 11.9. With very full equipment, the fixed-head saloon costs £225.

Larger Austin cars are the "Fourteen" and the "Eighteen"—the latter carrying extremely spacious coachwork.

To switch over to a different type again. There is a small Alvis known as the "12/70" which, for 1940, has a new type of radiator grille and improved headlamps. The seating has also been improved, and various refinements added to the chassis. As is well known, this small Alvis has exceptional speed and stability; and it is now selling at prices from £425.

There are two large and powerful Alvis models available for the coming season. The "Speed Twenty-five" has been altered only in detail, and is known for its truly impressive performance. It is excelled, however, by the 4.3-litre car, which has a top speed exceeding 100 m.p.h. Really luxurious coachwork is a feature of these 1940 models, and prices (from £735 (*Continued on page 71*)

A new "Eight" which is very welcome. The 8-h.p. Wolseley is remarkably good looking for a small saloon, and is not less attractive as regards its performance. The price is £172 10s.

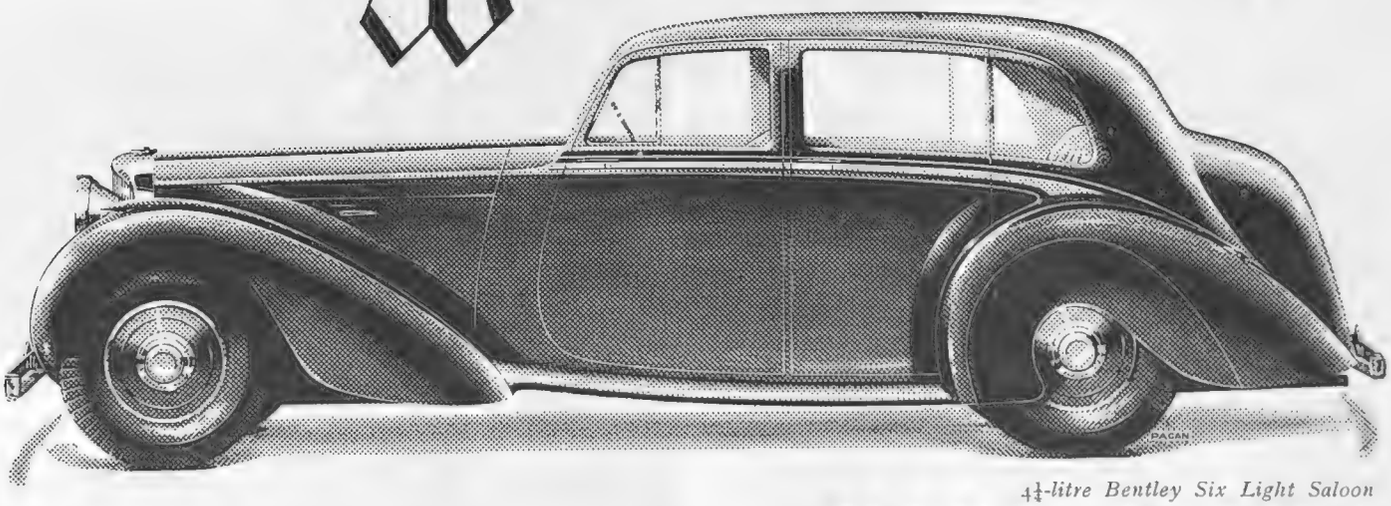


This Singer 9-h.p. Roadster is a particularly smart little car with an extremely lively performance on the road. It is priced at £169

There can be few, if any, roomier light cars than the 10-h.p. Vauxhall. The 1940 model, both longer and wider than before, is now offered at a lower price. The standard saloon costs only £159

The small four-seater coupé is an increasingly popular type of car. Here is a very attractive example which sells at a price to suit all pockets—the 8-h.p. Standard Coupé which costs only £159

"WITH COACHWORK BY PARK WARD"



4¼-litre Bentley Six Light Saloon

Coachwork that does justice to the superb Bentley chassis must be fine indeed. It follows that no higher tribute can be paid to this Six Light Saloon coachwork by Park Ward than by acclaiming it as the perfect outward expression of the superlative quality within.

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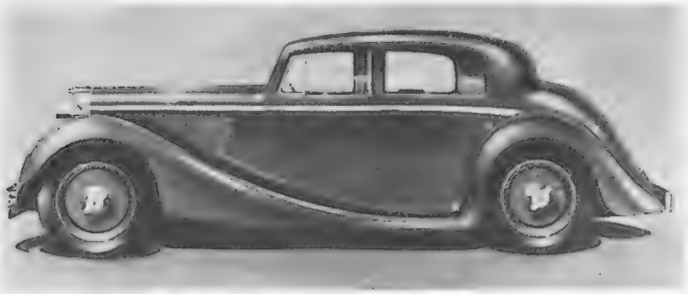
A Survey of the 1940 Models

(continued)



To the sporting motorist this 1½-litre S.S. "Jaguar" must prove remarkably attractive. It really has a first-rate road performance and is far from expensive at £298

and £995 respectively) are really moderate for cars of such first-rate all-round quality.

Among the notable mechanical features of all Alvis cars, independent front springing should be mentioned. Four-speed gearboxes are used, and drivers will appreciate the fact that every ratio in an Alvis gearbox has synchromesh engagement. A "crash" change is thus rendered virtually impossible.

Reverting to cars designed for those of more modest means, the 1940 Singers are sure to command attention. The 9-h.p. Roadster, with its particularly smart and sporting lines, may well be the first to catch the eye. This open four-seater, with good all-weather equipment, sells at £169.

The 9-h.p. Singer engine is to be noted for its high-efficiency design : it has overhead valves operated by an overhead camshaft. The result is a very brisk road performance, in which rapid acceleration is a striking feature. The car has a high maximum speed also, being capable of a good 70 m.p.h., while its petrol consumption does not fall far short of 40 m.p.g.

Small Singer cars have of course a useful racing record to their credit ; so that altogether this Roadster has a great deal to recommend it to the light car enthusiast.

IN a class of their own, to some extent, are the Rover models. These are cars which, without being too expensive, are designed to be rather above the average standard both in comfort and mechanical refinement. Incidentally, they are certainly above the average in the matter of good looks.

Rover engines, besides being very efficient, are noted for their silent running. Four-speed gearboxes provide two synchromesh ratios, in addition to which there is a free-wheel. When this is in operation (for its use is optional), all the four gears become completely crash-proof, while the car is free to coast whenever the accelerator pedal is released. For 1940, the already excellent coachwork has been still further improved : in particular, all models above 10 h.p. now have wider back seats so as to carry five people with an increased degree of comfort.

Turning again to sports cars. The S.S. cars have a strikingly sporting appearance, and each succeeding year finds them going ahead in the matter of performance. The latest models are exceedingly fast, and have done remarkably well in competitions and rallies.

For 1940, these high-performance cars have been made more comfortable by means of improved seating arrangements. With the steering wheel also adjustable, this means that any and every driver can seat himself in the ideal position. A further luxury feature is that S.S. cars are now "air conditioned."

With extra comfort thus added to efficiency, the new S.S. models represent quite unusual value for money in the sports car field. There is a 1½-litre model available at less than £300, and a 2½-litre saloon at just under £400. The 3½-litre car, which is fast and powerful enough to satisfy the most exacting driver, likewise is very moderately priced. Although having many characteristics which might seem to qualify it for the £1,000 class, it sells at prices from £445.

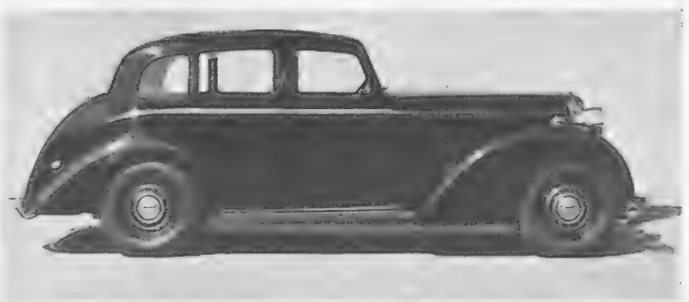
The Standard "Eight" should appeal to the family man. Although only recently introduced, it has already made a name for itself. With two-door saloon coachwork, it costs only £129; and an outstanding feature is that it has independent front-wheel springing —normally a big-car characteristic.

The Standard "Nine" and cars of 10 and 12 h.p. are features of the Standard Company who may claim to cater especially well for the lower-horsepower motorist.

There are two larger Standards, of which one is a roomy 14-h.p. "four" with Touring Saloon body selling at £268. The other is a six-cylinder "Twenty," the engine of which has a seven-bearing crankshaft. This feature enables the power unit to turn over at all speeds with exceptional smoothness, while the price—only £299—is exceedingly attractive for a car of ample size and very full equipment. The larger Standards are fitted with the luxury of hydraulic jacks.

It is well known that the Ford "Eight" is the lowest-priced car of this power on the market, while comparing very well with others in such matter as coachwork space and performance. No major alterations have been made to this model for 1940, and the 10-h.p. Ford "Prefect" is also being continued with only minor improvements.

Two models of unusual character are the "V-8" Fords, of 22 and



The Riley 16-h.p. saloon has a four-cylinder engine of very efficient type, and is thus capable of a surprising turn of speed. The price of this model is £385

30 h.p. These cars develop remarkable power, and are known for their acceleration, which rivals that of many a sports car.

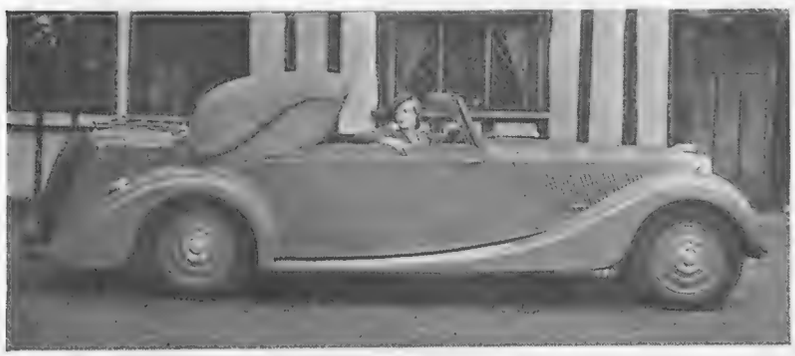
There is a new Wolseley "Eight" with an overhead-valve engine developing actual power up to the surprising maximum of 32 b.h.p., and this is bound to prove popular at £172 10s. It is a good-looking little car, and is said to be uncommonly lively on the road.

Then there is the 10 h.p. Wolseley at £215 for the saloon, and the 12-h.p. model—a five-seater—at £245, as well as the Wolseley "Fourteen" at £285, the "Sixteen" at £320 and the "Eighteen" at £325. The Wolseley "Super Sixes" are really big and luxurious cars of 21 and 25 h.p.

Features common to all Wolseley models are overhead-valve engines, 4-speed gearboxes with three synchromesh ratios, and "phased" suspension by semi-elliptic springs of carefully chosen periodicities.

Turning now to a 100 per cent sports car which none the less excels in luxury characteristics, the Lagonda, a fine car, is now available with either a six- or a twelve-cylinder engine. The same chassis is used in either case, with a particularly interesting and efficient form of independent front springing.

It should be emphasised that the latest Lagonda is among the most comfortable cars on the market. None the less—and this is its great attraction—it is able to perform (*Continued on page* 73)



A 12-cylinder Lagonda with striking coachwork by James Young, Ltd. This luxurious car is easily able to exceed 100 m.p.h.

A remarkable car viewed from an unusual angle. This is the 4.3-litre Alvis which, costing just under £1,000, is really moderately priced among high-grade sports cars

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A Survey of the 1940 Models

(continued)

feats such as the recent magnificent twenty-four-hours run at Le Mans, when two of these cars finished first and second in their class, were third and fourth in the general classification, and kept an average speed throughout of more than 83 m.p.h.

In the hands of any private owner, it can safely be said that the Lagonda will exceed 100 m.p.h. on the straight, even assuming coachwork of the most ample proportions. The six-cylinder engine, rated at 30 h.p., develops 140 b.h.p.—while the twelve-cylinder, with a 42 h.p. rating, gives 180 b.h.p. In both cases, but especially with the "Twelve" the degree of smoothness and silence is truly remarkable.

Considering its outstanding quality, the Lagonda is not by any means unreasonable in price. There are six-cylinder models available at figures around £1,250. Turning to cars which have sporting characteristics, but which are designed for those with about £300 or £400 to spend, the Rileys undoubtedly ought to be considered. For 1940, there are two Riley models of 12 and 16 h.p. respectively. The "Twelve," even with its normal engine, is a decidedly fast car; but it is also available with a "Sprite" engine, which has the same nominal power but gives higher efficiency, in which case the maximum goes up to 80 m.p.h. or more. This is a remarkable figure for a comfortable 12-h.p. saloon.

The Riley "Sixteen" is both larger and faster, and is notable for the fact that its engine has four cylinders only, thus making it one of the biggest "fours" on the present-day market. There are many people who hold that four-cylinder engines have an advantage in sturdiness and reliability over "sixes"—and to these the 16-h.p. Riley should appeal very strongly.

Riley prices are moderate. There are 12-h.p. saloon models from £310, while the equivalent 16-h.p. car costs £385. In the case of the "Twelve," £25 extra is charged for the "Sprite" engine.

The larger Humber models are well known for their ample power and comfortable running. The latter feature is largely attributable to the use of the special "Even-keel" system of independent front-wheel springing.

The larger Hillmans have likewise much to recommend them—although perhaps the 10-h.p. "Minx" may lay claim to being the most widely known of Hillman models. The latter is a particularly attractive light car, the gearbox of which is distinguished by having four synchromesh ratios, thus rendering every possible gear change easy and crash-proof.

Let us turn now to an outstanding car. The Rolls-Royce, for 1940, is being continued both in its sixteen-cylinder and its twelve-cylinder form. The twelve-cylinder "Phantom III" model, which has a superlative engine of more than 50 h.p., has once again been improved in detail rather than radically altered.

The same applies to the six-cylinder Rolls-Royce "Wraith" with its 30-h.p. engine.

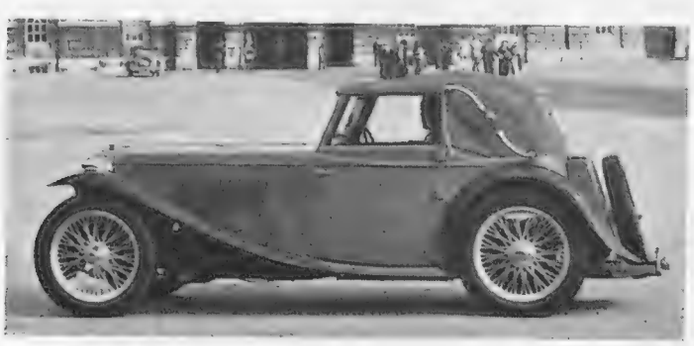
It is not always realised that the modern Daimler is extremely fast and lively, notwithstanding its traditional silence and smoothness. It is nothing nowadays for one of these cars to do its 80 or even 90 m.p.h.

An interesting point is that all Daimlers have epicyclic gearboxes of the pre-selective type, by means of which a "crash" change is rendered utterly impossible. Perhaps more distinctive still is the use of a "fluid flywheel" in place of the normal car's clutch.

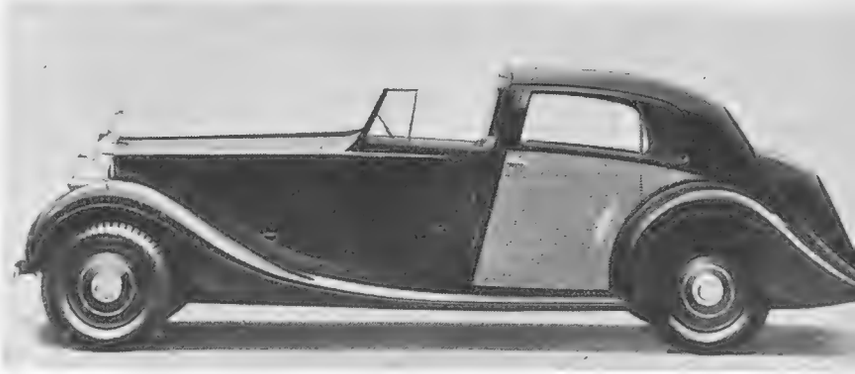
The same remarkable qualities are to be found in Lanchester cars. The owner-driver may perhaps be most attracted by some of the smaller Lanchesters, which for 1940 are listed at really moderate prices.

It should not be necessary to tell motorists who enjoy fast travelling to consider the Bentley. The modern Bentley combines speed with luxury to a truly remarkable extent.

A most valuable and attractive development is that an over-drive gearbox is now fitted.



This small M.G. should prove highly attractive. It is the 10 h.p. "Midget" Coupé, really comfortable when closed, but a genuine sports type when open. Its price is £270



This interesting example of coachwork is by Messrs. Park Ward. The cane-work on the rear doors reflects an old-fashioned style, but the lines of the Brougham de Ville body are strikingly modern. The chassis is that of a 30-h.p. Rolls-Royce

Coachwork and Accessories

THE Avon Company has recently gone ahead with some new ideas in the matter of tyre construction. There is now an Avon "Silent" tyre, with a specially designed tread which makes only the minimum of noise in contact with the road. This obviously is an attraction where cars of a silent-running type are concerned—and it is noteworthy that the Rover Company, for one, has decided to standardise Avon tyres on its new cars.

The well-known Avon Duo-tread tyre is of course being continued, and this is well worth looking at. It is so designed that, when the outer tread has been worn down, a secondary inner tread appears. Thus, even when the tyre has been half worn out, it provides a clear-cut and efficient new tread, and thus continues to grip the road as well as ever.

Messrs. Jack Barclay are designers of fine examples of modern body work on Rolls-Royce, Bentley and Daimler chassis. Perhaps the most handsome is a "Sports Sedanca de Ville" on a Phantom III chassis, which is intended to be either owner- or chauffeur-driven. There is no doubt that the de Ville style of coachwork always looks smart, besides providing the front passengers, when they so desire, with much of the freedom which one associates with open sports cars.

Interior fittings in a car such as this are naturally of the most luxurious description.

Those who have an appreciation for high-grade coachwork should certainly see those of Park Ward. They have two very interesting bodies, both on Rolls-Royce "Wraith" 30-h.p. chassis. One is an orthodox, but very handsome and well-planned saloon, seating five passengers with a high degree of comfort and providing a generous amount of accommodation for luggage.

The other is a "Brougham de Ville" body, which is decidedly out of the ordinary.

Speaking of refinements, it is perhaps not always realised how much has been added to the comfort and convenience of the modern car through the agency of Messrs. S. Smith & Sons. The car-heaters and de-frosters, for instance, which are now fitted to so many saloon cars, do not differ essentially from those first produced by this enterprising firm.

The A.C.-Sphinx Company is best known to motorists for its production of the well-known sparking plugs which bear its name. During the coming season, however, it is likely to become equally well known for its manufacture of car-heaters and de-frosters—those accessories which have so rapidly gained favour with comfort-loving car owners.

Lodge are makers of every sort of sparking plug. From the strictly utilitarian article to the special radio-screened plug, or the super-sports plug of the type with which Major Gardner recently broke a series of international records. The Lodge Company, it should be noted, is always ready to advise individual motorists who may have special sparking plug problems.

Talking of records and of the part played by sparking plugs in record breaking, one's thoughts must inevitably turn to K.L.G. plugs. At the moment, both the world's land speed and the world's water speed records are held by English drivers who have pinned their faith to K.L.Gs.

Turning from sparking plugs to other forms of electrical equipment. There is practically no worth-while electrical item of the modern car's equipment in which the Lucas Company is not interested.

Friend of the Family (*Continued from page 15*)

badly over Elsie and let you down, but poor Elsie is dead now and that's all over and done with. You are in some trouble or other. Tell me what it is and, honestly, if it's in my power to help you I will."

At his words, Sarah suddenly felt she must speak. She had kept her secret for so long, and indeed there had been no one she could confide in, but Adrian was back again—not as her lover, but as a friend who wanted to help her. Perhaps he could find a way out of this net for her—a way of dealing with the blackmailer who was ruining her life and who had nearly caused her to end it.

Her eyes on the floor, she told him the whole story. Of her jealousy of Elsie Trefusis, of what she had done on the night she died, of the first of the threatening letters and her continued payments. And she told him of her haunting fear of being accused of murder.

In silence, Adrian listened to her, his hand on her shoulder. When she had done, he spoke gently to her.

"Poor old Sarah—no wonder you looked so ill," and then in a more matter-of-fact voice he went on, "Have you any idea who writes the letters?"

Sarah replied that she had none. They were written by someone of education, which ruled out the Belgian maid or Elsie's chauffeur, whom otherwise she might have suspected. Of course, it was possible that one of these had found the letter and sold it to someone else. Did Adrian think that likely?

Adrian considered this theory, and said at length that it was possible, adding:

"Look here, Sarah, you are in a jam. If that letter went to the police, things would look pretty black for you. On the other hand, whoever these devils are they do not stand to gain anything by your arrest—in fact, if their letters were found, their arrest would probably follow soon after yours."

Sarah, frightened by his last words, looked up wildly.

"Help me, Adrian," she cried. "I'm at the end of my tether. If you had not rung up when you did, I should be dead now. I have stood the strain for two years, and cannot bear it any longer. I would give them anything if only they would stop this endless persecution!"

Rising quickly to his feet, Adrian raised her almost roughly from the floor. When he spoke, his voice was harsh.

"You silly little fool, you were going to kill yourself, were you?"

Sarah stared at him. Why was he so angry?

"Don't be unkind to me, Adrian," she sobbed. "I just could not go on. The white stuff in that glass would have made me go to sleep and not wake up."

Why was he so angry? Miserable as she was, the thought came to Sarah that perhaps he still loved her a little and that was why the thought of her suicide so shocked him.

"Adrian, if you can think of anything else I could do to free myself from this torture, I'll do it."

His grasp on her arm relaxed, and his expression softened.

"I'm sorry, Sarah dear, for letting myself go like that. But really, it's criminal folly even to think of killing yourself because of this rotten business. There must be some other way out."

Calmer, Sarah stared at the man who had been her lover. The emotional strain that she had been through in the last two years had left little room in her heart for love. But he was still Adrian—the friend of the family, as he used jokingly to call himself, whom she had known and trusted all her life. Perhaps he could really help her—perhaps there was a way out of the net.

"What could we do, Adrian? Can you think of any plan at all?"

He lit a cigarette and Sarah saw his eyes fixed on her through the blue smoke curling round his head. There was a long pause, and then he spoke.

"There is one thing we could try—it's taking a big risk, but it might just come off."

Sarah looked up eagerly as Adrian went on.

"You say that you would do anything to stop these demands for money?"

Sarah nodded.

"There's just a chance they might take a lump sum down—you would have to insist on the return of your letter first, of course, but if you offered them, say, one thousand pounds?"

Sarah's face fell.

"One thousand pounds!" she said in a flat voice. "I could never raise it, Adrian. You see, my capital is tied up with trustees and my income has never been more than eight hundred pounds a year. I owe about five hundred pounds to the bank already and—and——"

"You cannot touch your capital?"

"Only with the trustees' consent, and then only for a definite reason, like to buy a house."

"I see. But you say that you can draw on your capital to buy a house? Well, then, I think that is our solution."

"To-morrow you will go to Piccadilly Tube Station, as before, and leave not one hundred pounds but a letter offering them one thousand pounds in bearer bonds if they return your letter. You will offer to go to a certain place at a certain time—that's up to them—and meet them or their representative. On receipt of your letter, you will hand the bonds over. By the day after to-morrow you should have had a reply. If they refuse, we will have to think up something else; if they accept—and I think that they will—we will have to raise one thousand pounds and this is how I propose to do that. You will go to your trustees and say that you wish to buy, for three thousand pounds, my cottage at Windsor. You know it well and can crack it up so that it seems worth the money; you will then ask them to make over to me three thousand pounds from your capital. I will return two thousand pounds to you at once and convert the remainder into bearer bonds. These you will take to the arranged meeting-place and receive in exchange for them your original letter."

While Adrian spoke, Sarah listened silently. It sounded so simple, and she knew she had never thought of it before because subconsciously she had been terrified of coming face to face with her persecutors. And whoever handed over the £1,000 would have to meet them if she was to be sure of getting her letter back. It sounded such a lot of money—but was nothing, really. Thirty pounds a year, at most. Thirty pounds a year and peace of mind again. The blackmailers had cost her £900 in two years. But would they ever accept her offer? She asked Adrian.

"I think they will. You see, they know you must be pretty desperate; if you went to the police they would be done for, though as things stand I should not advise you to do so. You will have given them a chance to snap out with one thousand pounds in their pockets, and it will be a great temptation to them to do so."

And so it was arranged. Adrian dictated a letter which Sarah placed in the basket at Piccadilly as she had done so often before. After two anxious days she received a reply.

As usual, it was written on the bright blue paper which had always so frightened her when she saw it, in the past, among her other letters.

Her hands were moist when she tore the envelope open and read the scrawling message—it was curt and to the point.

"O.K. Send someone who knows your writing to the fountain in Green Park at three o'clock p.m. on Thursday week. They will be shown enough of your letter to enable them to identify it. They will then hand over the bonds. No tricks or your letter goes straight to the police and you are for it."

For a moment, Sarah hardly dared to believe what she read. In a week she would be free—Adrian's idea had succeeded! There were tears of relief and gratitude coming down her pale cheeks as she dashed to the telephone. She must ring up at once and tell him the good news.

All that remained to be done was to find the necessary £3,000. After a further consultation with Adrian it was decided that Sarah should go up to Liverpool at once, armed with full particulars of Adrian's house at Windsor, and beard them in their den.

They proved less troublesome than she had feared, and expressing hopes that she was going to settle down at last they agreed to arrange for the transfer of money to Adrian's bank. Adrian retained £1,000 and the remainder he repaid to Sarah by cheque.

On the fateful Thursday, they lunched together at a restaurant. One thought was still troubling her.

"I wonder why they do not want me to go myself—it could not be a trick, could it, Adrian?"

"Probably because you might recognise them," he answered. "You see, even if it is not Berthe, it might be someone you had met at Elsie's."

"Anyway, Adrian," she said, putting her hand on his and smiling as she had not done for months, "I think it is divine of you to offer to go for me. In fact, you have been too wonderful all through. Think of it, I might have been dead if it had not been for you——"

Adrian stopped her, saying seriously:

"Sarah, you know I once behaved pretty badly to you, and if I have been able to help now, I am glad. Let's leave it at that."

It was twenty minutes to three. Making sure that he had the bonds in his pocket, Adrian made ready to leave. In the street they said good-bye.

"I'll wait for you at home, Adrian."

He nodded and left her. She watched him walking up the street, her whole being suffused with affection for the man whose sympathy and help had made it possible for her to start her life anew. She called a taxi and told the driver her home address.

But Adrian, when he reached Piccadilly, did not turn left, as might have been expected, as he was bound for Green Park. He turned to the right and walked until he came to the Albany, where he had his flat. It was five minutes to three as he opened his front door and entered. At three o'clock he was sitting at his desk.

Once more he examined the bonds and found them in order.

He, alone in London, knew how Elsie Trefusis died. The true story was simple enough. From the party in Grosvenor Street he had taken her back to her flat. She had been drinking heavily and they quarrelled. Elsie jokingly threatened him with the revolver, which he did not know was loaded. Bored by her tipsy play-acting, he tried to take it from her, and in the struggle it had gone off and Elsie was shot.

Panic-stricken, his first impulse was to telephone the police. Then, as he realised how guilty he would appear, he thought better of it. He had to go out at once, but before he went he searched Elsie's flat for the letters he had written to her. Once safely home, he had found Sarah's among them.

He had had a good run for his—or, rather, Sarah's—money, but now the game was up. If Sarah had killed herself, he would have been properly in the soup, for it was more than likely that his threatening letters would be found.

As this thought occurred to him, he opened another drawer and took out a packet of brilliant blue notepaper and some envelopes; these he tore in bits and threw into the waste-paper basket.

Then he lifted the receiver of his telephone and asked for Sarah's number. In a moment her anxious voice answered.

"Hallo, Sarah. It's all right. I have your letter—I'll bring it round now."

At the other end of the line, he heard a sob.

"You are wonderful, Adrian, absolutely wonderful."

END

Reflected Glory

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twi-twist

Peerless Wolsey Stockings

These People (*Continued from page 9*)

together. His passion was to uncover the secret of that strange personality, and, in some vague way, to reconcile the conflicting aspects of her double life.

To outward intents and purposes, she was merely one of the nurses, disciplined, efficient and impersonal, like the rest of them. Only in her conversations with Harrison did the bitterness of her position escape her, the anachronisms of her present existence, the suspicion almost of the other nurses and its consequent isolating effect.

The most sensible solution to her problem seemed retreat. Return to California, to her mother. But Helen was proud. She was, in that, a true Japanese. She would torture herself to the bitter end rather than confess failure.

One morning, she, who was always gentle and controlled, rushed into the room, and stood looking out of the window.

"It's no use," she cried. "I can't stand it any more."

Harrison saw that she was trembling. Turning round suddenly, she faced him, her hands clenched.

"Do *you* like these people?"

It sounded like an accusation as she said it.

"Of course I do," he answered. "That is, most of 'em. What is more, I respect them. That's not to say I understand them. I don't, not always. But anyway, it's different. They're not my people. But they are yours."

"No," she said violently. "They're not. I may look like them, but I can't feel like them, can't think or behave like them. And what is more—they *don't like me*. They're suspicious of me. What do you say to that?"

"You're forgetting you've been brought up in America, where they do things quickly. A Japanese will always be on guard, until he—he knows."

"But what have they got to know?" she demanded. "I came here because I was Japanese, just because my mother wanted it, because my relations live here, and because. . . ."

"Because . . .?"

"In the States, although I was very, very happy, so often I felt I didn't belong," she confessed. "Oh, my American friends were always kind, but sometimes I felt I was an embarrassment to them. There would be anti-Japanese demonstrations and boycotts, and it made us all miserable. But I thought I understood; so much so that my mother was afraid of my becoming Americanised. That hurt her and frightened her, too. Because of my future, you see. That's why she wrote to my uncle here, for him to find me a job. She hoped, of course, that I'd get married."

"Well," asked Harrison, for it is sometimes pleasurable to indulge in masochism, "and what did you say to that?"

"What did I say?" she cried fiercely. "It's what I say now that matters. It would be impossible. To go back into the middle ages? Never."

There was a silence which finally Helen broke with a bitter little laugh.

"You're wondering what *I* look like, perhaps, when I go off duty. Well, I don't wear kimono, and I don't get my clothes off the Ginza."

"You need not say such things to me," said Harrison passionately. "Dine with me—as soon as they let me out of this damn prison."

"And what would your Embassy say?"

"They'll look, and that's commonly supposed not to hurt."

"If I accept, I shall feel selfish," she said wistfully.

"Nonsense," Harrison declared brusquely. "Have you realised," he continued slowly, "that the obvious solution for you lies that way? I mean—in marriage with a foreigner?"

"Yes," she acknowledged reluctantly. "But—never mind that now. Here comes Sister."

And she busied herself with some trivial tidying up, as if welcoming the interruption. Harrison frowned—suddenly remembering that in two or three days Miranda was coming.

When she did come, unusually early, it chanced that Helen was in his room, putting it to rights. Fate sometimes arranges things so. The two women looked at each other for an instant—and in that brief passage of time, both knew.

Miranda gazed after her, as Helen, with a little formal bow, hurried out of the room. Many people had told her how they admired her curling fair hair and clear grey eyes, rather strong, essentially Nordic features, but Helen had made her look commonplace and even slightly coarse.

"What an exquisitely and unusually beautiful Japanese," she said, with a brave effort to recover her poise. "But she's Eurasian, of course."

"No," said Harrison. Just like that.

"Really!" was Miranda's comment. "Well, whatever she is, she looks very incongruous beside the other nurses. She'll have all the doctors falling in love with her."

"That'd be a hell of a pity," said Harrison, almost rudely. "For she certainly wouldn't return the compliment."

"Why not?" asked Miranda.

"Because she don't like 'em. She's been brought up in America."

"That's very unfortunate for her," said Miranda, with what Harrison found maddening equanimity.

"Oh, I don't know. She can marry a foreigner. Plenty of Japanese women do."

"Yes—and look what happens to them! The Japanese side of the family ostracises them, and the husband's career is wrecked."

"You're thinking in pre-War terms," said Harrison heatedly. "You're on visiting terms yourself with a dozen such couples."

"Yes—and there's not a happy one between the lot. Moreover, even if, for the sake of appearances, some semblance of success is maintained, you must know the struggle beneath it. Take an extreme case," she ventured boldly, "of someone like yourself, in the Diplomatic. It would mean ruin."

"I don't agree," he denied sullenly.

She looked at him and her heart ached.

"How absurd we are," she said, with an attempt at lightness, "to get worked up about something that doesn't concern us."

"But it does concern us," maintained Harrison obstinately. "I feel—I feel strongly about it."

"Oh," said Miranda. Because it was quite apparent what Harrison meant, was trying to convey to her.

"Miranda!" he spoke to her now in a different tone. "We once made a pact—said we'd help each other if need be."

She gave a pale smile. The words had not been quite of that unequivocal nature, but self-protection drove her to generosity.

"Well?" she asked.

"I was counting on you for support," he said eagerly. "You've got a lot of influence among the women here. . . ."

"I'm afraid you're exaggerating slightly," she said. "But anyway, what do you want me to do?"

He sat up and took her hand. "Nothing—as yet. I haven't even put—things—to her. But she's desperate. She'd marry anybody who'd get her out of this, I believe."

"Anybody!" Miranda cried. "But you've got to have the ultimate to make a bridge for a marriage such as this. Can you give it? If not, whatever she thinks she wants at the moment, it wouldn't be fair to her."

"Have I ever been crazy about any one before?" he demanded brutally. She shrank away from him at the question, but he was too self-engrossed to notice it. "No. No, Miranda. This is the real thing, this time."

"Right!" she said shortly. "In that case, I'll do what I can."

Suddenly he felt buoyed up, elated, confident. Miranda gave one that feeling. With her on one's side, it seemed incredible that things could go wrong. And now—the sooner things were settled, the better. He would be out of hospital in three weeks. He and Helen would just have time to get married before Christmas. They would go to Kamakura or Nikko for the honeymoon.

"When are you coming to see me again?" he asked. "Next Sunday? By then I——"

"Yes," she interposed quickly. "Next Sunday."

And she patted his arm, said good-bye, and left.

BY rights, Helen was due to be switched on to night duty that evening. "I don't like it much, but it will leave me freer," she had told Harrison, almost gleefully. But Dr. Nitobe, for some annoying reason, chose to put another nurse, and Harrison found himself not only deprived of Helen but constrained by the rules and regulations until he was well-nigh crazy.

That week, as it happened, he was due to begin some special ray treatment Dr. Nitobe had decided upon, but every time he tried to snatch a few moments with her, some obstacle intervened. Either Dr. Nitobe would be there, imperturbable, politely unaware that he was being wished at the ends of the earth, or Nurse Takahashi would be summoned for some task at the other end of the corridor.

Whenever he dared, Harrison rang his bell for some imaginary mishap that needed attention—bandages or barley water. Sometimes an ugly little nurse came, with a squat figure, brown face and Mongol features, who Helen had declared to be Eurasian, with a light-haired Englishman for a father. Sometimes she herself dashed in for a moment Then for a second, Harrison's heartbeats eased.

Taking hold of her hand, he said, "Helen, stay with me for a little."

"I can't," she panted, trying to disengage her hand. "I've got some dressings to do for Dr. Nitobe at eleven sharp."

"But, Helen," said Harrison, "I love you and I want to tell you about it."

"Oh, Harrison-san," she breathed. "I love you, too. I think I always have. But I've been afraid. How could it be, I asked myself. There are two races against it—yours—and mine."

"One person can be stronger than a million," said Harrison. "That sounds a good Japanese proverb, doesn't it?"

"I must go," she urged him. "I dare not stop any longer. Look, it is nearly eleven. I'll come to you when I can—I promise. Oh, my heart, how can I tear myself away?"

"You can't," he said fiercely. "Helen, come here. Do you realise I've never even kissed you?"

"Kissed!" she said wonderingly, as if it were something she had never heard of.

Oh, the smoothness, the petal softness, of that immobile ivory flesh; the proud curved mouth beneath his. Harrison caught his breath. What was it that worried him, him, an old man of the world, he asked himself satirically, in this alien kiss? Did he sense beneath it, subconsciously, the Japanese hatred of physical contact? He shut his eyes and opened them as there was a slight sound behind him and Dr. Nitobe appeared in the doorway, his face as bland as ever, but his eyes blinking strangely behind his gold-rimmed spectacles.

Harrison sat back and attempted a respectable recovery.

"An unorthodox position for patient and nurse in St. Luke's, I fear, Dr. Nitobe, but not so unorthodox when I explain that as soon as I leave here, Miss Takahashi will marry me."

The little doctor remained silent; looked at them for an instant during which, in spite of himself, Harrison felt uncomfortable, bowed deeply and went out.

"I must go," said Helen. She was pale beneath her pallor.

Harrison reached for her hands again, but she withdrew them (*Continued on page 78*)

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beyond his grasp. "Forgive me, Helen."

"Forgive you?" she echoed, in a strained voice. "I have myself to forgive first."

He stared. "But surely—I've made it all right. It was rather undignified, but it isn't as serious as all that. After all, my sweet, our engagement is now a public fact. Even if we did commit a breach of discipline, it isn't anything we can be punished very severely for!"

"Punished!" she echoed, with a little choke in her voice. "I'm not thinking of *that*! But the humiliation—the shame—of being *seen*. . . ." She quivered as if she had been subjected to something outrageous, so that Harrison, who had been ready to laugh at her innocent puritanism, realised, almost in spite of himself, the deep root of her wounds, and stopped his mirth in time.

THERE was no need for Miranda, putting on her outdoor clothes the following Sunday, to analyse her disinclination for the promised visit to Harrison. Being of a relentlessly truthful turn of mind—for she saw no benefit in self-dissimulation—she admitted a whole catalogue of stupidities to her account. She was hurt, she was jealous, and her tactics had been of the most elementary nature. Her pride had been her downfall. She had wanted too much to accept Harrison's half-hearted wooing. But a cleverer woman would have led him on without his knowing it till she had him where she wanted. She, Miranda, had given him a blow straight from the shoulder and still expected him to pursue her. Now she was suffering from it—more than she could ever have believed possible.

At the best, she felt heavy-hearted about the affair, reluctant to discuss it with him.

Harrison was reading when she went in. Some of his bandages had been removed and it was obvious that he was better, though still pale. There was an air about him she couldn't at first understand—some puzzlement, some seriousness foreign to him. Had he changed his mind, she asked herself with a leap of the heart. But some womanish instinct told her that in this she had not found the clue.

Casually, she began a light gossiping commentary of the usual Tokyo week. She had been to the "moon-viewing" with a family of Japanese friends. On Wednesday, the Emperor had offered up the season's crops to the imperial ancestors and the day had therefore been observed as a national holiday. A certain European editor had been deported for anti-Japanese statements. The maples were more glorious than ever.

"I've missed the chrysanthemum shows," was all Harrison said.

Silence fell between them. Miranda waited for the one thing she had come for—news of Helen. At last Harrison spoke.

"Well, Miranda, I suppose you want to know how things stand?"

"If you feel like telling me," she answered, moving to the window, not so much to make things easier for him as to hide the thump-thump-thump of her heart.

"We fixed things up," he said slowly, and Miranda noticed, not so much the past tense in which he spoke, but the sense of something "over" in his tone. "Two days after she came to me and told me she was going to marry Nitobe—yes, Nitobe, my doctor chap. If it hadn't been Helen, I would have suspected a joke, or thought I was mad, or hadn't heard right. But I saw at once that she was being serious. My first instinct was rage, rage at being made a fool of. 'I'm damned if you are!' I shouted at her. She didn't answer that, but just looked at me. D'you know how these Japanese shed tears? Without moving a muscle of their faces. It's rather ghastly to look at; you feel that something must be breaking inside them. 'He's been threatening you!' I said to her. After all, queerer things have happened. But she shook her head."

He stopped speaking and looked at Miranda. "You didn't *know*, did you?" he added, almost savagely.

"Of course not."

"You don't seem surprised."

"I'm not."

"Why not? What's your explanation?"

She hesitated. "As far as Nitobe is concerned, it's simple. He was ready to marry her rather than see a woman of his race defiling it by a foreign marriage. . . ."

"Yes," he said heavily. "You've got it. That's very clever of you."

"No, not clever. It's merely that I know these people."

"These people . . . these people. . . . What a lot of mischief those two words account for. What does it mean? Helen used it to me, Nitobe used it to her—but about *us*! Did you have any idea, by the way, that he'd got an American background—and one almost similar to her own? Born in California, educated Chicago University, a post in a New York laboratory, and then back to Tokyo to use himself and all the weapons of the West, for his country. And I've hardly heard him use a word of English! It's only to be expected that this discovery capsized a lot of her opinions, and she told me—quite simply—that it made her look at things from a different angle. But she stuck to her guns—that is, to me. . . ."

"What made her change her mind?" asked Miranda.

He shook his head. "I must leave you to decide that; I can only repeat what she told me. 'Do you like these people?' he asked her. It was the first time she'd been ranged on the Japanese side by any one who was both of her own kind and their own kind, but she answered, yes, she did. 'And so do I,' he retorted, to which she very sensibly demanded his objections to her marrying one of them, and he, even more wisely, declined to answer—that is, by any discussion on eugenics or ethnographics. 'You will find the answer in your own heart,' he told her. 'And you can take whichever you prefer. At first you were a prisoner, with no way open to you. Then you had one. Now you have the choice of two.' But she was puzzled. She wanted to know *why* he was asking her to marry him. 'Do you *love* me?' she finally said. And now comes the interesting part . . . it's difficult to explain, in a third-hand account. . . ."

"Never mind; go on," Miranda urged him. "It's quite convincing so far—it fits in with everything I've ever heard or met."

"She felt embarrassed, ashamed, she told me, immediately she'd asked this of him. It was the way he looked at her. 'No,' he answered. 'How should I? What have you done for me? What do I owe to you? You are neither my mother nor my wife. You have given me nothing except a glimpse of such beauty as I can get from a picture or even conceive in my own imagination. You have given me no children; you have not even given me pleasure. But you will. And then, when the years have passed, you may more properly ask me that same question. Now go, think seriously upon what I have put before you, and come back to me in twenty-four hours.'"

"And naturally, she went back."

"She went back," Harrison said. "A very salutary example, Miranda, and a very bitter lesson for an English diplomat to learn from a Chicago-trained Japanese doctor."

It was good to be able to laugh. "Oh, Giles!" said Miranda. "That's the first characteristic reaction you've shown. It's almost a relief to hear you running true to type again."

"Um. I'll be obliged if you'll give me a few more lessons in the reverse direction. And I know I can't expect you to bow down and start gathering up the fragments of a wounded heart immediately, but, Miranda, could you think of me, henceforth, as being just a little nearer the sort of fellow you might be inclined to consider worth wasting your time over—even if the turning point be ascribed to circumstances beyond our control. I've got nothing to say for myself, except that I'm devilish lonely and. . . ."

The door opened to admit a squat little Eurasian nurse with a large tea-tray. The service was still going on in the little chapel, for once more the strains of the organ filtered through. This time I wanted to join in the song with the rest, in one long beatitude. Because, of course, I am Miranda, and this, as I told you, is a true story.

END

Budget for Beauty

(*Continued from page* 41)

entirely different. Visit the *salon*. They will show you just how to pat reducing cream into your double chin after steaming it, as well as just how tightly to hitch it into a chin strap. Also how to foment a heavy feeding cream into your neck and the right weight of cream—in your case it may be oil—and the right bandage. *Then*, armed with knowledge, pursue the course at home.

One treatment, 1 guinea; course of six, 5 guineas.

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Imperial is the cyclamen Nervic, vivid, super by electric light. It provides the face accent for clothes that are in shades of orchid, violet, mauve-blue, grape. The face rouge is Cyclamen, the powder Ocre Rosée.

Coxcomb is a slightly less exuberant red than Tally-ho! specially designed to off-set all tones of yellow, green, deep purple, beige. With these it is exquisite. Choose Pêche Cendrée face rouge and Miblonde powder or Deep Rachel.

Burgundy is a melting Cyclamen and will under-stress any dress scheme in maroon, wine, lake blue, hors de rose. It is definitely new, captivating. The rouge to blend is Rose Cendrée and the powder Rachel.

Bacchante is a vibrant rose-pink without a hint of orange. It is tremendously exciting without in any way being shrieking. It lifts the face to a higher vibration against all pastel shades, and should be completed by Rose Renoir rouge and powder Rachel Nacré.

Country Life is a Nervic on the orange side to go with open-air skins that are always slightly tanned. It is in the very best taste with tweeds, browns, mustards and olive greens. Looks un-made-up and yet enticingly *soignée*, and has achieved that end very cleverly. Face rouge with this is Rose Saturne, powder Naturelle. Nervic lipstick in any shade is 3s. 6d. Face rouge, any shade, 1s. 9d. Powder 2s. 3d.

While you are buying Coty, don't forget their Avocado Milk. It is one of the best cleansers both for stripping away make-up quickly and freshening the face. If you want to look well, you must take off the old and then put on the new make-up. Avocado Milk is rich in vitamin contents and acts on the skin like a cocktail, besides providing a first-rate surface for powder and make-up foundation. The price is 4s. 6d., but you can try it for 9d.

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 25*)

for his brave and dignified behaviour. He entered the pavilion, and according to custom, was relieved of his sword and dagger. Then he was shown into the ante-chamber of the reception hall. There he was faced with the sinister sight of six of the mutes with their silken cords in their hands. A struggle ensued, but the strong and agile Mustafa was not easily overcome. Not one of the mutes succeeded in looping the neck of the prince. They were repeatedly flung against the walls in all directions, while the prince was trying to reach the door. He had almost reached it when the tall and terrifying figure of the Sultan appeared between the curtains. There was a moment of hesitation. That was enough for the mutes to throw their deadly ropes. One or two minutes elapsed during which only the panting of the assassins could be heard. The ghastly deed accomplished, they ran away as if terrorised by what they themselves had done.

Little Jianjiar, knowing nothing of what had happened and wishing to embrace his stepbrother, stepped into the ante-chamber, only to find himself alone with a dead body on the floor. He was seized by such convulsions of sobs and shouts that he had to be forcibly taken away.

Then an unexpected scene took place. The deformed boy freed himself from the arms of the white eunuchs and dashed into the room where his father was. No one would have credited that frail creature with the slightest act of courage, yet he faced his father with an unflinching audacity and poured out a torrent of wild words.

The sight of the man who terrorised the entire empire held no fears for the little hunchback. He went on saying: "So this is the way you treat your own flesh and blood. You kill your own children and you do it with the degrading means of the mutes' cords. I will show you that you will not be able to do the same with me." In saying this, he plunged a jewelled dagger into his own heart, bent forward and fell motionless on the floor. A little heap of embroidery and jewels.

The messenger who brought the news of what had happened to Rosselana saw his mistress biting her lips until they bled. It was destined that she should have every joy shattered by one thing or another. The end of her enemy should have made her completely happy, but it had cost the life of another of her sons.

Some of Rosselana's spies reported to her that on Mustafa's body some documents had been found. These, if shown in time, would have proved his innocence. The knowledge of this find had greatly perturbed Solyman, and the spy added that the idea was dawning in Solyman's mind that the cause of all this tragedy was Rosselana.

Further reports said that Solyman had not left his tent since the death of his sons and seemed plunged in unconquerable misery. Everybody knew only too well that such a state of mind would have its reaction in a shower of death sentences, nor was there any one who under the circumstances would have staked the smallest coin on the life of Rosselana.

When the news of the imperial disfavour for the reigning queen was whispered from ear to ear, all the odalisques, who until then, had in vain hoped for a single glance from their master, began to cherish new hopes, and when Solyman was about to return to Constantinople, their expectations became more exciting.

When he entered the seraglio he made a profound impression, for he had never appeared before looking so thin and haggard, and it was an act of bravery to sustain his piercing and burning glance for more than a second or two. It seemed that the very walls of the seraglio were palpitating as if they too were alive and quivering with fear and perplexity.

The still beautiful Italian, pale and distressed, went to meet him unveiled. She knew that fortune helps the brave and she fell at his feet. Without giving him time to say anything she uttered (*Continued on page 80*)

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Charming? YES...
—but there's something that spoils her loveliness!
Why doesn't someone tell her that it's so easy to get rid of Unwanted Hair? BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN Dry-Method disc makes your skin hair-free and smoothly beautiful. Just rotate this dainty little disc over the skin and the embarrassment of unwanted hair vanishes like magic, instantly. It never fails. WONDERSTOEN is sure, harmless, and odourless. It lasts months. Doctors have recommended WONDERSTOEN for over 30 years. Use it to-day and have attractive, hair-free skin.
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the following words: "I know, my lord, that your affection has made me the most envied woman in the world. I know that wicked enemies have succeeded in arousing your wrath against me. I know that I have lost your love and without it I am less than a worm. Without your love and your trust I do not wish to live. Call the mutes, I shall bless death, if that is your will."

The mutes were more than ready, but they were not called. The sultan, far from expecting such a melodramatic reception, hesitated as if not knowing what to reply. In reality, the idea of another murder made him shiver. He lifted the prostrate woman to her feet and gently led her to a kiosk that reminded them both of many happy days of the past. He closed the door, leaving every one outside wondering what would be the issue.

In the meantime, all the candidates for the sultan's grace were dolled-up in their most attractive attire, ready to surround the distressed master and distract his attention from whatever could have happened. There was an old kadun, a woman who was attending to a group of the most beautiful odalisques. She had almost promised to her girls that at long last the great day had arrived, for they had the best chance over all the others. She had devoted the last years of her life to the embellishment of her "doves," hoping to have the Hasaki on her record.

A black eunuch called her and her flock to the imperial kiosk. As she entered, followed by the most alluring array of beauty, instead of the scene that she expected, she saw a banqueting table already prepared. Solyman was reclining on a huge divan and Rosselana, very much alive, was resting her head on his shoulder. They stood dumbfounded while dancers and musicians came in and took up their places.

In spite of the death of the crown prince, all idea of mourning was discarded to make way for everything festive that human ingenuity could invent.

One of the odalisques, who until then had remained speechless, turned to the old kadun and said: "So she will not die?" The old woman answered: "Yes she will, but not now, and she will die in his arms. Better give up hope my little doves, if you are lucky you will be permitted to fill up his glass, that is all."

The prognostication of the old woman proved to be quite correct. A few years later Rosselana died actually in the arms of her husband, and with her last breath she made him swear that he would always protect her children, whatever they might do.

So ended a woman who had affirmed most strikingly three prominent sides that formed her character. The charmer, the tigress and the mother.

END.

The Women I Meet

(*Continued from page 29*)

admits that she does find her bracelets a tremendous help as an opening gambit in conversation, and is quite prepared on the spur of the moment to invent any story as to the history of each charm. But if there is a gleam of mischief lurking in the corner of her eye under her long lashes it is as well not to take the account of that adventure too seriously!

Lady Carolyn is determined upon a stage career and is very serious about it. She has already put in hard training as a dancer but, as so frequently happens, has grown too tall.

But if Lady Carolyn is ready to joke about her charm bracelets, to some women a jewel can be taken seriously. MRS. GORDON MOORE is one who thinks that certain stones, precious or not, really seem to belong to certain people. She herself dislikes emeralds in particular, and loves amethysts and she wears one very lovely, antique amethyst ring without which she says she hardly feels herself. On her hand it does appear the perfect jewel for her and would never be the same on any one else.

Mrs. Gordon Moore travels; she has a town house and a small manor by a curving stretch of the Thames, with sloping lawns and formal gardens. She has much in the way of possessions, but I have heard her described as London's fairy godmother. She has spent much of her life working for the good of others less fortunate than herself. She has the gift of organisation and the gift of touching the pity of others and so gaining their help, and she has employed those gifts to very great advantage. If all the sums of money she has raised, through balls, *matinées* and other methods of persuasion, were added together, it would be interesting to know the present total. It must be immense, as must be the benefits it has conferred in many directions.

"CRISTINA," the COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON has, as well, that rare, sincerity in the desire to serve in our chaotic, very frightening world of to-day. If you disapprove of her as being "Left," you are forced to admit that she holds her opinions because she considers them "right," and in another age she would have gone cheerfully to the stake had martyrdom appeared the best propaganda for them.

But in herself she has the sweetness of simplicity and the warmth of an ever-growing understanding and tolerance. She can be as gay as a child or as kind as a nun, according to your need of her; her generosity is as genuine as her smile and she is a very lovely person to have as a friend. She has, too, varied gifts. She writes well and concisely on travel or serious subjects, and can switch to a fantasy for the delight of children.

As a hostess she has a charm which holds a hint of shyness which puts her guests the more at their ease, and she does convey that delicious and surprising idea to them that at her party she is the one gaining the most enjoyment out of it; as a guest herself she is a brilliant conversationalist who can offer friendliness which has no trace of formality, but the ease of perfect naturalness.

THAT can be said too of internationally popular LADY KEMBALL COOK, whose name is inseparably connected with the ballet. It is understandable, for Lady Kemball Cook is Russian born and the Revolution meant for her exhilarating emancipation from schoolroom lessons and the realisation of a later ambition to train for the ballet. She went for some years through gruelling schooling as a pupil of Nicolas Leggate, who was *maître de ballet* of the Imperial Russian Ballet, and so acquired in the company of Massine and other great artistes, not only the real foundations of their art, but their friendship. Which meant that from then on she was so enslaved by the beauty of the ballet that, with her husband, she followed it wherever it went, until the presence of Lady Kemball Cook, whether in Paris, London or New York, in the audience was taken as much for granted as the rising of the curtain.

Lady Kemball Cook has always been one of the best-dressed women in London, which does not mean that it is because she has always spent a great deal of money on her gowns and the greatest houses have designed for her. It is because she has that indefinable flair for wearing whatever fashion in a way of her own and because she has exquisite taste. And she is an exquisite companion, for while she has a sympathy which can attune itself, she has so impulsive a gaiety that no trouble can seem genuine while she is there. She is a mimic of genius. At one moment her face can be that of Garbo—Hepburn, Bergner—a child, wistful and radiant at the prospect of a treat—in another she has aged by forty years, or with a strip of orange-peel teeth she will turn herself into a Tarzan-like horror. She will swing her long hair, flutter her speaking hands and you see before you whoever and whatever she decides.

FEARLESSNESS is a quality to be found in that delightful daughter of Sir James Dunn—MRS. PETER HIGGINS, who has

been taking a well-earned holiday, staying with Lady Dufferin and Ava, in Ireland, and leading the outdoor life which seems as if it should belong to her so much more than the background of London life.

She wears so little make-up and her dark hair is brushed back from her forehead as if the wind were blowing it, and even in London her clothes carry a hint of the country.

When she was a young girl she was awarded the life-saving medal and its accompanying certificate of merit, for when bathing in the river at Fordingbridge with the two younger daughters of Mr. Augustus John, she saw a young man on the opposite side of the water in difficulties. By the time she had reached him he had gone down, as the saying is, for the third time. Diving successfully she brought his body, unconscious, to the surface, brought him to the river bank, where the three of them applied artificial respiration and had the satisfaction of seeing him recover.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 28*)

sales in this age when optimism is the touchstone of existence.

"Everything will be better tomorrow" is published by Secker and Warburg at 7s. 6d. and its author, Annemaria Selinko, has a lively imagination allied with a lightness and charm of expression which combine to make her work eminently readable.

This is the story of Toni Huber, a young girl who by her simplicity of character and her understanding of human feelings wins through to happiness and success after experiences which would have soured many.

On the death of her father she is left penniless and is lucky to find an ill-paid job as shorthand-typist at the Vienna Radio Station. The sudden collapse of the regular announcer causes her to step unbidden to the microphone and broadcast a good-night message—"Everything will be better tomorrow."

For this she is promptly sacked by the directors, but the interest aroused by her voice and words is so great that she is given a star's contract. Her life is completely changed. Incident follows incident in bewildering succession, until finally her personal problem is unexpectedly solved as satisfactorily as the problem of her job.

ANOTHER novel by a woman, but this time one dealing with the past.

"Victorian House" by Dorothy Hewlett (Hurst and Blackett, 8s. 6d.) is a novel whose period is the middle of the nineteenth century—one of the two greatest periods in England's history, when her commerce and her power were expanding all over the globe, her wealth and her population rising steadily. This was, more than any other, the age of the English middle class, and Miss Hewlett, in making a middle class family her dramatic focus, has presented that dynamic period to us in miniature.

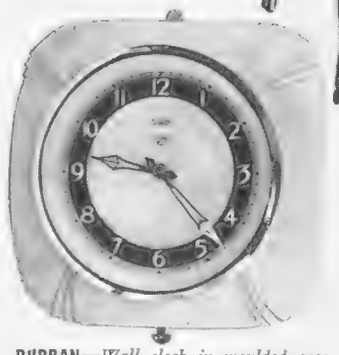
NOW, to leave novels for a moment, "Caribbean Nights" by William J. Makin (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.) is an unusual travel book by this popular author, recounting his experiences since he set out for Jamaica early in 1938 for the purpose of founding a newspaper there.

After the enterprise was successfully launched, the author found himself playing a prominent and at times a dangerous role, in the blaze of revolt that swept across Jamaica.

He describes the shooting by the rebellious crowds, the struggles of the mobs in Kingston, the personality of Alexander Bustamante, the coloured Labour leader, and all the excitements necessitating the calling of two warships and the employment of troops to quell the revolt.

It is the subject matter of the present investigation of a Royal Commission in the West Indies, and this is the whole story of the outbreak by one who was behind the scenes.

(*Continued on page 82*)



DURBAN—*Wall clock in moulded case, relieved by chromed bezel. Self-coloured dial with raised zone. Overall dimensions 6½ in. In White, or pastel shade of Primrose, Blue or Green; or Walnut or Mahogany.* *Price* **27/6**

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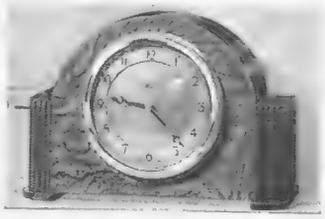

TRING—*Veneered walnut finished wood case with very handsome figuring. Gilt bezel and dial with raised silvered zone, black hands and black figures. Height 5 in.; Width 7½ in.; Depth 3½ in. Price: Walnut* **39/6**; *Oak* **36/-**

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The author also delved into the strange and mysterious negro world of the West Indies. He has much that is new to tell of Voodoo in Haiti, the obeah practices of Jamaica, and the hysterical religious cult known as "Pocomania."

BACK to novels again—the book before me being "Parting at Morning" by Lesley Storm (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.).

Here is a story with all the elements of a first-rate film—albeit very much one of the "A" category!

The plot is highly dramatic but Miss Storm handles her characters with such delicacy and with such intuitive appreciation of their psychology that what might have been a sordid narrative becomes in her hands quite a literary masterpiece.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE was by common consent the foremost advocate of Victorian and Edwardian times and one of the greatest of all time. The story of his career is admirably recounted in "The Life of Sir Edward Clarke" by Derek Walker-Smith and Edward Clarke (Thornton Butterworth, 18s.).

The immense forensic success of Sir Edward Clarke is probably best accounted for by the Lord Chancellor in his foreword when he says: "No one, at least that I ever heard, surpassed Clarke in the art of holding the attention of a jury, explaining the vital facts, and making his points so clearly that, if the circumstances permitted it, the conclusion seemed to be irresistible."

The book does not treat of Edward Clarke only as the great advocate. It shows him as the ambitious boy who from humble beginnings achieved a great political career; as a devoted churchman; as an active freemason and a keen sportsman; and, above all, as a man with a keen interest in life, whose own rich experience gave him that insight into the lives of others, indispensable to the making of a great advocate.

IT is not every poet who can write enjoyable prose. Indeed, many of our best poets have erred on the side of verbosity when they have attempted to give us novels. But this accusation cannot be levelled at Mr. D'Arcy Cresswell whose "Present Without Leave" (Cassell, 7s. 6d.) is wholly delightful.

This is Mr. Cresswell's second prose book, for, nine years ago, he published "The Poet's Progress," telling of his early experiments in the art of poetry and his experiences in selling his poems from door to door in New Zealand. In "Present Without Leave" Mr. Cresswell picks up that narrative where he left off and gives some account of his life in England and New Zealand from that time to this.

"BLACKBERRY WINTER" by Evelyn Hanna (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) is a fine romantic novel which covers most of the nineteenth century in South America. Although the story ends with the Civil War it is not the usual Southern story for it contains vivid authentic scenes not found elsewhere in Southern fiction.

It is a brilliant and forceful story in which the people are not merely a self-centred group, but have a background, a relationship to the outside world which is all the stronger because the scene never changes.

Their story is the story of cotton, beginning with the Southerner who grew a little cotton for his own needs, realised the potentialities in Whitney's cotton gin, and began the economic struggle which culminated in the Civil War.

More cotton meant more slaves, more cotton-mills, markets for the cotton, a clash with the North—and war.

A civilisation built on slavery rises to its elegant climax and crashes in the ruins of Sherman's invading army.

Such is the historical setting.

Cotton was responsible for the material rise and fall of the Merriman family, but cotton is not the hero of the story. The second Paul Merriman is the hero and the history and idiosyncrasies of the Merrimans, who made such disastrous marriages, are so sketched as to lead up to the striking character study of the second Paul—dashing, witty, full of allure and possessing his father's amazing passion for cotton.

Through his eyes is told a vital story tinged with poetic beauty and pervaded by a sense of rising and inevitable tragedy.

ANOTHER Hutchinson book of merit which comes to me this month is Cosmo Hamilton's dramatic new novel "Thy Lamp, O Memory" (7s. 6d.). The scene is laid in an old and lovely house in Surrey, the owner of which has been forced to turn it into an hotel. With great cheerfulness, efficiency and courage it is run for him by his wife, and she is inspired to face the peculiar troubles which meet her every day by the motto which she has made up: "Yesterday has gone, today is going, tomorrow is on its way."

She is shocked to discover, however, that yesterday, today and tomorrow are an everlasting *now*, and that the past which she has regarded as something that is dead is fearfully alive when, in the person of her illegitimate son, it comes back into her life.

The results are astonishing both to her and to him.

A NEW novel by Pamela Frankau is always something to be sought eagerly and the acquisition of "A Democrat Dies" (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) will indeed reward the enterprising.

"What is Phœnix?" asked the Conservative M.P. on a summer afternoon in the House of Commons. Had there been a reliable prophet present, he would instantly have hoisted a storm-cone.

Phœnix, the secret society destined to lead England into revolution, was already lifting its wings above the ashes of civilisation. Under the shadow of those wings much was to happen.

In the crazy three weeks before the world went sane (the period of the story is set in the 1940's) a murder mystery might have seemed a small affair; but Sir Hilary Weapon, the Harley Street specialist who turned amateur detective for fun, had the idea that if he found the murderer he would unmask the leader of Phœnix at the same time. Nobody knew who the leader was and nobody found the murderer. Not Sir Hilary, not the Prime Minister, not the Oxford undergraduates who were part of the Phœnix army. Not even Peter Scribe, the decorative civil servant of whom it was said that his genius for carrying off uncomfortable situations was equalled only by his capacity for creating situations which needed carrying off. Not Jane, his wife, who never minded trouble so long as she and Peter were in it together.

They were in it together this time all right, for silver aeroplanes roared over England announcing the rule of Phœnix. Justice, freedom and happiness were to live. Why, then, should this one man die? And who killed him?

These are the questions and this the setting of Miss Frankau's "A Democrat Dies." Those discriminating readers who are already familiar with Miss Frankau's uncanny ability as a story-teller will not need me to assure them of the gripping fascination of her latest book.

No more adroit piece of writing has come my way this year and I recommend it as a literary treat.

THE last book in this month's batch is another of those irresistible police dossiers planned by J. G. Links and executed by Dennis Wheatley.

Its title is "Herewith the Clues" (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.) and its title is certainly justified as it contains five times as many clues as have been given in any previous dossier.

If you have never bought one of these intriguing crime books let me beseech you to do so without delay, if you have ever had one such a recommendation is, I know, superfluous.

END

Conversation Come-back

(*Continued from page 58*)

that needs constant sharpening. It ranges from the schoolboy's "same to you with knobs on" to Talleyrand's reply to Charles X's, "There is no middle course between the throne and the scaffold" . . . "Your Majesty forgets the post-chaise."

If our repartee is rusty with disuse, we inevitably find ourselves at some time or another floundering about down in the "same to you" class. Practice in the sport of parrying compliments is also needed. If we really feel we are incapable of accepting a compliment without embarrassment and must therefore turn it into a joke, then the joke must be a good one. The compliment must be returned in a fresh piece of tissue paper.

"Funny stories" require a brave heart, a good memory, an unfaltering tongue, and strength to resist the temptation to nudge the point. Anecdotes come into a rather different category, and need more imagination than memory. The best raconteurs build up their stories as they go. It may be only an account of a motor drive from London to Brighton, but by the time they have reached Reigate the company will believe anything, and roar for more with the tears rolling down their cheeks. Everything must be personal experience, whether it was or it wasn't.

END

Knitting Below the Hips

(*Continued from page 60*)

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. every armhole end row 4 times. Work 1 in. Cast off. Work another front with shapings at opposite edges and omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and brown wool, cast on 50 sts. Rib 2 ins., k. 1, p. 1, inc. as follows on last row only: * Rib 1, work twice into each of next 4 sts.; rep. from * to end (90 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and green wool. K. 1 row. Continue in main patt. for 16½ ins.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 10 sts. remain. Cast off.

BELT

With double green wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 12 sts. Work 29 ins. main patt., then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until all sts. gone.

BUTTON COVERS (7)

With double brown wool, cast on 10 sts. Work 10 rows main patt. Cast off.

COLLAR

With brown wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 126 sts. Rib 2¾ ins., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off loosely in rib.

RIGHT YOKE

With No. 9 needles and brown wool, cast on 8 sts. Work in main patt., casting on 8 sts. every alternate row at armhole edge until 32 sts. Work ½ in. without shaping, then inc. 1 st. every row at neck edge until 42 sts. Cast on 14 sts. at beg. of next neck edge row (56 sts.). Work 3 more rows. Make buttonhole as for front edge of cardigan. Work 3 ins. Make another buttonhole. Work until armhole edge measures 6 ins.

SHAPE POINT

Cast off 30 sts. at beg. of next armhole end row. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 3 armhole end rows, then 2 sts. at beg. of every armhole end row until all sts. gone. Work another yoke with shapings at opposite edges and omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew yokes in position. Sew in sleeves. Sew on collar. Cover button moulds with covers and sew to coat. Work loops at waist for belt. Sew on buckle.

TENSION

For No. 9 needles, approximately 13 sts. to 2 ins.; for No. 10 needles, approximately 7 sts. to 1 in.

END

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The Treasure Cot itself was 27/6 . . . and she couldn't resist letting them trim it too . . . because she'd saved money on other items.

She's chosen the pram she longed for and Treasure Cot will send it when the time has come to buy it. They advised her to build her nursery slowly, with Unit furniture, a piece at a time as baby's needs grow.

These miniature pieces with their smoothly running drawers, are made by Treasure Cot craftsmen . . . little people will grow to love them.

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P. BABY CARRIAGES
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"Gor-ray" PERMANENT PLEATS Regd. Trade Mark No. 539109 PATENT PENDING.

'GOR-RAY' Skirts

Scientific

Forty Immortals

(*Continued from page* 11)

The cost of the bottle-green embroidered uniform and the undress uniform and cocked hat runs a newly elected member into roughly £90, which is not expensive, considering the amount of embroidery there is on the uniform; but the sword costs a good price, although the newly elected Immortal usually has the sword presented to him by some admirers.

What do the Immortals do? The Immortals are engaged on the work of compiling a French dictionary; this job of work, like the duration of the period of appointment of the secretary of the Academy, may be said to be perpetual, because as soon as the work of compiling a dictionary is complete, the Immortals start on another. It takes roughly thirty years to complete a dictionary, and it is on record that when the Immortals were once beginning one, by an oversight they forgot to incorporate the word "*Académie.*" At the present time the Immortals are meandering through the A's again; but before another period of thirty years has elapsed, it is more than possible that dictionary sessions may be suspended to enable the Immortals to discuss their own immortality; for truth to tell, the finances of the French Academy appear to have become slightly muddled.

Apart from working on a dictionary, which may be said to be the main plank in the work of the Immortals, they also award literary prizes and prizes for merit. The total annual value of these latter prizes is about £25,000 per year, and they include 300 prizes worth about £60 to £130 apiece. In one year it appears the Academy had to examine 27,000 cases of merit before the annual awards could be made.

The Institute of France, of which, as we have seen, the French Academy forms part, is extremely wealthy. It owns vast domains such as the château and the park of Chantilly, and its income from such things as museum visitors' fees, etc., must be immense; its rentals from certain Paris buildings alone must total up to an imposing figure; in fact, the income of the French Academy alone is reported to be in the neighbourhood of six and a half million francs; yet, this year the French Academy is overspent; according to its accounts it had not enough cash in hand to pay over the prize monies. M. Germain-Martin, a former Minister of Finance, was called in to investigate the accounts. The permanent officials, like a famous queen, were not amused; they protested that they as Academy officials were above any such vulgar and material things as an inspection of accounts; but M. Germain-Martin was adamant; he probed everything, and among the amazing things he found was that a certain elderly gentleman had had himself elected to a post such as never existed in the hierarchy of the French Academy; moreover, instead of the eight rooms he had stated he was using in the Institute building, he was occupying twenty-four. This gentleman was five years ago put on the retired list and instructed to give up the keys of the apartment he was occupying in the Institute; he never complied with the request. When on the instructions of M. Germain-Martin, the front door was forced by locksmiths, it was found that the steam-heating apparatus specially installed had burst and caused no little damage.

Storms like these are not unknown beneath the cupola of the French Academy; indeed, life there may be said to be just one crisis after another. After Cardinal Richelieu died, he was succeeded by Archbishop Séguier, who was Protector of the Académie until 1672. Then Louis XIV claimed the office of Protector for himself and for his descendants. The original figure of nine members was increased to twelve, then to twenty-eight and finally to forty, where the figure stands now.

When winter draws on, the aspirants for Academical honours, or perhaps I should say their friends, inquire with solicitude after the health of the more aged and frail wearers of the green habit. When the roll call of the forty Immortals is complete, no man can join that body until one passes on. When a seat becomes vacant, discreet paragraphs in the newspapers state that M. X poses his candidature for the vacant seat, but, oh, my friends, what work for the ladies lies behind those simple words. The great Du Barry herself called for her coach and horses and rattled over the cobblestones to Paris when a living Immortal became a dead Immortal, and some would-be Immortal in whom she was interested needed assistance. What assistance could la Du Barry give? Let us see

The method of election has changed several times since that famous day when the good Abbé was guilty of an indiscretion; but whatever the method, flattery and cajolery have always been favoured weapons in an Academy campaign, and who can flatter and cajole better than the gallant band of helpers headed by la Du Barry herself? A whisper that the King himself *might* be interested in furthering the interests of *M. l'Immortel*, should he be so good as to use his best offices to procure the election under the cupola of *ce cher M. X.* That perhaps was all there was to it in the dead and gone days. Nowadays there is no King of France, although the Head of the State, in the present instance Monsieur Lebrun, must have the new Immortal presented to him. Yet, I wonder what happens if and when a charming lady who possesses neither a coach nor a horse, but whose "Rolmops," as Mistinguett calls a certain make of luxurious motor car, comes to a gentle halt before the doorway of a house in which dwells the exquisite M. Z. who was interested in diplomacy, shall we say, before he was wafted into immortality? Is it not possible that while the dainty lady glances in her hand mirror she may say negligently: "I was talking to the Minister the other evening about that young nephew of yours, the one you were saying hoped to be transferred to Washington; maybe one can arrange something, and oh, by the way, I rather think our dear Durand will be coming to see you, about his election, you know. You *will* do what you can, won't you? *Au revoir, très cher.*"

When the great Chateaubriand was elected, he refused point blank to meet the Head of the State of his time: Napoleon Bonaparte, and history repeated itself in the time of Napoleon III when Berryer refused to meet *him.* That, of course, could not happen now, you may say, but can it not? M. Charles Maurras, of Action Française fame, and of whom report says he is more Royalist than the pouting, petulant Pretender to the Throne of France, was made immortal in the early part of 1939. When he was received under the cupola, the *loge* of *M. le Président de la République Française* was, most unfortunately, empty.

The method of election now is for a majority vote to be cast for the aspirant Immortal. The ballot papers are carefully burnt in a fireplace by the head usher, with ceremony almost as ritual as the burning of the votes cast in a Papal Conclave. Elections do not always run smoothly, particularly when political or literary feelings run high, and the wire-pulling and intriguing outside the magic circle has been strenuous. Social rivalries have also played their part in causing friction within the circle of the Immortals, so that taken all in all, a man who becomes immortalised without any display of rivalry, and whose election beneath the cupola is unanimous may be said to have scored a triumph indeed. Such victories were scored by Marshals Foch, Joffre and Lyautey; likewise Georges Clemenceau, but the wily old "Tiger" steadfastly refused to sit among the elect and work his way through the alphabet. Incidentally, it was M. Colbert who may be remembered not only as the maker of the French navy and an Immortal, but as one who gave his name to a particular and delicious fashion

of cooking a sole, who instituted the handing over of *jetons* to the Immortals. M. Colbert noticed that his fellow Immortals were rather a dilatory crowd, so he thought that a bribe might bring them up to the scratch, as the saying is.

Furetière, one of the only three Immortals to have been expelled from the French Academy, wrote this of his fellow workers beneath the cupola: "The first half-hour is spent in discussing the clock, because the *jetons de présence* are only bestowed on those who have arrived when the hour strikes, which is noted with geometrical precision. Much joy and satisfaction can then be discerned on the faces of the diligent, and consternation on those of the late comers. The latter accuse the former of having had the hands of the clock put forward; watches are compared, clocks observed on the way to the meeting are cited as evidence. The obstreperous try to get themselves reinstated, and occasionally succeed, and the subject is discussed until the end of the meeting. If perchance, any time is left then for work . . ." Furetière was expelled in 1688 on a charge of having plagiarised the official dictionary, by publishing one under his own name before the Academy dictionary was issued.

Although fun is always poked at this dictionary work, it is, of course, a fact that new words creep into a language every so many years, so that each new dictionary does in a way reflect the current changes of thought, belief and even fashion. Yet the French Academy will always be a butt for playwrights and authors and journalists.

It is customary, as far as is naturally possible, for a member say of the profession of arms to be followed by a distinguished soldier, an author by an author. Thus the chair of Joffre passed into the hands of General Weygand; Foch was succeeded by Pétain.

Before election, a man who considers himself eligible for election must pay a personal call on the thirty-nine living Immortals, whether he happens to be acquainted with them or no. As it sometimes happens that a playwright is not on speaking terms with a member of the Academy who is a theatrical critic, the meetings may be attended with a certain amount of embarrassment, but here again lady acquaintances of both parties can and do, so they tell me, smooth out the paths and allow the two men to meet with the minimum of tension. After having paved the way for himself, the candidate withdraws until the day of election, and then if he receives good news, he prepares himself for the ordeal of the speech.

The speech must be in praise of the dead Immortal whose vacant seat the new Immortal is taking. This custom goes back to 1640.

The greatest care is taken in the preparation of the speech the newly-elected one makes, and nowadays it is first submitted for approval and if necessary for censorship.

Like all similar bodies, the French Academy has drawn attention to itself as much by the distinguished men it has not elected as by the men it has made Immortal. The Academy refused Molière because he was an actor, but when Molière was dead, a bust of him was placed among the other marble heads and shoulders of the Immortals. Neither Stendhal nor Balzac, Théophile Gautier, Emile Zola nor Gustave Flaubert were immortalised.

The Immortals to-day include such distinguished names as Léon Bérard, Professor Bergson, Maurice Donnay, Gustave Duhamel, Claude Farrère, Gabriel Hanotaux, Henri Lavedan, André Maurois (the latest elected), also Pierre Benoit; the journalist Louis Gillet; famous soldiers such as Weygand, Pétain and Marshal Franchet d'Esperey; the distinguished sailor, Admiral Lacaze, a former diplomat of note, M. Paléologue and another author, Henri Bordeaux. I have given sixteen names which I think could figure in any fair intelligence test, but what will posterity make of Messieurs Bellesdort, Duc de Broglie, Estaunie, Jaloux, Madelin, Mâle, to pick six names at hazard?

However, let us (*Continued on page* 86)

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now follow the new Immortal, who achieves immortality, incidentally, by the easy method of having his name inscribed, eventually, on the dictionary, and by perhaps the surer method of having his family place a marble bust of him in the meeting hall when he is dead. The newly-elected will have tried on his bottle-green uniform before his admiring family and friends; then he will have sent it down by hand to the Institute to be hung in the library until the day. M. the Immortal arrives a little nervous in a red taxi. He finds quite an unexpected crowd. The hall beneath the cupola will never hold all these people, who have secured more tickets than there are seats. Little old ladies with their smelling salts; very frail old gentlemen who look as if a puff of wind from across the Pont des Arts might break them, and here is the frailest of them all, M. Goyau, the perpetual secretary, who has to be carefully propped up for the procession which is now forming. There is a company of the Republican Guard, with nice pipeclayed breeches, ready to present arms, and there are the drummers to sound the roll when the procession gets under way.

The new Immortal is in the library, under the capable and experienced hands of the usher, who is looking to see if the uniform is all correct, and particularly if the sword is on the right side, meaning the left. The new Immortal glances round and notices a small basket with first-aid aspirins and glasses of water, and hopes he will not need them. M. Goyau is ready; the drummers raise their sticks on high. They come down with a crash, and there is a roll such as we know in the circus when the acrobat is about to take the high jump. That is just what the Immortal is going to do now.

END

Black and White in Africa

(*Continued from page 27*)

come there to to see them. Those tiny little men, with their tiny bows and arrows, and the tiny deer that they shoot or catch in nets. Usually, if they see you coming along the road, they pop back into the bush.

THERE are a few notes about African natives that should be the prelude to any article about them. The first is the amazing percentage of natives along the Equator, and down the Highlands of East Africa, who live at altitudes above five or six thousand feet. This is altogether at variance with the conventional idea of the black man in the steaming jungle—where indeed he is very sparse.

Ruanda Urundi, for example, the Belgian mandate over what was formerly the western-most territory of German East Africa is literally an African Switzerland. There is no snow there, such as on the glaciers on the sides of Ruwenzori—but there are several places on the magnificent road which the Belgians have recently completed into this territory where the passes are seven or eight thousand feet. You see native cultivation all the way up to the lips of these extinct volcanoes. You sleep under blankets. And if, as happened to me, your lights go out on a mountain pass at night—you shiver until the wan day comes along. Which, being on the equator, is precisely 6 a.m.

In this country the ruling caste are the Watusi, a race of giants. Many of them are over seven feet. Few are below six and one-half feet. They have long, wedge-shaped faces like the Galla in Abyssinia. They are not negroes, although what they exactly are is still being argued about among anthropologists.

I MADE a southern détour in my drive across Africa to go down to Kabgayi to stay with the White Fathers. White-bearded Monseigneur Classe, a Frenchman, was the first White Father to penetrate this country, the first European to settle there. This was 1900, and it took him and three priests 107 days on foot from Dar-es-Salaam. They were not allowed to build a fort; and in 1901 they were attacked. Under the rules of their Order, while they could not build a fort, they could carry firearms. They had six. During the attack five natives, on their side, were killed. Meantime the White Fathers succeeded in driving the attackers off.

Kabgayi, at that time was in contested territory; and the Mission flew two flags—the Belgian and the German. It was German during the World War, and German troops occupied the Mission buildings. To-day the flag of Belgium flies before the White Fathers cloisters.

Through it all Monseigneur Classe and his priests went on "weaning" the natives away from their pagan beliefs to Christ. No one, having seen this amazing settlement in the mountains of Ruanda Urundi, will ever feel anything but admiration for the White Fathers again.

They have built a church there as large as some of the cathedrals you will see in remote Spain. They have their hospital, with an operating theatre, and a line of out-patients every morning that, if they stood in line, would be a quarter of a mile long. Three sisters dole out pills, making the natives stick out their tongues and swallow the pill before them. Most are for malaria.

There was a school there, with 2,000 children.

So much for statistics. What is difficult to make plain in print, but what was the most remarkable feature of that religious settlement in the mountains of Africa, was its sense of peace and contentment. The way the White Fathers looked at the natives; the happy way the natives smiled in response to them.

You can't put that on paper.

"OF course I know it's dead wrong to come into another man's country, take it away from him, and then make him work for you," said an East End London Jew to me on the coast of South-West Africa. "*But it's been done!* The only question that now remains is: 'How are you going to treat him, now that you have done that to him?'"

That is the gist of the African problem.

In these seven months I saw the various ideologies of treatment. There is the present-day South African one—"segregation"—where the native is barred, practically by law, from engaging in any pursuit or profession that would bring him into competition with the white man. The Carnegie Mission found, after a careful study, that there are 300,000 "poor whites" in South Africa who are below the "bread-line." Therefore, not to have any more hopeless white men in the community, the present South African policy is more and more to debar the native from skilled trades.

Dr. Malan, the leader of the Nationalist Party in South Africa, would have this bar extended territorially as well as industrially to even the "coloured" population of the Cape—which numbers at least one-quarter of its entire inhabitants. Yet the gold mines and the farms of South Africa could not continue without the supply of cheap black labour—so what can you do?

Until the white man is willing to do manual labour *himself* in South Africa he will never free himself from his dependence upon the black man.

Meanwhile the natives live in "locations" outside the towns. They must carry pass-cards; and they have a curfew. For example, there are 300,000 natives outside Johannesburg in the compounds of the mines. Imagine what it would be like if they were free to roam the streets of the city at night! Especially when they are addicted to a deadly forbidden drink, which, to give it

kick, they mix with blue-stone and carbides.

Curfew, although it may not ring, is usually ten o'clock for the South African native. If he is caught outside his location after that hour, without a permit signed by his master, he is locked up.

The Rhodesias show every sign of going the way South Africa has gone.

In Tanganyika the British have scrupulously administered the Mandate under the slogan that "native interests are paramount." There is, now, no longer any oppression of the native there. On the contrary, the chief complaint of the British settlers is the way the Government refuses to open up any more land for "alienation," i.e., white man's occupation.

On the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro alone there are 25,000 native coffee planters. They have their own societies and a co-operative union which markets their crop. As it happens they have a very capable Englishman at the head of their union. But he is a paid employee of theirs. He has to do what they tell him, if ever a show-down comes over marketing tactics.

In Kenya you have this problem. The white man has pre-empted the Highlands. He speaks of them as "white man's country." When everything is boiled down the problem comes to this: You can't have successful farming in Kenya without cheap labour. You can't pay higher prices, and have the white man exist. The minimum wage is around eight shillings a month for a farm "boy"—and nearly all are on that minimum. It is a see-saw; if the black man comes up the white man goes down.

In Uganda there are only one or two plantations that are not owned by natives. These happen to belong to two Indians who came in there long ago. For the rest, the British do everything in their power to encourage and develop *native* production of cotton—the one major crop. The Indians in Uganda are the middle-men—as they are in Tanganyika for native crops—but, in Uganda, no white man may buy farming land these days. It is a native civilisation, supervised to varying extents by the British Colonial Office, from peasant to the Kabaka of Buganda himself.

But once you cross over into the Belgian Congo you see an entirely different state of affairs. Here are no settlements of private, small individual white planters. The entire Belgian Congo can be said to be in the hands of four huge commercial companies. In the "holding company," which embraces all the others, the Belgian Government itself is about a half partner.

Territories are opened up and developed on a mass-production psychology. Cotton. In the districts where it may be grown the Belgian Congo native to-day is practically forced to grow about one acre of cotton. Ten years ago they whipped them or sent them to jail if they didn't.

To-day, if a native can find any other means to pay his tax, he is not beaten or sent to prison if he doesn't grow cotton. But the *Administrateur* of the district is held responsible—perhaps unofficially—for a certain quota of cotton to come out of it.

By forcing the natives to grow cotton the Belgians have given them the "money urge"—they have shown them the meaning of money, and what it can buy. To-day the majority of the natives in those districts *want* to grow their cotton crop. They want *money*—and the things it will bring.

In the Belgian Colonial Service it is obligatory that every *Administrateur* must spend twenty-one days out of each month on safari—travelling his district. This means an unbelievable freedom from office work, such as is clogging more and more the administrative work in the British mandates and colonies.

IN the French Cameroons you see pretty much the same thing, with a few French and German planters. The biggest plantation in the Cameroons is a German tobacco enterprise, so controlled from Berlin that they have to furnish an estimate to Berlin for any buildings they want to put up. Berlin allows them (*Continued on page* 88)

Lady Georgina Hay says

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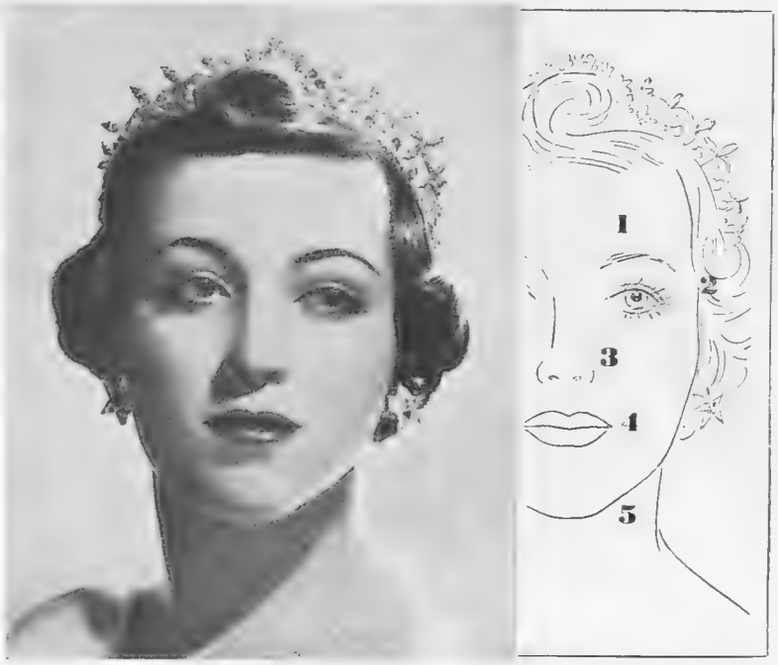

ANALYSIS OF LADY GEORGINA HAY'S FEATURES

(**1**) *Brow*—broad, white and absolutely free from lines. (**2**) *Eyes*—brilliant hazel, vivacious in expression, with smooth, delicate white lids, dark lashes and eyebrows. (**3**) *Nose*—straight, well-formed, with fine, even-pored skin . . . no shine, no big pores or blackheads. (**4**) *Mouth* — full, vivid, expressive with beautifully shaped lips . . . . no lines at the corners to spoil its perfection. (**5**) *Chin* — softly rounded with smooth, unblemished velvety skin.

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(Right) Lady Georgina with her prize-winning Shetland sheep-dog.

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that much money out of their profits. Aside from that, and running expenses, all that tobacco plantation's profits remain in Germany, in Aski marks.

Here you have the different phases of native development under the white man. South-West Africa, and South Africa itself, where he is legally debarred from competing with the white man, and cannot enter any skilled trade.

Tanganyika and Uganda, where the British policy is to keep the country in trust for the natives. And they do this literally. This is no make-believe.

Kenya, which the settlers there speak of as a "White Man's Country"—which seems destined to go along South African lines.

Then the Congo—monopolised by four big business combinations—no white planters—the natives regarded practically as a vast store-house of energy, labour. Yet with nevertheless more attention paid to their welfare than anywhere else in Africa.

French Equatorial Africa, and the Cameroons, where the policy of making French citizens of all the natives has been dropped for what is called "parallelisation"—in other words, there is a small native *élite* which is entitled to French citizenship—the rest are subjects. They are a labour supply similar to that in the Belgian Congo—but without as good medical and housing conditions.

No white man goes to French Equatorial Africa (France's poorest colony, and the most understaffed) to make his home there. He goes there for his career, or to make money, and clear out.

Now we come to the ultimate in native evolution in Africa—the big negro states of

Black and White in Africa

Nigeria and the Gold Coast. Here everything is entirely native cultivation. There is no colour bar to any profession or trade. There are 104 locomotive drivers in the Gold Coast—and all of them are natives. Something like this also exists in the Belgian Congo, where natives drive the locomotives and are the mechanics in most of the large machinery plants. But the production of the Gold Coast is not in the hands of Europeans.

Forty years ago, starting with one pod—which a native smuggled into the country—the natives of the Gold Coast began the cultivation of cocoa. To-day the Gold Coast exports forty per cent of all the cocoa exports in the world. It is far and away bigger than Brazil or Ecuador in its quantity.

And here, since the old slave days, the white man—the Dutch, Danish, and the English—have been in contact with the black man. The result is that in the Gold Coast to-day you have a situation somewhat paralleling Jamaica, where there is no colour bar, where black and white mix at social functions, where Gold Coast natives hold some of the most responsible positions in the Government. The Solicitor-General of the Gold Coast is, for example, an African.

It is a colony with "growing pains," with an *élite* without sufficient jobs for them, without an *intelligentsia* which expresses itself in the three native-owned newspapers. Always demanding equal pay with the Europeans; and more and more Government jobs.

END

A Favour to Old Vienna

(*Continued from page* 39)

son you and I would have had. He's so unlike his mother. He doesn't seem to be a part of her at all. I used to tell him stories about you—how important you were on the stage. And when he was old enough I took him to see you in a play. I must add a postscript to this letter and tell him about you now."

"About me now, Charles?"

"Yes, *liebling*, because you'll never see him. Now that he's out of the city he must get to the border if ever the chance comes. And—and I want him to know his father won't be alone. I'm with you again. He'll be so glad to know."

Two nights later Anna carefully opened her door to a soft, impetuous knock. There stood a taut, white-faced boy of perhaps twenty-three with tumbled russet-gold hair.

Anna's eyes widened. "I know who you are—you're Paul."

"Madam Stiassny?" he asked, with a crisp directness.

"Yes." She hastened him in and closed the door.

"Something pretty messy has happened. I want to see my father—to say good-bye—I just couldn't try to make for the border without seeing him once again. And when I'm gone I'm banking on you, Madam Stiassny, to stand by him. He's going to take it pretty hard."

"He's out looking up old Franz to send you another letter. Your sweetheart's father, Herr Duhrig, was arrested for treason to-day—and—and you ought to know what that's going to mean."

"Yes," said the boy, with hard, defiant lips, "I know—Liane was afraid that would happen. She's been hiding with me. And she came into town with me—to try to see her father."

"Oh, you two insane children! You'll never get out of here again. Why didn't you stay put where you were?"

There was a bitter calm in his voice. "We couldn't, madam. Our host and hostess—the Weinmullers—we found them dead in their bed this morning—a suicide pact."

"But they were so young!" cried Anna. "Young like you."

"Yes. And Julius and Dorothea were so happy. And they hadn't been arrested that I know of. Nothing to arrest them for. But maybe they heard Liane and me talking. The chances we're going to have to take to stay together and remain alive. Maybe they were afraid of our Austria that can't be Austria any more."

There came another knock at the door. Paul leapt towards it. "I know who it is. You'll pardon my great liberty, Madam Stiassny. It's Liane. I told her to meet me at my father's or down here."

When the door was closed again, Anna beheld a dark, slender, very pale girl. She was obviously frightened, but there was something steel-like in her eyes, in her voice, in her very body that wouldn't permit her to sink before this fear.

The girl spoke resolutely. "I'm sorry to put you in this embarrassing position, Madam Stiassny. My father is in very bad with the Government these days. And it isn't fair for one of his family to be running to the protection of the great Madam Stiassny. Your reputation is too fine in Vienna. But. . . ."

"You mustn't have any uneasiness about being here, *fräulein*."

These two before her were sketched in straight, bold strokes. They were facing stark and terrible problems which she couldn't have dreamed of facing at their age; except in some preposterous melodrama on the stage of a provincial theatre. Yes, she had appeared in many of those types of plays, acquiring experience, preparing herself to become a star in Vienna.

"Tell me, *fräulein*, did you see your father?"

"No," Liane started with a sob and quickly stifled it. "That's impossible now. He's in prison. And my aunt told me I must get away at once."

"Did the police see you?" continued Anna.

"No."

"Do they know you by sight?"

"Not yet. Our family has never seemed important until just recently." The girl turned with a sudden anguish to Paul. "Oh, my darling, it's no use—after what we had to do before we left this morning.

Something will happen from that and——"

"What did you have to do this morning?" persisted Anna.

The boy spoke in her stead. "We had to bury Julius and Dorothea ourselves—in their garden. That's what they would have wanted. We couldn't just leave them on that bed. And we were afraid to call anybody. It would have meant sure arrest for us on some trumped-up charge."

"Yes, it would," said Anna. "Then nobody knows they're dead?"

"Not yet."

"But, Paul," whimpered Liane, "someone *will* find out. And the police would love to pin something like that on me or my father. They'll finally make it out that I killed them. I'm too much of a risk. You've got to go now without me."

"No, *liebling*, not without you."

Anna smiled. The boy said "*liebling*" so simply and tenderly—just as his father had said it in a carriage filled with wild violets winding away from Schönbrunn.

Within a few minutes the elder Richtenberg had joined them in Anna's apartment. The father and son quickly and frenziedly embraced.

"Paul! Paul!" mumbled Charles, clutching the strong, young shoulders opposite him as though they might dematerialise and vanish were he to loosen his hold.

"Father, I had to see you once more. And I wanted you to know Liane. Because we're going to spend our life together."

Charles made himself cordial, and then he grew fond of the girl when he realised that she stood with him in demanding that Paul attempt to get over the border alone.

"Paul, when Liane agrees with me it must be the wise thing. And I swear on my honour as a Richtenberg to hide her away, protect her, and then as soon as this Nazi madness has cooled down a bit, I'll make every effort, pull every wire to send her on to you."

"But, father, don't you see? You're not in love with Liane. And no man can protect her the way the man who loves her can." Paul smiled gravely. "I don't want to offend you, but—but is any Richtenberg staying in Vienna in the position to do much protecting or wire-pulling?"

Anna rose from her chair. "I have an idea! A wild, mad idea! But these are mad, wild times and it might work! It might work for all of us. First I must carefully explain it to you all. And then if you approve, I must make a long-distance call to London."

The next morning the beauty *salon* at the "Bristol" was Anna Stiassny's first destination. By afternoon she was ready to proceed to an appointment she had arranged at the *Polizei-Direktion*. For years it seemed she waited and waited before those massive, baroque doors of the Commissioner of the Police, Herr von Hansen. Waiting, she mused, was something she hadn't done in thirty years. Not since she used to wait in managers' offices hoping for a chance to appear in a Vienna theatre.

At that moment a secretary announced that Herr von Hansen would see her, and she stood up and went through the tall doors to confront a small, bulbous man with thin black hair and thick-lensed spectacles. He was seated, almost buried to his chest, behind a walnut carved desk, elaborately ornamented with gold.

"Madame Stiassny," came his easy, unctuous voice, "I am sure you don't remember me. I was relatively unimportant in those days. I was a callboy at the Burgtheatre during some of your spectacular seasons."

"Oh—" she started to remonstrate that she remembered him quite well now, and then quickly she substituted a shaking of her head and feigned a wretched memory. Only in her thoughts would she remember him vividly. He was the boy to whom they had traced the theft of a pair of sapphire cuff links from the dressing-room of her leading man during a production of *Hedda Gabler*. And now this upheaval in Vienna had spewed him forth as an important official of the law! (*Continued on page* 90)

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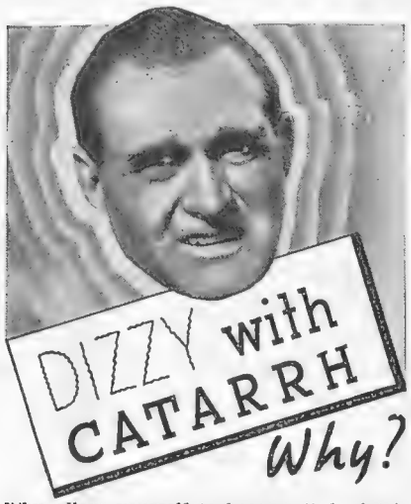

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P 7

He beckoned her to a chair and reached toward a bronze box and offered a long cigarette. They were Cuban, not Russian or Soviet, he deftly assured her. He then drew back into his column of smoke.

"I haven't seen madam on the stage for a long time. How vicious rumour is. I was told you were looking quite seedy and run-down of late. No manager would offer you a part. But here I find you looking remarkably fit."

His slyly familiar, aren't-we-still-behind-the-scenes manner, she knew, was calculated to annoy her. She projected pleasantness. "Isn't that odd, Herr von Hansen? That's just what I'm here to talk to you about—acting. My old manager, Ernst Prokop—you must remember him—well, he assures me in this radiogram that if I can get together an agreeable company he can book me for some weeks of spring repertory at the Haymarket Theatre in London."

With that she handed him the radioed message she had received from her dependable Prokop. The police commissioner carefully examined it.

Anna continued, "And as passports for a company of artistes are a ticklish matter these days, I decided to come directly to you and ask your help and advice before I wired any decision to Prokop."

He seemingly hadn't heard her request. "You in repertory, Madam Stiassny? Surely not in the old standbys like *Camille* and *Romeo and Juliet?*"

She had to drive her lips into a smile. "I see what you mean, Herr von Hansen. But even an actress now and then can realise when she's too old for certain rôles like Camille and Juliet. No, I propose to do Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts*, Lady Macbeth, perhaps the ageing actress in Chekov's *The Sea Gull*. And I'd like to revive Hans Vogel's drama he wrote for me, *The Eternal Fire*, and that excellent farce, *The Stubborn Frau Mueller*. Both, may I say, suited to my age."

"If you're so desirous to act, why go abroad? Why be so stingy with your art to your home city?"

"Well, it—it's rather unsettled here just now and people's minds aren't probably on the theatre. And it *is* the season in London, and if the repertory goes well, the company will be in very smooth condition to come back here for an engagement later in the summer. That was my plan."

He had lifted a gunmetal paper-cutter and was balancing it on his podgy forefinger. "I see. And just when do you propose to go and how many artistes do you plan to take with you?"

"I should like to go the end of this week to rehearse in London. Prokop is also going to direct. And the plays I'm doing, as you can see, don't require large casts, except *Macbeth*, and Prokop assures me he can find enough actors who speak good German around London to fill the small parts. I'm taking Anton Hellmer, the leading man I've had in so many plays, and that superb character actress, Frieda Beyer, and Herr and Frau Brandel, and——"

Anna took another breath to pour forth her remaining words with conviction. "And—and Herr Julius Weinmuller and his wife Dorothea."

"Don't know them," he snapped promptly.

"Probably you don't. They're—newcomers in the threatre trying to get established. Julius Weinmuller is a competent stage manager and can play small character bits. And his wife will play *ingénue* parts. She's quite pretty."

The police commissioner had stopped playing with the paper-cutter. He was very quiet behind his smoke screen—too quiet for Anna's comfort. She went on in a smooth, cajoling tone. "I know this is a great favour I ask to take artistes out of the country at this time. But, Herr von Hansen, you must have always loved the theatre to have been a call boy at the Burgtheatre in your youth. You understand. That's why I'd like you to meet these actors and talk with them. Couldn't we all meet for coffee at your favourite café some afternoon this week, if that's convenient, and if it would interest you?"

A Favour to Old Vienna

As Madam Stiassny's company sat around a large table, two days later, with their coffee and whipped cream, Anna felt more in control of the situation. She hadn't, after all, manufactured a hoax. Prokop over that telephone that night had readily agreed to get her a booking in a London theatre. The Stiassny name would always retain its magic. And Anton Hellmer and Frieda Beyer and the Brandels she could depend upon, for they all had acted together for so many years.

It was the ghosts of the tragic Weinmullers that plagued Anna, and lent a macabre air to her introduction of Liane and Paul under those assumed names.

She waited with bated breath as von Hansen eyed Paul and Liane, who were presenting an undeniable picture of naïve, ambitious youth, eager for this chance to further their careers under the guidance of the famous Stiassny. She shuddered at the skill with which the human face could irradiate deceptive impressions. If von Hansen could only glimpse behind that *naïveté*! A grimly determined boy and girl who already at their age had buried two bodies with their own hands in a quiet, inconspicuous garden beyond the city.

Von Hansen adjusted his thick spectacles and nodded approval of Anna's efforts toward a supporting cast.

Liane jubilantly pressed Paul's knee under the table at the obvious success of their interview with the commissioner. "Oh, Herr von Hansen," she begged, "Please, won't you have a cigarette from my case?"

"No," broke in Anna, "Herr von Hansen has his own special Cuban brand. I remembered and brought along a pack of them. They're excellent. I think I'm already won over to them."

"No, thank you," said von Hansen, "I think I shall break precedent and have one of Frau Weinmuller's. Her brand must be excellent, too." And he put forth his thick, fat fingers toward the case.

When the *kaffeeklatch* had come to an end, the company drifted off in various directions to disguise any possible tension over the coming journey across the border.

Anna took a cab quickly to the apartment in Johannesgasse where Charles would be waiting.

"The scheme is working, *cheri*! Having them meet von Hansen for coffee made it all seem so innocent and above board. We'll all be safe by to-morrow night. Oh, don't look so sad, *liebling*! I've fixed it for you, just as we planned. Before I left von Hansen I casually said that I was also taking along a sort of general assistant and factotum for the company by the name of Franz Hochstetter. I said I regretted that you—Franz—couldn't be at the café because you were attending to last-minute errands for all of us. He accepted the whole story and you're to have a passport. And what a make-up artiste I am, *mon cher*! With a wig and some whiskers and some spectacles I can make you a perfect facsimile of the old dilapidated Franz. You won't know yourself!"

"Magnificent, Anna! Franz was here just a while ago. I told him the possibilities and he's only too happy out of loyalty to the Richtenbergs to let me pay him the salary he makes at the laundry and leave town and go hide at his brother's house in some village down the Danube and wait to hear from me."

The following afternoon the Arlberg-Paris express had already steamed through Linz and Salzburg—two apprehensive stations that could be checked off the list by Madam Stiassny's company of eight rigidly sitting in two compartments.

Anna and Charles had purposely chosen seats in the compartment not containing Liane and Paul. The children were under a terrible strain posing as the Weinmullers. And neither couple wanted the other to see their terror at the threatening possibility of arrest at the next kilometre of track ahead—and the next—and the next—and the next. . . .

The spring twilight was swallowed into darkness along the Inn River valley. And then came Innsbruck.

Past the window—hurrying voices on the platform—eight of the train's passengers silently sitting—baggage-cart wheels rumbling over ancient cobblestones—the crescendo and diminuendo of footsteps along the corridor—luggage bumped against doors and woodwork and tossed into shelves in adjacent compartments.

The sharp, shrill whistle of the locomotive and the train was pushing on again towards the Swiss Alps. Another apprehension shed from the list!

The locomotive puffed and screamed its way into the Arlberg tunnel. It was almost eleven o'clock — then eleven — then ten minutes after — fifteen — twenty — then the half-hour and the train came to a stop at Feldkirch.

The familiar drone of the border officials approaching along the corridor.

Anna and Charles sat motionless as the official slapped the door of the adjoining compartment. Paul and Liane were facing the supreme inspection. There was a growl of voices, a rattle of papers, and the door was slammed shut again. Within a second, Anna's compartment was opened to the officer and his companion.

Passports and luggage were proffered for examination. Frieda Beyer and Anton Hellmer and Charles sat quietly. Anna stood up, half covering Charles as the officer took her passport.

"The—the papers of the other members of my company in the next compartment are in order?" she inquired, with a pleasant casualness.

"Yes, madam. But this man——"

He pointed to the old man peering over spectacles with scraggly whiskers, dressed in a shiny but neatly pressed suit, and a faded foulard tie that might have been the cast-off elegance of some prosperous actor.

"Oh, you mean old Franz. Oh, he isn't going to act. He was merely employed to be a sort of general assistant to the stage manager."

"How many of your companies has he been in, madam?"

"Why, none, but he used to be an actor as a young man. He found the going hard, so he's been working in a laundry. But when he heard I was going to London he came and asked for a job."

"He has deceived you, madam. An impostor. He is not Franz Hochstetter. Are you?" he hurled at Charles.

"Don't answer, Franz," whipped in Anna. "Officer, why are you trying to make out a case against this confused old man. I'll be responsible for him. This is most annoying, for I have important appointments to-morrow morning in Paris with costumers and my London manager, Herr Prokop."

"I'm sorry, madam, but orders came from Herr von Hansen's office in Vienna. The true Franz Hochstetter was run down on his bicycle leaving Vienna this afternoon and he was finally identified by his former employers at the laundry. They came to the hospital. So this man must be taken from the train. Commissioner von Hansen is flying here to attend to the matter himself."

Charles straightened slightly and adjusted his spectacles. "Then you must go on, Madam Stiassny. You must."

His eyes were intent and commanding upon Anna. "You must go!" the eyes kept saying after his tongue had stopped. "There's still a chance to save you and Paul and Liane. You mustn't destroy it!"

"Very well, officer," said Anna slowly, "the other members of the company will continue on to Paris. But I feel responsible for all of them, so I shall stay and speak to Herr von Hansen on this man's behalf."

"No, madam, no! I beg you," pleaded Charles, shaking his head until the stage property spectacles to which he was unaccustomed almost fell from the bridge of his nose.

"Fraulein Beyer and the stage manager, Herr Weinmuller," (*Continued on page 92*)

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persisted Anna, "can take charge of my luggage and send it to my Paris hotel. Then to-morrow I'll join them there by plane."

"As you wish, madam," shrugged the officer, and turned.

Charles stood on the platform in the darkness. His tears blurred the oblong patches of light that were the car windows—and the boy seated within and the girl close against his shoulder. Anna was clutching Charles's hand.

The familiar whistle shot out into the mountain air and then slowly and then faster and faster the car windows shimmered past them, and soon the train was a vanishing speck of light in the darkness to Switzerland.

At that instant an automobile screeched and halted abruptly by the platform.

"Where is that train?" shouted von Hansen. His head was hardly discernible in the turned-up collar of his trench coat. His fat arms angrily waving looked as though they were hinged on an overstuffed brown sack.

"It's gone, Herr Commissioner," said the border official.

"Gone?"

"Yes, Herr Commissioner, some minutes ago."

"You damn blundering pig!"

"Oh, the prisoner is off the train, Herr Commissioner."

"I don't want one. I want them all."

"But your telegram, Herr Commissioner . . . you wanted Hochstetter of the company——"

"My office couldn't wire the wrong orders. I said Hochstetter *and* the company! Not *of*! You'll be disgraced for this! Court martialled! Sent to a concentration camp!"

Von Hansen suddenly stopped roaring. His voice dropped to an edged silkiness. "Madam Stiassny! To think I have such luck to find you off that train. I am recompensed for my hurried trip in the plane. Of course, you got off to delight the citizens of Feldkirch with your *Lady Macbeth*. And Hochstetter here! No doubt he will play your *Macbeth*. Or—or would he be more plausible in the rôle of Count Charles Richtenberg? Open enemy of our new Government! And that son of yours! We'll track him down, too! I know he's hiding in Vienna. We'll get him!"

"Maybe, Herr Commissioner," said Charles. "But this is all his affair and mine—this getting out of Austria. Let me assure you that madam here knew nothing of my impersonation. I used her. I went to her posing as a broken down actor and took advantage of her known generosity to old troupers."

"H'mmm," smiled von Hansen. "Then madam must heartily enjoy impersonations. For I have reason to believe she also took into her company traitor Duhrig's daughter, Fräulein Liane. Doubts began to sprout in my mind over coffee the other day when

A Favour to Old Vienna

the charming little lady, supposedly Frau Dorothea Weinmuller, offered me a cigarette from a case with the initials 'L.D.' engraved on it. Yet, I was taken in by madam's desire to give her art to the world. I couldn't believe until this Hochstetter matter broke that she would help traitors. I couldn't believe it. Have you anything to say, madam?"

"Nothing."

"It was certainly a foolish responsibility I undertook. I was touched by madam's sincerity and perhaps a sentimental regard for her brilliant past on the Vienna stage. But we shall quickly close the books on that responsibility. I haven't worked up from a miserable call boy to my present position only to provoke criticism from Berlin and jeopardise myself—no!"

He smiled again, apparently pleased that he had reaffirmed his position to himself. "So I'm afraid any further expression of Madam Stiassny's art will have to go unexpressed. We'll have to treasure her acting in our memories."

"I understand," came Anna's even, strong tone.

"But I still have regard for madam's position in the hearts of Viennese people. So in the newspapers—and praise to God we have jurisdiction over them—our people will not read you are a traitor. No, I'll spare you that. They'll read that Madam Stiassny and her companion while motoring in the Salzburger Alps met with a very unfortunate accident in their car. . . ."

DAWN had not yet broken into the mountains. Anna and Charles stood in a yard enclosed in high walls.

"Anna, dearest Anna." He fumblingly protected her hand from a cold night wind blowing from the mountains to the south. "If only we hadn't met on those stairs that night."

"If we hadn't, Charles," she desperately steadied her voice, "I'd have gone on being a silly old, *passée* actress. But now. . . ." She squeezed his fingers between hers. "Now I'm all spruced up. My hair waved. And those two children. They have the courage to stay together that we didn't have. So this is a kind of favour to old lovely, sentimental Vienna—when we were young. I'm sure if we had that chance again . . ."

"Yes, *liebling*! If we had that chance again we'd be like Paul and Liane. Why, *liebling*! We *are* having that chance right now—and the courage. . . ."

There was a cry from an officer at the end of the yard. There was a sharp blast of guns.

And somewhere to the west a train was sweeping through the dark bearing a boy and girl towards Paris.

END

Crisis (*Continued from page* 43)

to eat strawberries and salmon and asparagus and new English peas just before they were properly in season, might, if he returned to his native Austria, eat only what the German Führer decreed he should eat.

WHEN Auriol had married Theo ten years ago, every one had envied her; he was so rich, so good looking, he had all the charm of his race; Theo, to this day, often dropped the light Austrian gallantry, "*Küss die hand*," greeting a woman. Yes, he had been a catch for Auriol Sheen, scratching up a hand-to-mouth living in musical shows.

He had been a good husband; Auriol was the first to admit that. A little dull, terribly conventional. Most times it was kinder to lie to Theo about a luncheon with another man than to give him the honest and innocent truth. But he was in the City all day, weekends he went to the country to shoot, or fish, or play golf; sometimes Auriol accompanied him, sometimes she didn't; it depended whether or not she had more amusing engagements of her own; their marriage was considered a complete success, for Theo could afford for them to lead entirely individual lives, sleep in separate rooms.

Auriol had been wildly in love with him in the beginning; there had been a mesmerising quality about his thick dark hair, his eyes which were like black fire, the obstinate strength of his thin straight mouth. After batting about in the theatre world for five years, there had been a sweet restfulness in Theo's courteousness; she was twenty-three at the time and he was the first man she'd known at all intimately, who bothered to see her home after giving her supper, and who would ride in a taxi with her without demanding kisses in return for the lift.

Yes, she had been wildly, frighteningly in love with him; she hadn't married him for his money, but she was honest enough with herself to realise it was that which had made of their marriage the pleasantly solid thing it still was after ten years. She never quite knew how it happened, they had drifted apart emotionally, after less than a year of being

together, but, apart from those ecstasies of his love making which lingered, for quite a good deal longer, she realised, after being his wife for six months, that Theo bored her.

The things he talked about—politics, economics, Wagner—at first he had tried, tenderly teasing, to raise her intellectually to his own level, but she had killed his efforts stone dead: "Theo, I never was, and never will be, a clever woman, and I may as well disillusion you now. I just manage to remember the name of the Prime Minister, but it is quite useless for you to try and talk about the Opposition and that sort of thing, because I don't know who they are and the only music which really thrills me is Noel Coward's and Irving Berlin's . . ."

"I see." Theo had left it at that, and now, on the rare occasions when they were alone together, they discussed Auriol's clothes, her friends, other people's marriages, or lapsed into long, unembarrassed silences.

Auriol's conscience was entirely at peace; she counted herself a better wife than most of her friends. She had always been emotionally, as well as physically, faithful to Theo, in spite of the occasional luncheon and *matinée* with some other man. She remembered his dislikes and likes when ordering a meal; she was a perfect hostess to his business friends on the rare occasions that he entertained them in his home; her tastes in clothes and the way she wore her jewels were a constant advertisement of his success. He gave her a generous allowance which she never exceeded; she kept a personal check on all the household bills.

Joco's words ran round and round her brain like a couple of mice chasing each other on a wheel. Then Vera had pressed her hand and Paula had screamed: "*Oh! poor old Auriol!*" There had been a silence after that, cool, embarrassed, and all at once Auriol had felt as though she had been pushed far away from that bridge party; that she no longer "belonged" among those three women who had been her friends for the last seven or eight years, and who had envied her her gracious house in Westminster Square, her banking account, her Paris clothes . . . *her Theo*, and who counted it as an exciting "date" to be invited to the Vachts for dinner: Vera, the Colonel's wife and mother of two rowdy red-headed sons, and who bought her clothes, *second hand*, at some Kensington dress agency, and Paula who wrote hard, brilliant novels, the sales of which barely paid her typing bills, although the book critics reviewed her enthusiastically always on the day of publication, and who boasted she lived on her friends, giving epigrams in return for her meals.

Then Joco, who had been almost hysterical about the possibility of war. Not that she had anything much to lose if war did break out. Sir Vincent Curle was a landowner, and Joco had money from an American godmother safely tied up in sound American stock—at worst she would only have to close her London flat overlooking the Park and go and live at Curle Manor in Somerset, where her husband spent most of his time.

Auriol, sitting still as a statue in her beautiful white drawing-room, was thinking that war couldn't hurt any one of those three badly. The Colonel would properly get a much-needed promotion at the War Office and Vera and the boys could go to the country; Paula's reputation as a writer would probably win her a safe, very remunerative job on a newspaper, where she would "Carry on for a chap out at the front."

"And I have everything to lose," she said the words aloud. "My home, even my country."

She was still standing at the window when he came into the room. She turned. Unconsciously her arms fell stiffly to her sides, her hands were clenched and the air seemed electric with strange antagonisms—like a battlefield—nation fighting nation.

"You're early . . ."

She was staring hard at Theo. But this tall, broad-shouldered man with dark hair lightly powdered with silver at the temples, was a stranger to her. He was an Austrian —*the Enemy*. And (*Continued on page* 94)

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he had dragged her cunningly into his camp. "*If Theo is an Austrian, then you are an Austrian too . . .*" An alien.

His bearing was still that of a soldier. Twenty years ago he had been an officer in the Austrian Army, fighting British soldiers, raising his glass high to toast "King-Emperor" and the German Kaiser. Auriol remembered the last war which had finished soon after her sixteenth birthday and now the harsh clichés of those times came to her throat and she had to hold back her urgent longing to hurl them at Theo. "Hun, Bosche, murderer of defenceless women and little innocent children."

He kissed her on the cheek, apparently ignorant of the terrible turmoil raging within her.

"Theo, what do they say in the City? Is there going to be a war—that swine Hitler, what is he up to? *You* ought to know——"

"No one knows. It all depends, I think, on the people's tempers."

She saw that he looked desperately worried, and that made her all the more angry. It was Theo's fault, Theo's people who had pushed Europe into this state of rocking uncertainty; she forgot his Austrian nationality and saw him now as one of Hitler's Nazi-men; a Jew baiter, a poor sheep which blindly obeyed the rantings of the Führer, like millions of other poor sheep.

She picked up his words:

"The people's tempers; you mean the hysteria and greed of that man you Germans so stupidly look to as your god, the great infallible leader——"

A dull flush rose to Theo's lean, bronzed cheeks.

"My dear, I am an Austrian."

"It's the same thing these days——"

"That depends on your point of view."

Auriol turned away. She couldn't bear to look at Theo any longer. Theo—one of Adolf Hitler's subjects—*the Enemy, the Bosche.* And because she had married him she was an enemy too—Vera and Paula and Joco's enemy. Poor Auriol who had a Nazi passport.

She asked, her eyes still averted:

"What of me? I'm an alien, too, because I married one. It's unfair, so dastardly unfair—do you hear me, Theo?" Her voice rose. "I'm British—all my people have been British for generations; I had an uncle who died for Britain in the South African War, my brother still lies awake with five pillows at his back gasping for breath night after night, because of what *your* people did to him in the last war—and yet they dare to say I'm Austrian, a Nazi, an alien, an enemy to the country I've been born and brought up in and loved . . ."

She flung herself on to the settee and wept, her face pressed against the soft white fur. She felt Theo's arms go round her, but there was no comfort, no protection in the embrace.

"My dear Auriol, don't cry; perhaps it will all blow over; sincerely, I don't believe the storm is going to break in spite of the heavy clouds. . . ."

Theo's voice came to her, low, anxious, but it was the voice of a stranger; the voices of millions of Nazis.

Auriol raised her flushed, tear-stained face.

"And if there *is* war?"

Theo looked so worried, shamed, but she had no compassion for him.

"In that case, my darling," he said, "I am afraid they won't let you stay here—I am afraid you will have to come with me——"

"To Germany?"

"To *Austria*—to our *Schloss*, to my sister Mitzi, who will love you and be kind to you——"

"I'd rather die," gulped Auriol and buried her face in the white fur covering of the settee again.

AURIOL didn't go outside her house the next day. She stayed in bed later than usual, instructed her maid:

"Tell any one who telephones that I'm not well, a touch of flu—I don't want to be disturbed. . . ."

She should have lunched with Vera at her stuffy woman's club in Kensington, but

she couldn't face it. When she telephoned to break the engagement: "A little touch of flu, darling," she thought she detected a note of relief in Vera's voice.

Last evening, holding on fast to her self-control, trying not to let Theo guess of those cold coils of her bitter resentment tightened round her heart, she had urged him to talk about the crisis.

"Theo, what do *you* think?"

She had made it sound as though he were on the other side.

Theo had been guarded. You couldn't tell. He didn't believe that governments would so completely ignore the will of their peoples as to plunge them into war again. But he had taken precautions; he had gold in his office safe, lots of it. He explained apologetically:

"Auriol, I had to see that you would be all right."

He had money for her, she would be safe, cherished, with his sister Mitzi in the old *Schloss* up in the Tyrol. From Theo's point of view she would be "all right." She writhed at his lack of imagination. Couldn't he realise that as an Englishwoman she would be wanting to help in *British* canteens, in a munition factory—she would want to wave the Union Jack and show the world she was on England's side. She would want to share the danger of air raids with her fellow countrymen, not to be shut away in an *Enemy* castle, protected by *Enemy* women.

"And you, Theo?" she had asked, not really caring.

He had shrugged. He didn't know yet.

"Anyway, I don't believe there is going to be a war," he had insisted. But she knew from the withdrawn, almost shamed look in his eyes that he would offer his services to the country of his birth.

Auriol got up just before lunch.

She sent Amy, the parlourmaid, out for the midday editions of the newspapers and read that the reservists had been called up. Battleships were being rushed to the Mediterranean; a political correspondent had written from Berlin that the atmosphere was tense; another correspondent wrote from Paris that the windows of a German travel bureau had been stoned; someone had spat in the face of its director when he came out into the street.

Auriol sat for some time at the window of the dining-room after lunch. People were passing to and fro, going about their usual business.

"*Business as usual.*" That had been a slogan of the last war, hadn't it?

Later, she went back to the drawing-room and turned on the radio. "The situation is very grave," stated an announcer in his unemotional Oxford accent. The Cabinet was meeting this afternoon, foreign ambassadors had been in conference for three hours this morning. All military and naval leave had been cancelled. The anti-aircraft guns throughout the country had been manned these last two days.

"England at war. . . ." Memories stormed Auriol's anguished brain—ration cards, queues outside the food shops, the air raids, the grey, anxious faces of the women—the frenzied hilarity of men pouring out of Victoria Station on leave—*It's a Long Way to Tipperary* and *Keep the Home Fires Burning*. And later, *The Yanks are Coming*.

"And I'm on their side, I'm one of the Führer's subjects. . . ."

If war broke out she would have to go to Austria. She would have to raise her arm like thousands of other German women, scream "Heil Hitler" as a greeting instead of wishing people a friendly "Good morning."

That was what her marriage had done for her—that brilliant marriage of hers to Theo Vacht. Theo had given her money, furs, jewels, this lovely cream-and-green-painted house, but he had robbed her of what had become, during the last hours, ever since Joco had broken up the bridge game, her most cherished possession, her British citizenship, and she felt poorer than Mrs. Stevens who came to do the steps every morning with her dead (*Continued on page* 96)

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husband's war medals pinned on to her old grey woollen cardigan.

Joco telephoned during the afternoon.

"Auriol, darling, how are you?"

Auriol said she had a headache and a bit of a cold and hoped it wasn't going to be flu, but she knew Joco wasn't inquiring about her health.

"What has Theo to say about everything?" Joco asked cautiously. "Of course, one can't really think of him as a German."

"Why should one?" demanded Auriol. "He's Austrian."

Joco said in the unconvincing, cheerful tone a healthy person uses to an invalid: "See you sometime, darling."

Paula telephoned, too. She had already offered her services to one of the newspaper magnates.

"Got to do one's bit," she shrieked elatedly. "But, Auriol, I'm so worried for you—darling, I've got to warn you—Jim Claimes—you've met him, darling, he's the big noise on the *Sunday Star*—well, he's sacked his ace-cameraman on account of his being half German—I mean, I think you ought to know, the feeling is pretty strong against Germans earning a living in this country—" She paused a moment, then asked: "How's Theo?"

Theo was fine, Auriol said icily, and Paula rushed on:

"About you, darling—you know, I do get a bit of inside information sometimes—and if you take my advice you'll make Theo put you on to the first boat sailing for the States—*before it is too late*——"

"Thank you for bothering," Auriol said in a small, polite voice and rang off.

Auriol's forehead felt damp, and her hand, removed from the ivory telephone, trembled. Those women—those three women whom she had counted as her best friends. At her club Vera would have been saying self-righteously: "*Dear* Mrs. Vacht—she should have lunched with me to-day. . . . Of course, I quite understood when she telephoned to cancel it—her husband being an Austrian—so tactful of dear Auriol. . . ."

Paula, galumphing round and bragging how, thanks to her, poor old Auriol would be well on her way to the States before war were actually declared. Joco would have people for bridge this afternoon and of course they would all talk about "poor Auriol."

"*What will happen to Auriol?*"

And they would say how much they loved her and how much they had always admired Theo, but that just now it wasn't such a good thing to have the Vachts to the house.

"After all, once a German always a German and with every one wanting to talk war it wouldn't be very *sensible*, would it, darling, to express one's views before Theo Vacht?"

"They make me sick," said Auriol, "just sick."

Then suddenly she was remembering all the kindnesses Theo had done those women who were now taking such a macabre delight in crying him down. He had lent Paula money which he had known at the time would never be repaid; it was thanks to Theo's friendship with a famous surgeon that Vera's eldest son hadn't died of mastoid, and although Theo had insisted that Sir Harry had refused a fee, Auriol knew that he had paid it himself because Vera and the Colonel were always so hard-pressed for money.

Yes, and Joco, too, was beholden to Theo. Hadn't he given her that inside tip about Atlantic Preferred when she had been nearly frantic about her overdraft and pressing bills which she didn't dare to show Sir Vincent? Thanks to Theo, Joco had come out of that investment with a profit of five hundred pounds.

Amy, the maid, brought in tea. She was a plain girl with wisps of sandy hair coming from beneath her white cap. She stood hesitantly in front of Auriol after placing the tray on one of the ground-glass tables and was swallowing hard.

Auriol asked:

"Is there anything you want to say to me, Amy?"

She supposed the girl was wanting to give in her notice; presently the other servants would follow her lead. Well, you couldn't expect loyalty from them when your dearest friends were already treating you as though you had some infectious and dangerous disease.

Amy gulped again.

"Oh, madam, if I may take the liberty, I just wanted to tell you I feel for you and the poor master; I'd like to say you can count on me no matter what happens. . . ."

Tears flooded her short-sighted blue eyes and Auriol knew a strange inclination to weep, too.

"I should have thought you would have been only too anxious to leave us," Auriol was saying now, letting her bitterness get into her voice. "Mr. Vacht being an unnaturalised Austrian, Amy——"

Amy blinked hard.

"Yes, madam, that's why I'm so sorry for him and for you, because you take your husband's nationality, don't you, madam?" Auriol nodded. "And here you are, both as English, so to speak, as me who was born in Hoxton; you give employment to British people, you buy British goods just as though you were one of *us* and yet if that Hitler doesn't pipe down you'll be hounded out of the country just like criminals, so they are saying downstairs. Oh, war is just a crazy business in my opinion, madam—one day two people are fine friends and the next they are shooting each other dead just because the politicians can't talk a thing out the same as ordinary folk who's got themselves into an argument—but, madam, I oughtn't to be talking free like this to you—it's just that I wanted you to know you can *count* on me."

Auriol reached out for Amy's red, roughened hand.

"I'm very interested, Amy," she said gently. "And very grateful. But you know we mustn't get into a panic; war isn't declared yet and there have been other crises——"

"Yes, madam, I know—I expect it'll be all right."

Auriol smiled—and all the hard, angry bitterness had gone out of her eyes.

"Don't worry, Amy, everything will be all right." She dismissed the girl kindly.

Theo would be home soon. She had flinched visibly when he kissed her cheek this morning, and she remembered Theo's eyes, hurt, understanding, uncomplaining. Theo must have known, as she drew her face away from his lips, of her angry resentment, her forgetfulness of everything he had done for her except that one thing—he had made her a German subject.

But Amy hadn't looked at it like that. Amy, who owed them no special loyalty; Amy, one of the small army of parlourmaids who had served in this house, had offered her services to Theo—to Auriol Vacht—her Austrian employers—Amy was sorry for them because of the harsh punishment coming to them through no fault of their own.

Auriol sat erect, very still, on her white sheepskin settee, as the waves of shame lashed her soul. Thinking of Amy, the pride of her crumpled. Just then she would have liked to have made some outward gesture of humility, to have knelt to Amy, kissed her roughened hand. Yesterday she had wept because the outbreak of war would rob her of her beautiful house, her light-panelled square hall hung with Rowlandson's prints, her distinguished white drawing-room. To-day her heart had been lacerated, her arrogant self-complacency broken and twisted because three women had made it very clear they didn't want to know her any more.

With unhappy lack of vision she hadn't realised that there was one thing no one could take from her, one bond which not even war could sever. She still had her marriage; she had Theo who loved her.

But for so long she had taken Theo for granted—she had given him of her charm, her beauty—she had been an ornament in this home they had shared together for ten years—looking back now over those ten years

it seemed she had given very little in return for all his devoted generosity. She hadn't tried to understand him; she had yawned with obvious boredom when in the early days, he used to share with her his deep delight in Wagner and Beethoven; she had shut him up with a gaily callous laugh when he attempted to explain the difficulties the post-War world had plunged itself into—maybe he had been trying to warn her, but she had been too engrossed in bridge parties, whom to ask to dinner, whether to go to Hartnell for her clothes or shop entirely in Paris. Yes, it was her fault that she and Theo were more strangers to each other now than on their wedding day. She had never attempted to get into his life, never showed the slightest interest in his work, never bothered to ask him to translate those letters which came from Mitzi every other week.

She covered her face with her hands.

"Give me courage now," she prayed. "This is my chance to make it up to Theo. . . . Give me the courage to take this chance."

He was home earlier than usual, his handsome face drawn with anxiety. Auriol crossed the room, she touched his lean cheek with her hand. It was a caressively teasing gesture, more intimate than a kiss.

"Don't look like that, sweet, as though you're never going to smile again—we've got each other, Theo—I've been comforting myself with that all day."

He stared at her.

"Auriol—*dear.*"

She said, her eyes wide and elated:

"I was pretty mean last night; forget it. Your country is my country; where you go, I go—it says something like that in the Bible, doesn't it——"

He held her close against him.

"I might have known you would say that."

"Liar." She brought a gaiety to her tone. "You know you've been bothering all day that I was going to walk out on you."

She asked him if he had any fresh news. Theo said that Hitler was moving his troops again.

"The damned megalomaniac," he rasped.

Auriol had never heard him say anything about the Führer before. She had forgotten that Adolf Hitler had marched his soldiers through the streets of Vienna. She realised with a start that Theo's present position was even worse than hers. His loyalties must necessarily be so tangled; his loyalties to England where he had made his home, to Eton which was his Alma Mater—except for his sister, he had no close ties any more in Austria—oh yes, it was so much worse for Theo because, no matter what sacrifice was asked of him, he wouldn't be giving it to his own country but to the one which had so recently swept it out of existence. It must be so much worse for Theo to have to think of himself as a German, than it could be for her to see herself as an Austrian subject.

After all, she had surrendered her British passport willingly, knowing what she was doing, but Theo hadn't had any choice. His road must be twisted and without sign posts, whereas hers was straight and clearly marked. She owed no loyalty, no service to anything, any one, except this harassed man on the settee at her side, holding her hands in his as though drawing consolation from the contact of their flesh.

END

Wings of Wrath

(*Continued from page* 33)

Money's so cheap, Petronius, isn't it? So easily come by from oil and tin and all those things? But Vivienne—ah!"

White teeth gleamed beneath the smear of his moustache, and still he enjoyed the scented waters of the pool.

Mr. Petronius whipped out the revolver and aimed at that glistening mocking head.

"Rat," he said, "unless you hand her straight back to me, you'll never need a towel. And if (*Continued on page* 98)

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you've harmed her I'm going to break every bone in your carcass."

"Brave words," His Highness approved.

"You think I don't mean them? I'll shoot you as soon as I'd shoot a skunk. What are you going to do about it?"

"I," said the sultan, "intend to finish my swim, and then enjoy a spot of massage."

"By God," Mr. Petronius said, "your swim's finished right now, and the only massage you'll need will be when they lay you out."

"I fail to see," the swimmer reasoned quietly, "that killing me will give you back your daughter."

"It'll be a step in the right direction. Where is she? Tell me, or I'll blow your ugly face in."

"You surely wouldn't expect to find her here in the circumstances," His Highness chided. "That would be hardly seemly even in these modern days. As to where she is at the moment I can only say that she is enjoying my humble hospitality somewhere about the palace."

Veins stood up in Mr. Petronius's brow. That talking, detached head without a body was the most hateful and exasperating thing he had ever seen.

"Your number's up, rat. Dry off down in hell. You'll get your ticket there when I say three."

"You are unwise, Petronius," said His Highness, "but what concern is that of mine?"

"One," said Mr. Petronius, tasting the word with relish.

"Temper!" said the sultan in mild rebuke.

"Two!" said Mr. Petronius, boiling.

The three of death was shaping on his tongue when the sultan flicked under the water and disappeared, leaving only a ring of ripples.

With a fearful oath, Mr. Petronius fired, though the bullseye was no longer there.

As he did so a swarm of small brown men, clad only in loin cloths, nimble and slippery as eels, sprang out of hiding and flung themselves on him, so that, taken by surprise, the man built like a wrestler went down, Gulliver overwhelmed by the soldiers of Lilliput.

The sultan's head, sleek as a seal's, appeared at the other end of the pool.

"I shouldn't fight too hard, Petronius," he called, "or they'll drag you in and drown you. It would annoy me to have the water dirtied like that."

Mr. Petronius did not accept this good advice, but they didn't drown him. Instead, one of his assailants struck him a very artful blow on the back of his head with a sandbag tastefully covered in batik, and Mr. Petronius lay still.

Looking like a bronze statue, the sultan climbed out. The only order he gave was a wave of the hand. It seemed that His Highness was also a good planner. The small brown men carried their limp burden away, and the Sultan of Sanda stretched himself out on a slab of pink marble whilst his masseur made a salaam of homage over the royal body. There was a serene satisfaction in the deep pools of the royal eyes.

THE cell was damp and almost dark. It smelt like a grave, and had the numbed feeling of a place buried in the ground. Away up in the farther corner was a tiny, barred window, and against its pale square a rat sat washing its whiskers. Mr. Petronius lay on the floor, chained to the wall by iron manacles about his ankles and wrists. They were not modern manacles, but had been wrought in the days when craftsmen built for strength and endurance.

A jar of water and a husk of bread were within his reach.

Mr. Petronius was not only extremely uncomfortable and aching in every limb, but he was also consumed by a burning anger against himself which the long, black hours had not been able to put out. The names he had called those who had annoyed him or stood in his way in the past were as nothing compared with those he applied to Mr. Petronius, whom he had hitherto regarded as a being superior to all mankind.

For he had walked into the trap like the greatest fool and nincompoop and blunderer.

And what would happen to him now?

He was powerless. The rat could do as he liked with Vivienne whilst he languished in the dark. He might be kept a prisoner for weeks, for months, for years. His daughter in the lofty rooms above would never guess that her adoring father rotted in a dungeon beneath her feet.

A sudden gleam of hope came.

He couldn't be kept there forever. The plane would take back word, and he was too big a man to be allowed to be held prisoner by a tuppeny-hapenny sultan. They'd send a punitive expedition, if necessary, and the rat would pay dearly for his treatment of a British subject who also had the distinction of being Mr. Petronius.

The days would be an eternity, buried in this stone coffin, but he could wait. He'd keep his grip, endure anything, for the sight of the sultan's face in the hour of defeat. Many men had dared to attack Mr. Petronius, but they had rued it in the end.

THE sultan had a fine eye for dramatic effects. When he called on Mr. Petronius his bodyguard carried torches which lit the dungeon with a bloody and barbarous glare. He was dressed, too, in native fashion, with sarong and short white coat, and his hand rested on a jewelled kris.

"I'm afraid, Petronius," he said, lip curling, "you must think me a poor host."

The language lacks the words which would have been any use to Mr. Petronius, lying there wretchedly on the stones, and glaring up at his captor. So he snarled. It was not a pleasant sound. But the sultan could afford to smile at it. No snarl could melt those manacles.

"The fault is not all mine," he went on. "I have old and bitter grievances against you in the matter of the oil and tin concessions. By your behaviour then, by your folly in coming here now, you dug with your own hands the pit in which you lie."

Mr. Petronius snarled again.

"Poor host and all as I am, there is one thing I must point out to you. Do not delude yourself about your aeroplane. That was seized by my soldiers shortly after you left it, and your two pilots are prisoners. More comfortably housed than you, however, since no fault attaches to them."

The snarl turned into a moan.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"I could have you put to the torture, including the growing bamboo, the boiling oil and the slow fire," said the sultan. "The laws of Sanda provide that death shall thus be made more welcome to one who attempts the life of the ruler. But I am going to have my revenge on you in my own way. It would not be everybody's way, but it appeals to me. I shall punish you through your daughter. A missionary is ready to perform her wedding ceremony. You shall sign a paper I have drawn up which gives your free and full consent to her marriage. She is a minor, and I want everything in order. I like the thought of you having to put your name to that concession. A queer vengeance, possibly, but that is my concern."

"Never!" said Mr. Petronius.

His Highness shrugged slim shoulders.

"I can well understand a man being reluctant to part with such a precious jewel. It is the kind of thing he needs time to consider. You shall have that time. Life goes pleasantly in the other parts of my palace. Vivienne and I are quite happy together. I might even forget all about you down here, but I shall not. Few people have made Petronius do what he was determined not to do. Until to-morrow, then, Petronius."

He raised a thin and elegant hand in a gesture of farewell, and went out, bathed in the blood of the torches.

BY some strange law of compensation most millionaires seem to have to exist on rusks and sour milk, or such sparse fare. Not so Mr. Petronius. He was the lucky exception who could afford the best table, and enjoy it. His stomach, he had been heard to say, as the most faithful of his servants, was duly pampered.

The faithful servant cried out in dismay at the crust of bread and the jar of water. The ration was not only unappetising but lamentably inadequate.

Also, Mr. Petronius had always lead a crowded life, so that any day of his held as much as another's year. Now there was nothing to do save watch the patch of light crawl across the floor, and kick out at the rats. He was almost glad about the rats. They gave some occupation, they were foes he could fight.

But on the morrow Mr. Petronius said: "Never!"

"You are one of the wickedest men alive, and have done much evil," said the sultan, "and yet I have to admit that your fortitude gains my grudging admiration. On second thoughts, should it? Is it not the pig-headedness of a tyrant who will not admit he is beaten? What nobility is there in one who plays dog-in-the-manger where his daughter's happiness is concerned?"

Mr. Petronius had not the strength to argue.

"Never!" he said.

"I am patient. I can afford to be. Boredom has been driven from my days by Vivienne. I commend the line of thought I have just suggested. Are you behaving like a hero, or merely like a nasty old man made arrogant and selfish by perching too long upon his sacks of gold?"

"How do I know you're not forcing her into it?"

"Come, that is a more reasonable attitude. You may rest assured that love, and only love, is the driving force. Here is another subject I commend to your consideration. When you've signed you shall see her, and then you will be forced to admit her joy. And if you behave yourself you shall be present at the ceremony which will take place in the throne room ten minutes after the ink is dry."

That conjured up a picture which made Mr. Petronius shudder. His only daughter married to the brown devil who had shamed and beaten him.

"Never!" said Mr. Petronius.

"Poor fool! Until to-morrow then,."

"NEVER!" said Mr. Petronius on the third day, but on the fourth he gulped: "Give it me. I'll sign."

"Splendid," said the sultan. "Once again a little plain living leads to high thinking. Your decision does you credit." He clapped his hands, and a secretary in European clothes appeared carrying a pad on which was the document and a gold pen set with diamonds. The sultan spoke in his own tongue, and a clumsy key unlocked the bands about Mr. Petronius's wrists.

"There is no hurry," said the sultan. "Do finger exercises for a while. I'd like the signature to be a good one, as I shall have the concession framed. My secretary and I will witness it. The weather is glorious outside."

Mr. Petronius busied himself restoring his circulation, but his mind was not stagnant. The thing wouldn't stand. A father's consent wrung from him by duress for his daughter to marry a man of colour would be laughed out of any court. And marriages could be dissolved. In seeming to surrender he was only using tactics to escape from a hopeless position.

With a flourish he put his proud name to that loathsome paper.

The sultan and his secretary added theirs.

"And now," said His Highness, "you will naturally wish to see Vivienne."

Mr. Petronius's heart jumped into his throat and choked him. Smiling in triumph, the sultan and his secretary withdrew, leaving the torch bearers on either side of the door. Mr. Petronius sat waiting, his mind in a whirl.

And then, like a blaze of sunshine, Vivienne stood in the doorway, hands outflung. Yes, the richest jewel in the priceless Petronius collection. She was dazzling in her beauty, radiant, divine.

"Daddy, you beautiful, adorable, angelic darling," cried Miss Petronius. "And how brave you've been! I thought you'd only stick it one night. I've been having nearly as bad a time as you worrying about you. But I had to be brave, too. I'm a Petronius, remember, and I've had you for a pattern. I knew you were the kind of nut it takes a good steam-hammer to crack, and half-measures were no good. And you can't go back on it either. The story of how the sultan paid you out would set the world laughing. Oh, everything in the garden's lovely!"

She darted across, flung herself on her knees, and hugged him rapturously in her arms. Mr. Petronius was well content to remain so for a long time, in a blaze of happiness that took all the pain out of his body, eased his heart and banished thought.

It could not last. Realities had to be faced.

"Vivvy," he said, holding her at arms' length, his cheeks wet with tears as they were apt to be where she was involved, "about this marriage. Are you really serious? Do you want to go through with it?"

Miss Petronius suddenly grew grave and contrived to look, with the brightness of the torches on her, like a lovely saint in a stained-glass window.

"Daddy, it's the one thing in the world I've ever truly wanted. He's the only man I've ever met who's meant anything to me, and the only one who treats your spoilt brat as if she were just that. I think if I tried any of my tricks on him he'd thrash me within an inch of my life, and I like it, for there are tons of times when I need a thrashing more than anything else."

Mr. Petronius could believe about those thrashings. His heart chilled again.

"But think, my darling," he pleaded. "They're not like us. Their outlook's different in every way. At the moment, I can see, you're bewitched, but once you're his you're in for a tragic awakening. He may be a sultan, but he's a native, a brown man——"

"Daddy, you're cuckoo," said Vivienne, putting her hands over his mouth. "Off your rocker! Though I admit we rather encouraged you to make the mistake. It isn't my lovely old gink of a sultan—who's been a perfect pet. It's his adviser, Colonel Green. He's got the Victoria Cross and about tuppence in the world and I adored him from the moment I clapped eyes on him." She raised her voice and called: "Donald, duck, come and meet daddy."

A sturdy man, whose jaw suggested that he would win the Victoria Cross or anything else he set his heart on, marched in.

"I'm rather terrified, sir," he said, with a grin, "because I love her so and she's such a handful. But I think I'll be able to manage her. It won't be for the want of trying."

His Highness, the Sultan of Sanda, stood smiling in the blood-red torchlight. His eyebrows, always tilted up, went higher in impish amusement.

"Well, Petronius," he said, "I warned you it was an odd kind of revenge, but it's given me the greatest satisfaction."

END

Make It Hot for Your Cold

(*Continued from page* 40)

meats, however, for five days and stay between sheets.

The cold you can safely suppress is the one you have caught off another person. Ammoniated quinine is a good remedy, but I prefer twenty drops of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne every two hours. Remember to shake the bottle.

Spraying the nose with Endrine is also very helpful. Spirit of Famel works wonders with coughs, as does an inhalation of friar's balsam (don't ever empty this down the drain when done with, or you may find the drain stopped up). Cover the bottom of an old stone jam-jar with it, and grate in a little menthol, have a bath towel all ready over your own or the patient's head, then take the boiling kettle from the jet or hob and pour it on the balsam, in such a way that head and bath towel can be slipped over the jar to get the first upward gush from the balsam. It's only the first newly-infused gushes that are strong. They perform miracles at loosening a stuffed-up head and dispersing phlegm.

Rheumatism, St. Vitus's dance, asthma, all have the same mysterious origin.

Asthma can be cured in children by suggestion: doctors believe the complaint arises from some early emotional shock.

Adults can also be cured by suggestion and special exercises, but during an actual attack there is nothing to equal a cone of Potter and Clark's Asthma Cure.

Directly the symptoms of approach are felt, place some of the preparation on a plate in the shape of a cone, light it at the apex, allow it to burn and inhale the fumes through the mouth, deep into the lungs, expelling it through the nostrils.

All that terrible frightening, ever-tightening construction and choking will be banished and replaced by a soothing calm that seems, by comparison, like heaven.

END

The Split Second

(*Continued from page* 5)

in 1870, they used a "hotted-up" machine to invade and knock out the France of Napoleon III in a war which lasted seven weeks. The Austrian army and the French army met the high-speed Prussian machine as the lumbering Tony Galento met Joe Louis; and the end was the same.

But the French learnt the lesson of speed; and when the Prussians under the Hohenzollern tried the *blitz krieg* again, with a war machine made to round up and destroy the French armies in six weeks, and a plan which took in its stride the risk of invading Belgium in order to swing the machine along the shortest route to Paris, the French generals beat the Prussians at their own game.

They saw their chance on the Marne, and Gallient rushed an army in taxi-cabs and motor buses out of Paris to strike before the Prussian machine could recover from the consequence of moving too fast to keep in line. That was the decisive battle of the four years' war. It finished the dream of the lightning war won in the west in six weeks, and releasing the armies to turn east and conquer there in an equally brief time. It gave the British Navy its chance to strangle the enemy by blockade. General von Seeckt subsequently said that the Marne battle destroyed the German war plan—"but it was a matter of inches and seconds," he added. It was, indeed.

After the Great War, the Prussian professionals began to build for speed again. They set the pace which all the other great Powers had to follow. They harnessed the internal combustion engine to the war machine, and stepped up tactics and strategy to meet the faster pace. Everything was faster: movement, rate of fire, velocity of projectiles, diplomatic jockeying for position. The Hohenzollern was half-a-century getting set for the war of 1914. Hitler built his war machine, organised 70,000,000 Germans, and finished his jockeying for position, all in six years.

The war of six weeks was the *blitz krieg* of yesterday. The *blitz krieg* of to-day is the war of six to ten days. But there is an effective limit to these high speeds, and the

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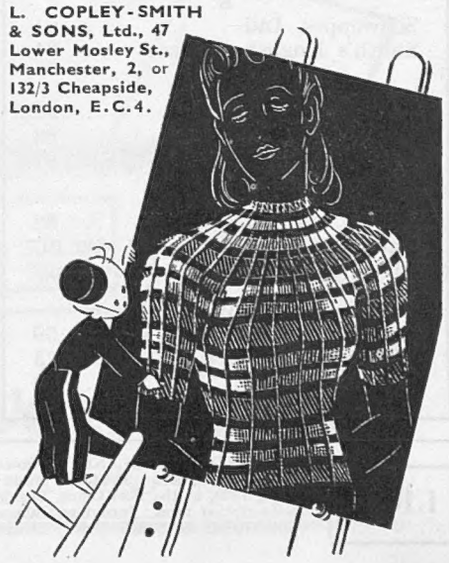

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lightning war which looks so terrifying because its velocity is so high, probably will prove to be a Frankenstein monster. You can speed up a war machine until it is like a one-punch, one-round pugilist. If he cannot win in that single terrific burst of speed and flurry of blows, he has no second wind, and no alternative plan. Speed beyond certain limits cancels out.

In the first week of August I was in Glasgow, watching young men using Nature's speed mechanisms, winning or losing by split seconds. The American track and field team, over for a series of international meets, were getting their running muscles "worked in."

Beetham, a middle-distance man, made a British record for the thousand yards in two minutes eleven seconds. But Sears beat him : he had a sixteen-yard start. That is a two seconds' handicap in time terms. Running a thousand yards in 131 seconds, you cover around twenty-four feet every second. It takes longer to cover that distance in a single leap. Time it, next time you see a long jumper in action.

Jeffrey took the 120 yards from Roy Cochran, who came in second. Jeffrey's time was 11.8 seconds. Jeffrey won by a margin of two yards. He didn't run 118 yards in the round time of 11.8 seconds : he bettered it by a couple of yards, and by that margin won. Cochran was a fifth of a second slower, and lost.

The 100 yards was even closer. Bastiste, an Arizona schoolboy, caught up Watson, who had a ten-yard handicap, but just failed to pass him. He missed by about twelve inches. The time was 9.8 seconds. You have to take to the microscope to detect the faster pace of the 100 over the 120 yards.

Keeping to single decimal points again, the 120 yards speed men were covering 36.6 inches every tenth of a second, and the 100 yardsmen were covering 36.7 inches every tenth of a second. The shorter race was run an inch a second faster, and Batiste failed to win by one-thirtieth of a second. The average ear could not detect the sound of ticks spaced a thirtieth of a second apart.

When it comes to three miles, pace slackens off. The man who set up a British record in August last was a Finnish distance ace named Taisto Maeki. One would think a single decimal point would do when a distance of 5,280 yards is being covered, but they clocked his time at 14–03.4. Leaving out the time decimals, that is nineteen feet covered every second of a three-mile run, or thirty-five feet every second of the 120 yards run. Say, three miles in 7½ minutes, or a mile in 2½ minutes.

In 1883, W. G. George ran the mile in 4 minutes 12¾ seconds. He astonished everybody. Men vowed that performance was unbeatable. It was a freak speed burst which would never happen again. Men would have to grow bigger lungs, more powerful hearts, muscles more closely approximating to whalebone and rubber.

But second by second, that run was improved upon. More scientific running technique explained most of the time contraction. It was the discovery that men were running the half-mile all wrong that clipped the record from 1.49 8/10 to 1.33 2/5. A speed-up of five seconds in the half-mile run means much. In half a century we have only bettered the 100 yards by 3/5 of a second, the 250 yards by 2 2/5 seconds, the quarter-mile by approximately one second (two turns running a quarter-mile lose the runner a second of time), and the mile by a trifle over six seconds.

Coaches—there were none half a century ago—have saved fractions and whole seconds. At the Olympic Games in Berlin the Japanese coaches got Uto, the middle-distance champion, trained to such a fine pitch, that in a practice swim over 400 metres he was clocked by the American coaches at four forty-one. No one had ever swum that distance so fast before. Nobody, including Uto, has done it since.

The Split Second

Ralph Flanagan, the twenty-one-year-old American swimmer, breaking the world record for the mile, broke *en route* the world record for the 1,000 yards and the American records for the three-quarter mile and the 1,500 metres. He lowered the world record by fifteen seconds. His performance was like a mile-runner breaking records all the way from the half-mile up.

There are two ways of looking at this. One is to hold Flanagan a phenomenal swimmer. Another is to surmise that if a miler can prune seconds and split seconds off the shorter distances the sprinters have not begun in earnest to cut the time for those shorter swims.

While the sport coaches work to fit muscles to contract time distances, the big insurance companies and the traffic experts, in Britain and America especially, are investigating the time factor in connexion with appalling road casualty lists. In the two countries, 40,000 people are killed annually, and over another million are injured on the roads. The investigators have found that "the psychology of the split second" plays an increasingly important part in this major tragedy of man and his machines.

Accidents would be appreciably diminished if road users were more time conscious. Among a whole complex of factors entering into every road accident, the big one is usually the inability of the human being at the machine controls, or in the path of the oncoming machine, to think, decide, move quickly enough in the crucial split second.

The first flying speed record belongs to Wilbur Wright, who in the autumn of 1908 made a flight of 27.2 m.p.h. On February 15, 1911, Morrison flew from Brooklands to Brighton, forty miles as the crow flies, in sixty-five minutes; and at that speed he won the race. Steam locomotives and motor cars at that time easily beat the aeroplanes.

Now the 500 m.p.h. mark has been reached : and, it may be passed (we have not been allowed to know the top speed of the latest fighter planes). The aeroplane designers confidently talk of 1,000 m.p.h. planes, when they cut down air resistance by stratosphere flight.

Will man ever touch such a speed over the earth's surface? Probably not. Friction would be too great. But he has performed amazing feats already.

In September, 1938, Captain G. E. T. Eyston drove his car at 357.50 miles an hour, and on August 22, 1939, John Cobb, driving a huge Railton machine on Bonneville Salt Flats, in Utah, moved at 369 miles an hour, or rather better than six miles a minute.

Psychologists are continually working on the problem of the split second in mental processes, which so often decide a course of action, a human destiny, in a flash. They have not got very far with it yet. No scientist can tell a boxer how to train to match or excel the split-second thinking of a Joe Louis. But they are combining with jurists in suggesting that half the hit-and-run drivers can avoid that particular crime by not succumbing to split-second "thinking."

Old Lord Fisher tried to hammer home in his cruder way the meaning of time fractions. He was interested in their meaning in sea war. He said that the difference between an admiral and a general was that the admiral could lose his battle and his whole force by being a minute late putting on his trousers. He instanced a fleet encountering the enemy unexpectedly, when the admiral was in his bunk.

The fleet commander would have to get into his clothes, and up on deck. Valuable minutes would pass, while the two fleets moved towards each other. The admiral might be a trifle late in sizing up the situation, issuing orders; and by just that time loss, he might lose everything. Fisher put the crucial period of a sea battle at twenty minutes. Allowing for the greater speed of ships, it might be fifteen minutes now.

1.10.39

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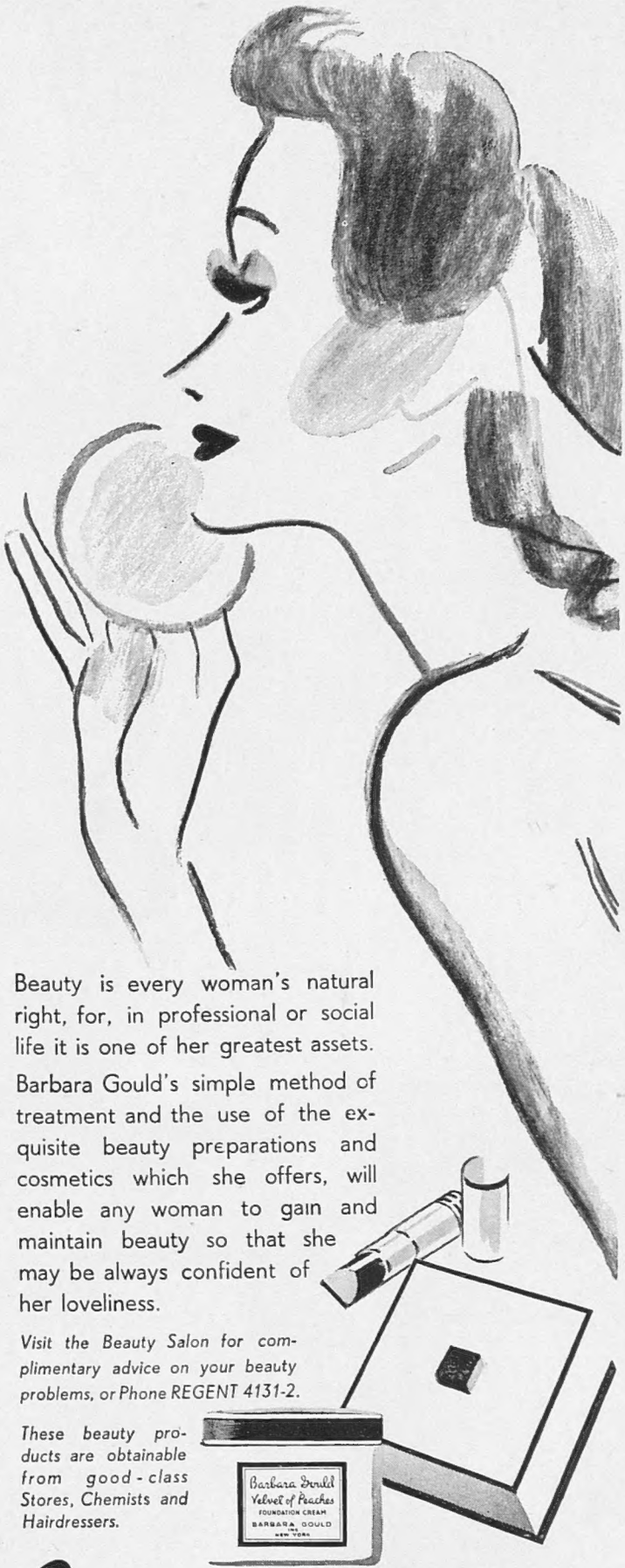

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